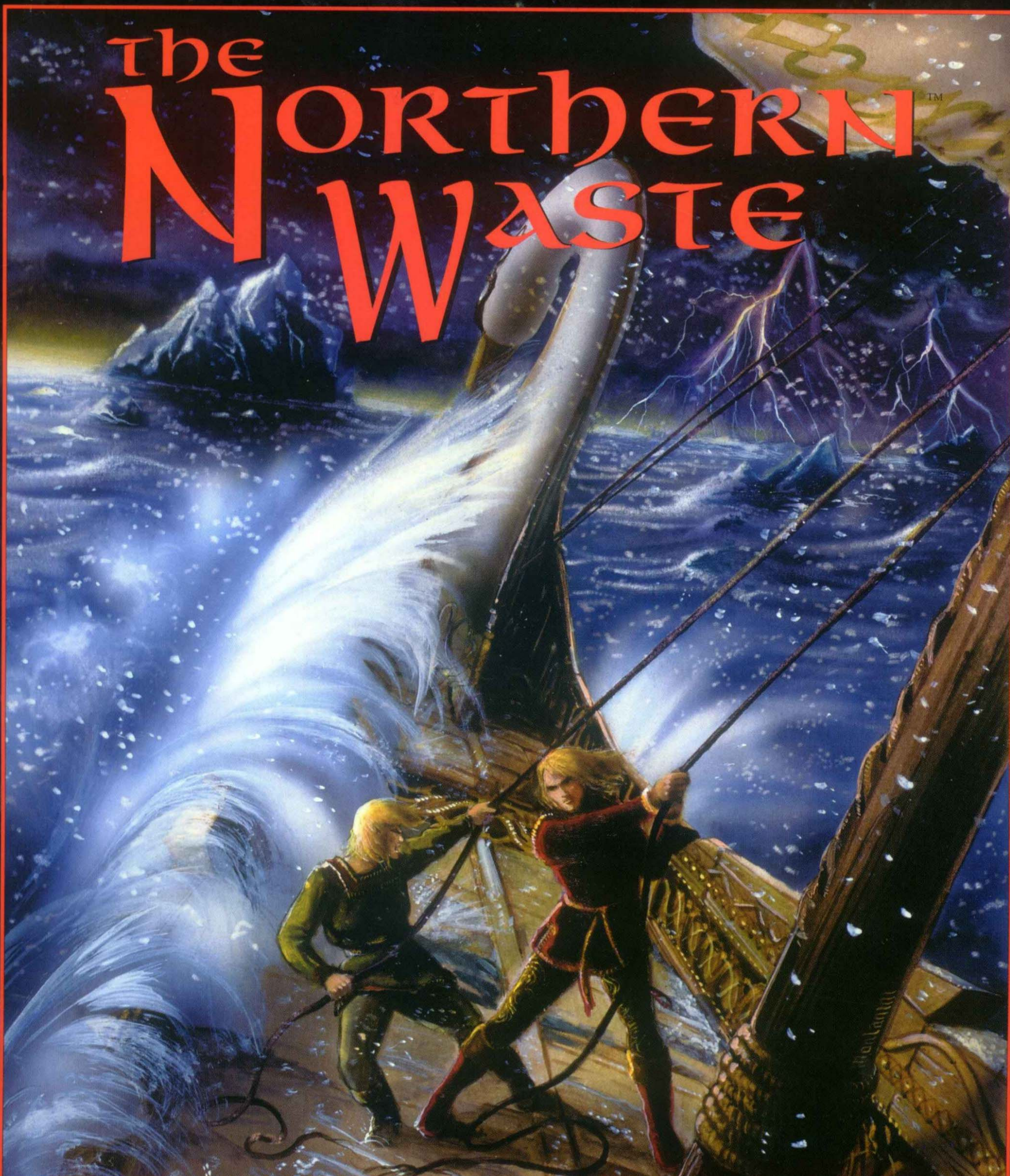
#2025

Middle-earth® Realm

I.C.E.®

The Northern Waste™



Based on J.R.R. Tolkien's THE LORD OF THE RINGS™

THE NORTHERN™ WASTE

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1.0 INTRODUCTION

"[The Lossoth] are a strange, unfriendly people, remnant of the Forodwaith, Men of far-off days, accustomed to the bitter colds of the realm of Morgoth. Indeed those colds linger still in that region, though they lie hardly more than a hundred leagues north of the Shire. The Lossoth house in the snow, and it is said that they can run on the ice with bones on their feet, and have carts without wheels. They live mostly, inaccessible to their enemies, on the great Cape of Forochel that shuts off to the north-west the immense bay of that name; but they often camp on the south shores of the bay at the feet of the [Blue] Mountains."

—***The Return of the King***, *p. 321*

Forodwaith, the Northern Waste, is a land like no other. Home and refuge to the Lossoth, its vast tundras, unconquered mountain ranges and ice-mantled bays irresistibly beckon the bold and the adventurous. Here, at the ends of Middle-earth, the traveler may behold wonders and terrors beyond compare.

Join the iceberg-dwelling Sea-hunters as they stalk the mighty whales of Forochel's bay, waging a never-ending battle for survival against the elements. Explore the cyclopean ruins of Morgoth's ancient domain—the Rifts of the Underdeeps, the Stairs to Hell, the Threshold of Angband and the volcanic crater of Morgoth's Well. Brave the arctic cold of the Landless Land, where none but the mysterious Snow-elves dare to tread, seeking the fabled source of Helecthil, the radiance of the night sky at the summit of the world.

But beware, for ice and snow are not the only perils of this forbidding land. Foul legacies of Morgoth—Orcs, Trolls, dragons and other horrors—prowl their ancient homelands still. The dreaded Sled-horde, merciless minions of the Witch-king of Angmar, raid and plunder the Lossoth year after year, relentlessly hunting down any who refuse to pay worship to the Dark Lord. Jäänainen, Siren of the Ice, and Eloeklo, Demon of the North Wind, haunt the wintry wastes, hungering after the blood of the Free Peoples.

Yet there is hope that Forodwaith may one day become free of the unnatural banes it has suffered under the ill-will of Morgoth and his successors. The Valar, the immortal powers that govern the world for Good, have not forgotten the Northern Waste—Yavanna the Earth Mistress weeps for the Wounded Land, and the power of her tears contends ever with the poison of Morgoth's malice, while Irmo the Lord of Dream speaks through visionary portents, giving counsel to those who would redress the land's hurts; together, they summon champions to their cause, to lend aid in a mystical quest of cosmic proportions. Dare you join in that quest?

Adventure Gaming

The Northern Waste™ is the fourth title in ICE's *Realms of Middle-earth*® adventure game series. Like its predecessors, ***The Shire***,™ ***Angmar***™ and ***Mirkwood***,™ this work narrates the history of its lands and the peoples that inhabit them. The primary foci of the book are the Ystävät Talven (the Lossoth and related peoples).

As you may already know, adventure games include fantasy role playing and simpler story telling games. These games are akin to plays or interactive novels. The referee, or gamemaster, serves as a sort of actor/director, while the players portray the main characters. Everyone combines their imaginative talents to conceive a spontaneous story which is never short of action, intrigue and adventure. Often, over the years, gamemasters have chosen Middle-earth as a setting for adventure games. No fantasy world exceeds Tolkien's creation in terms of depth, flavor and consistency, nor as an adventure gaming locale. ***The Northern Waste*** serves as a helpful tool for gamemasters and players seeking knowledge about the Lossoth and the wild lands which they share with other creatures and peoples. It is an ideal reference work for anyone using any major fantasy role playing game guidelines, in particular ICE's *Middle-earth* series. Those wishing to explore Tolkien's world in the context of an adventure game will find this work invaluable.

Using this Work

The Northern Waste begins with a brief overview of Forodwaith (Section 2.0). This is followed by a comprehensive narrative of the region's history (Section 3.0), which concludes with a timeline (Section 3.11). Section 4.0 describes the physical geography, topography and weather patterns of the North, followed by an overview of its plant and animal life (Section 5.0). The next section (6.0) offers concise vignettes of each of the peoples who call Forodwaith home. Sections 7.0 and 8.0 shift the focus of attention upon the society and worldview of the Ystävät Talven, providing vivid sketches of everyday life and culture. Section 9.0 describes the some of the more notable individuals whom an adventuring party might encounter in the course of a game, followed by a list of magical artifacts that may be found in the far North (Section 10.0). Section 11.0 consists of a comprehensive gazetteer to the Northern Waste, alphabetically listing all place-names referred to on the color maps accompanying this module. Section 12.0 provides additional detail on sites that may be of particular interest to adventurers, while Section 13.0 offers a pair of exciting, ready-to-run adventures set in the Northern Waste. The module concludes with an array of appendices (Section 14.0) and tables (Section 15.0) featuring useful reference information for running role playing adventures in Forodwaith. All information throughout this module has been keyed to ICE's ***Middle-earth Role Playing (MERP)***,™ ***Rolemaster (RM)***™ and ***Lord of the Rings Adventure Game (LoR)***™ systems. Section 14.7 contains three complete scenarios for using the Northern Waste as a setting for ICE's ***Middle-earth: The Wizards (METW)***™ collectible card game.

The Sources

This is an authorized secondary work. It is specifically based on *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings*, and it has been developed so that no conflict exists with any of the other primary publications of J.R.R. Tolkien. Of course, always remember that the ultimate sources of information are J.R.R. Tolkien's works. Posthumous publications edited by his son Christopher shed additional light on the world of Middle-earth.

The Northern Waste is based on extensive research. We uphold the high standards associated with the legacy of J.R.R. Tolkien. By blending material from primary and secondary sources with rational linguistic, cultural and geological data, we insure that any interpretive material fits into Tolkien's defined patterns and schemes. Keep in mind, however, that this is by no means the "sole official view."

Since we derive the material in ***The Northern Waste*** from authorized sources, we provide citations to pertinent sections in ***The Hobbit*** and ***The Lord of the Rings*** and other major works by J.R.R. Tolkien. Where we have extrapolated information, we either omit citations or we refer to publications in ICE's ***Middle-earth*** adventure game series.



2.0 OVERVIEW

The northwesternmost extremity of Middle-earth's lands is known to the folk of more southerly climes as the Northern Waste, which is Forodwaith in the Grey-elven tongue. Over long years, the name has also come to designate the inhabitants of this cold, snowbound wilderness. In the folklore of the Westlands, Forodwaith is imagined to be one vast, pathless, ice-covered plain; travelers who actually venture into its expanses soon discover that it is neither so flat nor so featureless as tales led them to believe.

The Northern Waste is indeed vast, and its lands display considerable variation in climate and geography. Travelers will encounter snow-clad forests, roaring rivers, mirrored lakes, unexpected valleys and seemingly endless tundra. The southern marches of Forodwaith border upon the warmer and more civilized lands of Eriador, and lie scarcely two hundred miles north of Fornost, the capital of Arthedain, where the clime is only slightly warmer. The further north one travels, the colder it becomes. At the last, beyond the furthest shores of Endor, the traveler sets foot upon the Landless Land, an arctic desert of everlasting ice and snow.

A casual observer might assume such a region to be virtually lifeless and uninhabited; yet nothing could be further from the truth. Plants and animals alike have adapted to the cold; and, while these sources of life are by no means burgeoning, they nonetheless manage to sustain a number of different peoples. Mortal Men, deathless Elves, even the mysterious Umli call the Northern Waste home.

The Men of Forodwaith who dwell closest to Eriador are known to the Elves and High Men of Arthedain as the Lossoth (S. "Snowmen," sing. Losson), while those that tread the icy Cape of Forochel they name the Helechoth (S. "Icemen," sing. Helegon) and the Aerfaroth (S. "Sea-hunters," sing. Aerfaron). Yet these are not names that the folk of Forodwaith use of themselves. In their own tongue they are called the Ystävat Talven (La. "Friends of Winter," sing. Ystava Talven), and each clan among them has other names besides. A remote people, the lives of the Ystävat Talven are dominated by the challenge of day-to-day survival in the harsh and unforgiving wilderness they have chosen to inhabit.

Apart from a few bold frontiersmen, other Men do not make Forodwaith their home. They have, however, established tenuous outposts in the cold North. Whaling ships from the South, especially those of Cardolan and Gondor, can be found in the many inlets and coves of the Bay of Forochel. The King of Arthedain has long claimed a protectorate over the Northern Waste—a claim that has assumed great importance in recent centuries, since the rise of the hostile realm of Angmar to his northeast. Forodwaith is far too strategically positioned for either realm to ignore, and yet is too desolate and inhospitable to sustain sizable garrisons. Each power keeps its eyes on the frozen North, lest it become an avenue of invasion for the other; both maintain small, widely scattered camps across the No-man's Lands that lie between them, keeping a wary eye upon one another and upon the Lossoth.

Yet the Ystävat Talven are not the only denizens of Forodwaith. Nor are they its most ancient inhabitants; for the first feet to tread upon the Northern Waste were not Mannish but Elven, and a kindred of that legendary folk still haunts its furthest reaches. These are the Snow-elves, who journeyed northwards in hoary years beyond the guess of mortal memory. Men know little of these deathless dwellers in the North, but legends whisper of an enchanted city of ice, far out upon the Landless Land, where their mistress guards the source of the mysterious radiance that illuminates the night skies of the northern world.

The Elves of neighboring Lindon also at times wander Forodwaith. During the brief summer months they occasionally trade with the Lossoth, and can often be found encamped beside the Bay of Forochel. With the coming of the Witch-king of Angmar, both the Snow-elves and those of Lindon have entrusted the defense of the North to an obscure and solitary order of Noldorin mystics, the Lodge of Awakening, which maintains a refuge upon the Cape of Forochel as a haven of safety for all the Free Peoples: the hidden valley of Evermist. Few perceive the deeds or even comprehend the purposes of these secretive mystics, but their hatred for the Witch-king and his minions is well-known to all denizens of the Northern Waste.

Perhaps the most mysterious inhabitants of the far North are the bearded Umli. At once Mannish and Dwarvish in semblance, they hold themselves to be the offspring of an ancient union of these two races (though Men and Dwarves alike ridicule such claims, finding the prospect distasteful). Native to unknown lands far to the east of Forodwaith, a few such households of this folk have migrated into the Northern Waste, and are not unfriendly to its peoples.

2.1 FOROCHEL

Forochel, Northern Ice-sheet, is the name which the Elves of Lindon give to the great peninsula and bay that thrust themselves westward into Belegaer, the Great Sea. To its north, Forochel is bounded by Ekkaia, the Encircling Sea, and by the unyielding ice of the Landless Land which mantles its waves. A forlorn mountain range, the Ered Muil, divides the peninsula from the rest of Forodwaith.

Less hospitable than the tundra lying to the east of it, Forochel is a rough, cold and unforgiving land. Once part of the realm of Morgoth the Black Enemy, Forochel continues to bear the scars of his malice. In truth, this peninsula is all that now remains of the lands that in the Elder Days lay beyond the Iron Mountains; some hold that Thangorodrim itself, though long since drowned beneath the destroying waves, once reared its threefold peaks not far distant from what is today the westernmost tip of Forochel. Whether this be true or no, the ruin of the Ancient World lies graven in the memory of this land, from the shape of its coasts to the hue of its stone.

Despite its harsh nature, Forochel is not without its treasures for those willing to undertake the struggle. Though it surrenders its bounty less willingly, the Bay and Cape of Forochel afford just as much wealth for the taking—in fur, ivory and whaling—as the more easterly reaches of Forodwaith. Yet, as the whalers of Cardolan say, "The taking is easy. It's the getting home again that's the tricky part." The weather is dangerous, wild and virtually unpredictable by a non-native; even the Ystävat Talven are occasionally caught at unawares. Storms may sweep down from the Encircling Sea, upwards from the Bay of Forochel or inland from Belegaer, and it takes long years of practice to recognize which clouds must be feared and which may safely be ignored.



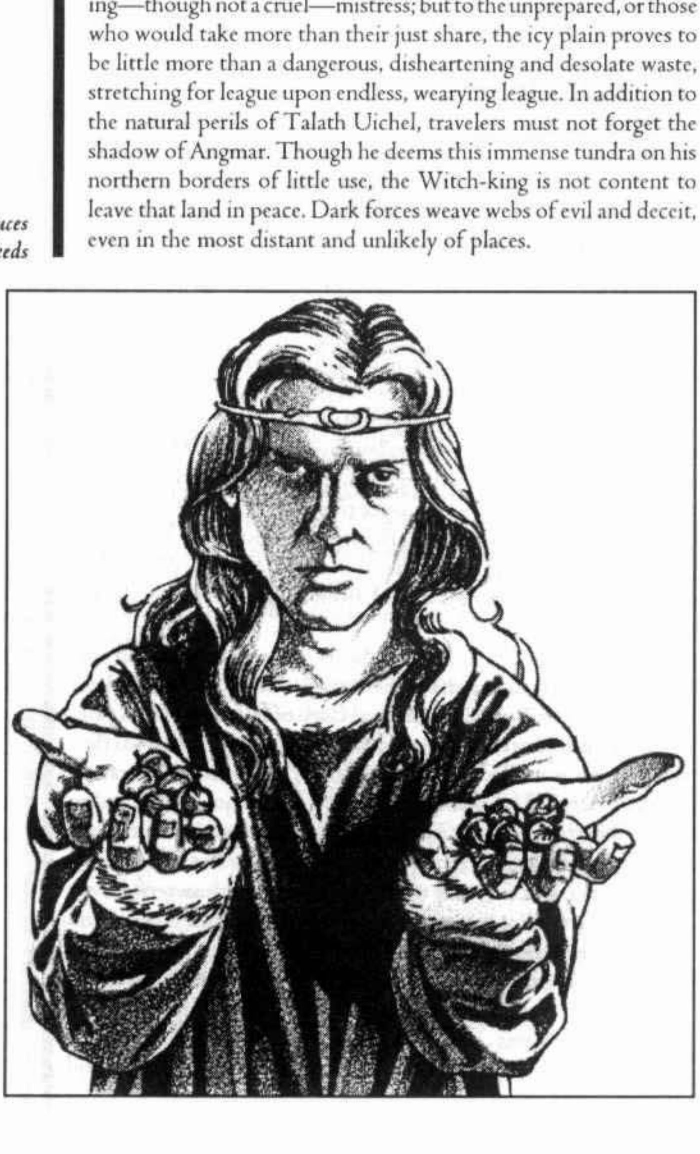
2.2 TALATH UICHEL

East of the Bay of Forochel lies an expanse which the Elves of Lindon name Talath Uichel, the Plain of Everlasting Cold. The cartographers of Arthedain reckon its southern boundaries to march upon their own land and along the great arm of the Misty Mountains that encloses the Witch-realm of Angmar to the northeast. How far east Talath Uichel extends is a matter of academic opinion for those who have never actually ventured into the region, and a matter of practical indifference to those who have. Some locate it as far west as the Angmarean capital of Carn Dûm, others as far east as Mount Gundabad, while still others claim that it has no ending. All, however, agree that in winter the plain's northernmost reaches touch the endless, unmelting ice of the Landless Land.

For all its frozen and inhospitable appearance, Talath Uichel is home to a myriad of flora and fauna. While unsuited to farming, the plain's natural gifts are certainly capable of turning a profit. Fur pelts are by far the most notable objects of landward trade, while ivory from walrus and whale predominates in the coastal regions bordering Forochel. The mariners of Cardolan enjoy a thriving traffic in oil and other whale products, and their ships are not strangers to the icy waters of Forochel.

For those prepared to deal with the cold, and who are content with what the land is willing to offer, Talath Uichel is a demanding—though not a cruel—mistress; but to the unprepared, or those who would take more than their just share, the icy plain proves to be little more than a dangerous, disheartening and desolate waste, stretching for league upon endless, wearying league. In addition to the natural perils of Talath Uichel, travelers must not forget the shadow of Angmar. Though he deems this immense tundra on his northern borders of little use, the Witch-king is not content to leave that land in peace. Dark forces weave webs of evil and deceit, even in the most distant and unlikely of places.

Thilgon produces the Seeds



3.0 HISTORY

The tale of years is reckoned differently in the Northern Waste than in other lands. Rarely are events marked by an exact chronology, and apart from the Elves of Evermist or the occasional explorer from the South, the inhabitants of Forodwaith do not conceive of time as a linear march of days, years or even ages; instead, memory of the past is preserved in timeless song and ever-evolving mythic cycles. This is perhaps not surprising, as many pivotal events in the documented history of the South have passed without so much as a whisper in the far North; on the other hand, great deeds—evil and good alike—whose consequences have been far-reaching in the lives of the northern peoples, may never reach the ears of the annalists of southern realms.

3.1 THE WAR OF WRATH

In the Elder Days, the Northern Waste lay within the realm of Morgoth, the Black Enemy of the World. Severed from the rest of Middle-earth by the impregnable wall of the Iron Mountains, the region bounded Morgoth's chief strongholds—Angband to the west, Utumno in the nameless East. In that age (the first of our sun and moon), Forodwaith was lifeless and empty, save for the fell creatures bred by Morgoth to withstand the killing winds and baneful colds of that land—Orcs, Trolls, dragons and other foul beasts of whispered legend. Yet the true sentinels of this land were the malevolent spirits of wind and cold that had entered into Morgoth's service before the beginning of Time itself. Indeed, many of these immortal beings were never vanquished from the northern lands, and remained to haunt it long after their black master's downfall.

The end of Morgoth's realm came with the War of Wrath, that combat of gods which brought about the ruin of the Ancient World and the birth of the Middle Days. For more than five centuries the Free Peoples—Elves, Dwarves and Men—had fought a hopeless war against the mightiest being in all of Arda. Ever nearer drew the day of Morgoth's imminent victory and their own annihilation. At the last, Eärendil the Mariner embarked on a daring embassy to the Valar, the Guardians of the World under Eru Ilúvatar, the One True God. He entreated them to pity the Free Peoples in their utter desperation, and to lend them their divine aid for the righting of Morgoth's wrongs. Eärendil's prayer was granted (so moved were the Valar by the sufferings of Ilúvatar's Children), and the Host of the West made war upon Morgoth before the Gates of Angband.

Thus befell the Great Battle, as it is named in *Quenta Silmarillion*: "...the challenge of the trumpets of Eönwë filled the sky; and Beleriand was ablaze with the glory of their arms, for the host of the Valar were arrayed in forms young and fair and terrible, and the mountains rang beneath their feet (*Sil.* p. 251)." In that battle, Morgoth's servants were utterly defeated, and he was banished forever from the world. Yet the earth itself also suffered greatly in that war, as the story tells: "For so great was the fury of those adversaries that the northern regions of the western world were rent asunder, and the sea roared in through many chasms, and there was confusion and great noise; and rivers perished or found new paths, and the valleys were upheaved and the hills trod down...(*Sil.* 252)."



In this conflagration, the shaping of Forodwaith was achieved. Much of its western reaches (those nearest to Angband) collapsed into the engulfing sea and were buried beneath its waves, while many high peaks of the Iron Mountains were laid low, never to rise again. All that remained was the slag and ruin which thereafter became the peninsular Cape of Forochel. Eastwards, the crumbled and battered stones of the Iron Mountains eventually settled their shifting mass to become the open tundra of Talath Uichel, leaving broad passages in their wake which now united rather than separated Forodwaith from the warmer lands to the South. Though desolate still, the Northern Waste was at last open to the incursion of life—tree and flower, man and beast.

3.2 THE WOUNDED LAND

The cleansing of the Northlands from Morgoth's taint is a tale that spans two whole ages of the world—such was the poison of his malice. With the barrier of the Iron Mountains cast down, Yavanna the Earth Mistress began to work her subtle arts upon the Wounded Land, casting seed upon the barren ground, calling forth the life-giving sun where death's shadow once had walked, melting the hostile ice with the awakening of spring. Yet it was no longer permitted to the Valar to alter the fate of Arda by direct imposition of their will. They had set in motion the ways of the world, but feared to interrupt their natural courses; for the Children of Ilúvatar had entered into Arda's skein, and it fell now to these to tell its tale by their own deeds. The Greening of the Northern Waste could not be accomplished without the aid of Elves and Men.

The first to share in this great labor was Thilgon, a Noldo of Finarfin's household. He had fought valiantly in the War of Wrath, and his hatred for Morgoth was unabating; for during the Wars of Beleriand the Black Enemy had seized his brother Hirgon and, it was rumored, imprisoned him in the depths of Angband. Thilgon did not find his brother among the prisoners whom the Host of the West liberated from Morgoth's dungeons; neither did the broken armories of Angband yield to Thilgon the sword of his father, which Hirgon had wielded in the hour of his capture. For these reasons Thilgon could not avail himself of the Valar's pardon to return to Aman—not yet. He would search the length and breadth of Forodwaith until he had found his brother and the heirloom of his house, or perish in the attempt.

Nearly half a millennium would pass before the tumults of ice and stone subsided enough for the Firstborn to set foot without fear in Forodwaith. During those years, Thilgon dwelt in neighboring Lindon with his wife and daughter, and with others of their kindred; now Thilgon set forth with his companions to search out that shattered land. In the years that followed, Thilgon undertook several forays into the waste, exploring the ancient ruins of Morgoth's realm, yet always without finding what he sought.

Then, one day, Thilgon strayed from his companions and was lost to them. Many days the Noldor searched for their missing leader without success, until at last Thilgon himself returned to them, appearing in their midst. A strange light was on his face, but he would not speak to them of where he had been. In his hands Thilgon clasped what appeared to be seeds; when his companions inquired what they might be, he answered: "*Eridh echui*, the Seeds of Awakening. They are gifts of Kementári and Irmo, from the fields of Yavanna and the gardens of Lórien." Then Thilgon addressed his companions as a herald who speaks on behalf of another: "Oh, you who dwell only upon past evils that cannot be amended, give thought also to present injury that might yet be healed. Behold! I arm you with weapons for the waging of a war that *can* be won. Bear them with you over whatever ground you may tread." Thilgon distributed the seeds to his companions, saying that they must plant them wherever Morgoth's shadow still stained the land.

Thereafter Thilgon led the Noldor, as one with foreknowledge, to the edge of a great defile in the earth whence deadly vapors rose, red with the glow of subterranean fires. Morgoth's Well it was named in afterdays, for it had once been a great outlying forge of Angband, wherein Morgoth had devised fell weapons for the bane of Elf and Man. There, Thilgon declared, his brother and many other kinsmen had been enthralled. Then Thilgon's companions were eager to descend into the rift, even to the edge of the lake of fire at its heart; but he held them back, saying: "First we must fulfill the charge that has been laid upon us." Then Thilgon descended into Morgoth's Well, and began to plant on its slopes the seeds he had, and his companions did likewise.

The seeds sprouted swiftly, growing into trees, reclaiming the scorched earth with root and branch, hedging the nameless evil that lurked below; and Thilgon named the tree *cembereth*, Queen of the Earth, in honor of Yavanna Kementári. When their task was accomplished, Thilgon led his companions into the lower reaches, where the fires of hell blazed undiminished. There, on the brink of the Red Veils, Thilgon found his father's sword, but knew then that Hirgon his brother was dead; for as he took the sword into his hand, Thilgon beheld the visage of his brother's bane, rising in wrath from the lake of fire. Terror seized Thilgon's companions, but he stood undaunted by the horror, challenging it to single combat, knowing that he would soon walk again beside his brother and father in Valinor.

Thilgon drove back the Horror in the Lake, but was himself slain; and his companions bore his body with his sword to the upper regions of the Well, and there they entombed him in a barrow: a sleepless sentinel against the evil below. Then, having emplaced magical wards about the Well, the Noldor departed sorrowfully—not only for the passing of their beloved leader, but because the secret of the mysterious seeds, and where Thilgon had found then, seemed forever lost. Yet one seed they had spared, and when their company had returned to Lindon, one of their number entrusted it to Thilgon's wife, Caraneth; but she, besotted with grief for her husband's death, soon thereafter took ship for the Undying Lands, bestowing the seed upon Óleth her daughter.

Stricken though she was by the loss of her father, young Óleth was not yet prepared to abandon Middle-earth. She had been born in Lindon after the War of Wrath, and had not known the sorrows of Beleriand. Óleth, moreover, desired greatly to learn where Thilgon had found the seed which she now kept, perceiving that her father had undertaken a quest of great consequence to the world. Óleth vowed to complete that task.

3.3 EVERMIST

More than a thousand years would pass before Thilgon's labor in the Northern Waste was renewed. During those long centuries, Yavanna continued to work her slow but inexorable ways upon Forodwaith. The Greening of the North had begun; as ice and cold immoderate loosened their baneful grip, plant-life took hold, followed in time by animal migrations. Twelve centuries of care had at last rendered the remnants of Morgoth's realm habitable, but neither Elf nor Man yet called the region home. This was soon to change.

3.3.1 THE FALL OF EREGION

Sharing a desire to tread freely across the wide lands of Middle-earth, Óleth accompanied Galadriel and Celeborn on their departure from Lindon in S.A. 700, eventually helping to found the doomed realm of Eregion in southeastern Eriador. There, in the city of Ost-in-Edhil, Óleth grew wise in the lore of the Noldor, becoming the leader of a fellowship known as the Heren Línatiéva, Order of the Silent Path. In silent contemplation the mystics of this fellowship received visions sent by the Vala Irmo, Master of Dreams; but to Óleth there ever came a single vision—of the seed which her father had found in the far North—and the desire to look upon Thilgon's grave returned to her. Yet in her heart, Óleth knew that the time was not come for her to undertake this quest, and she foreboded that the journey would be fraught with sorrow and great loss.

Eregion came to an end in S.A. 1697. The Dark Lord Sauron, having won through deception the trust of the great Elven-smiths, and having forged the One Ring for their undoing, now assailed their realm with war. For two years the Noldor defended Eregion valiantly, but at the last were overwhelmed by the hosts of Mordor. Celebrimbor, the chief of those who had once welcomed Sauron into their midst, now bitterly repentant of his folly, stood his ground, buying time for the escape of his people through his own death. Elrond of Lindon led the survivors out of Eregion's ruin, bringing most of them to the safety of Rivendell; but the rear-guard of the refugee company, led by Lindor of Eregion, failed to reach Elrond.

Having set a guard about Rivendell, and content to hold Elrond at bay for the moment, Sauron bent all of his might upon the pursuit of Lindor; for he was the brother of Celebrimbor, whom Sauron hated most of all Eregion's folk, and the Lord of the Rings would not relent until Lindor's lifeless corpse dangled beside that of Celebrimbor, "hung upon a pole, shot through with Orc-arrows (*UT.* p. 238)." So Lindor's company, cut off from the sanctuary of Rivendell, turned their faces north, towards Forodwaith, and fled their pursuers into the Northern Waste. Óleth, daughter of Thilgon, was among their number.

3.3.2 LINDOR'S SONG DUEL

The Dark Lord entrusted Lindor's annihilation to a most fitting executioner. This was Celebring, a renegade Noldo of Eregion whom long ago Sauron corrupted to his allegiance. It was for envy of Lindor's place in the affections of the Elven-smiths that Celebring was first swayed by Sauron's deceits, and now at last his chance for vengeance had arrived. Celebring led a detachment of Sauron's northern host in pursuit of Lindor's company, while Sauron ravaged Eriador and turned his baneful gaze towards Lindon.

The hunt continued unabated for almost two years. Aided by Óleth's prophetic foresight, Lindor evaded every snare laid for them by Celebring and his minions. Lindor was a master of songs of power, after the manner of Finrod Felagund of old; and such

Lindor duels Eloeklo





was the potency of his art that Lindor was able to defeat the scrying-sorceries and uncovering-spells which Celebring had learned under the tutelage of Sauron for the marking of foes veiled by enchantment. Over frozen rivers and barren tundra, through whispering woods and shadowy crags, to the very shores of the Forsaken Sea, fugitive fled and hunter pursued.

Trapped in the end between the sea and their enemies, Óleth counseled Lindor to turn west, hazarding a perilous crossing of the Ered Muil in winter. Lindor accepted this desperate counsel, though he feared great loss amid the cruel peaks; but Óleth's advice was not reckless, for she knew that somewhere beyond those mountains lay Morgoth's Well and the grave of Thilgon her father, where they might find respite and sanctuary until the passing of winter. Alas, Lindor's decision to attempt the passage of the Ered Muil was exactly what Celebring had hoped and anticipated of his prey. When news of it came to him, the renegade Noldo smiled to himself, for he had made alliance with Eloeklo, Demon of the North Wind, to destroy the fugitives when they had entered the high reaches of that spirit's domain.

The Ered Muil were deadly in winter, even to the hardiest of Ilúvatar's Children, and many in Lindor's charge perished in the ascent. Yet with Óleth's guidance and Lindor's fortitude, the Noldor at last won the heights of the snow-blasted passes, and looked out upon the Cape of Forochel beyond. In that moment of hope, Eloeklo attacked the fugitives like a hurricane, hurling against them razored shards of ice that seared their flesh, and whirling winds that cast them off precipices.

Seeing that his companions could not withstand the onslaught, Lindor commanded Óleth to lead the survivors in flight down the mountainside while he strove with the demon of the pass. As they fled, the Elves heard Lindor challenging and taunting Eloeklo in song, the evil creature screaming and bellowing in answer. The battle lasted far into the night, and the Elven refugees, now safely down the mountain into the warmer airs where Eloeklo could not come, beheld flashes of light and fire about the pass. Distantly, they heard Lindor's voice singing triumphantly. In the end, Eloeklo had the mastery; but such was Lindor's will to oppose him that the Noldo's frozen body stands there to this day.

3.3.3 ÓLETH'S VISION

Their spirits broken and their endurance nearly at an end, the Noldor cast themselves upon the snow-clad mountainside and wept for the loss of their leader; but at that moment Óleth received a vision that warned her against taking the easy road to the foot of the pass, where Celebring and his hunters would surely be lying in wait to finish off any who survived the passage of the mountains. Instead, Óleth felt drawn to the less easy way: the path through the unending peaks of the Aeglir Arvethed, the road to Morgoth's Well. Few of the Noldor now were willing to follow her, and many laid blame for Lindor's death upon her ill-counsel. Yet Nestador the healer recalled to them that Lindor himself had named Óleth to be their leader in his final hours.

Four score stood at Óleth's side, and departed with her and Nestador into the unknown, mist-haunted reaches of the Aeglir Arvethed. Those that remained and descended the mountain perished as Óleth had foretold, annihilated by Celebring's cruel sorceries. A few he spared long enough to learn that Óleth, Nestador and eighty others still lived. In return for this information, Celebring rewarded his former countrymen with a swift death, sparing them the awful tortures that awaited them in the camp of Sauron.

As for Óleth, she continued to lead the surviving Noldor on a veritable death march over the pathless mountains, past the Bay of Desolation, and across the wintry hell of the Fire Tundra, ever guided by her mystical premonitions. Finally, she and her followers beheld on the horizon the red glow of Morgoth's Well. There, in those heats devised for the bane of Ilúvatar's Children, the Noldor found salvation from the icy death of high winter that now covered the world about them.

In that time of stillness, while the Noldor recovered from want and weariness, Óleth descended the Well to Thilgon's barrow and planted there the seed she had borne with her all the years of her life. As the seed took root and sprouted, Óleth meditated in silence, invoking the names of Yavanna and Irmo, that they might grant her knowledge of the source of the seeds. Óleth's prayer was answered.

3.3.4 THE FOUNDING OF EVERMIST

With the breaking of winter's grip upon the Northern Waste, Óleth gathered her companions before Thilgon's grave. "The coming of spring," she said, "brings our pursuers with it; for Celebring knew the name of our destination ere we came to it and, aided as he is by the evil creatures of this land, it will not be long before we are trapped again." Then the Noldor bewailed their fate: "How then can there be any hope of escape? How can we find peace in the accursed realm of our ancient enemy?"

Then Óleth answered: "Verily, we tread upon the realm of Morgoth! Yet though his taint may scar the land, it cannot eradicate forever the memory of Arda Unmarred, which was promised by Yavanna Kementári in the Deeps of Time. There is a place, defended by her power, which his evil can no longer touch. To that place I will lead any who would, with me, swear to complete the quest which Thilgon my father began in this place where we now stand. His wisdom has saved us from winter's death. Let us repay him by following his example, that others too might live, and the land be healed of Morgoth's evil."

To these words the Noldor cried assent. Óleth led them then out of the Well and across the Fire Tundra towards the Ered Rhívamar, the Mountains on the Edge of the World, and crossing these by secret passes which her foresight revealed to her, she brought the Noldor safely to a fertile vale, wreathed in an eternal fog rising from the hot, mineral springs of Hithaelin, the Mistmere. Here they encountered in abundance such vegetation as graced the slopes of Morgoth's Well, and so Óleth found the source of the seeds Thilgon had planted.

The Noldor named the valley Uichith, Evermist, and at the center of the Mistmere rose an islet which they called Tol Ely, the Isle of Visions; for upon that rock Óleth constructed a sweat-lodge where she might carry on the mystic disciplines of the Order of the Silent Path. Óleth renamed her order Cuiviémar, the Lodge of Awakening, because its quest was to recall to the wounded North the Tuilë Yavannava, the primal Spring of Yavanna. Óleth became Mistress of the Lodge, which the Noldor sanctified in that very spring (S.A. 1700); but to their dismay Óleth foretold that she would not remain long in Evermist, and soon after this her prophecy came to pass.

With the loosening of winter's bonds, Celebring had broken his camp at the foot of the Ered Muil and resumed his pursuit of the Noldor. He had come to the edge of Morgoth's Well and had followed their trail into the Ered Rhívamar, but could not find the hidden vale. Óleth, forewarned of his coming, bade Nestador to oversee the emplacement of banes and enchantments about the borders of the vale, such as the Noldor had once used in Eregion

to hold Sauron at bay for nearly two full years. Being himself well-versed in that secret lore, Celebring soon recognized the reason for his failure to locate Óleth's sanctuary.

The renegade Noldo might have foiled its magical defenses, had he been granted the time to devise his own counter-spells; but events in the South compelled him to abandon the hunt. The year 1700 of the Second Age marked the unforeseen defeat of Sauron in Eriador. The mighty fleet of Númenor appeared out of the West, strengthening the remaining Elves of Lindon who then held the line of the Lhûn against the hosts of Mordor. Sauron was worsted, and began to make a defensive withdrawal, hoping to hold southeastern Eriador where his forces were strongest. At once Sauron sent messages to Celebring with orders to return to Eregion with his northern army (which was then still surrounding Rivendell).

Celebring cursed this news which had dashed all hope of finding and conquering Evermist; but he would not depart without wreaking what lesser evil he might still achieve. So it happened that ere he heeded his master's command, Celebring with his sorcery roused the slumbering dragons of Ered Rhívamar, stirring them to madness against the newly-arrived fugitives in their midst. These worms of Morgoth had slept, age-long, following the destruction of Angband, and now that they were awakened they were very hungry indeed.

Although the enchantments of Evermist prevented the dragons from assailing the vale itself, the Noldor as yet did not fear any imminent danger from without, believing their hunters to have given up the chase. Celebring's departure lulled them into a momentary lapse of vigilance, and they paid dearly for it. Nearly a fifth of the Cuiviémar were slain or devoured by the beasts, and Óleth was numbered among the fallen. Neither her body nor her sword were recovered, and the Noldor believed that they lay now within the lair of some foul drake.

Nestador succeeded Óleth as Master of the Lodge and, after mourning the loss of their beloved leader, put forth all his arts of enchantment to arm the Noldor against the worms, whom they soon taught to fear the name of Evermist. Repulsed but by no means defeated, the dragons withdrew for the moment to their lairs. The Noldor then renamed that arm of Ered Rhívamar the Ered Úmarth, the Mountains of Ill-fate. It was a bitter-won victory, but with Celebring gone and the dragons cowed, the Lodge of Awakening could at last begin in earnest the age-long quest which Óleth and so many others of her kin had consecrated with their own blood.

3.3.5 THE LODGE OF AWAKENING

Under Nestador's leadership, the wisdom and traditions of the order Óleth had founded took shape and achieved fruition. A song-healer of great skill, Nestador added to the discipline of the Silent Path the lore of the spoken word; for, like Lindor, Nestador believed that, in song, healer and enchanter alike draw upon the primal power of the Ainulindalë, the Song of Creation. The reordering of Arda through the power of song, combined with the discipline of silence by which visions were received, would hasten the fulfillment of their quest.

To this end, Nestador instituted rituals that combined these two paths with the physical task of seeding the North with the bounty of Evermist. Each member of the Cuiviémar would accompany their labor with the weaving of a personal spell-song, embodying all magic and enchantments of which they had knowledge. With the completion of their vision path, each mystic would inscribe his or her spell-song upon a place of power which Irmo would presently reveal to the lodge. Nestador convened the first great song rite upon Tol Ely on the second anniversary of Evermist's founding, and there it was revealed to all assembled where they should inscribe their songs.

The site chosen by the Lord of Dreams was a mountain; indeed, the northernmost peak of the Ered Muil, whose feet were washed by the waves of the Encircling Sea. In the course of the centuries and millennia that followed, the Noldor of Evermist would engrave that mountain with the ever-evolving spell-songs of their fellowship, until it became known as Orod Certhas, Rune Mountain. It was believed among the mystics that, in the Last Battle at the End of Time, the runes of Orod Certhas would resound with the wisdom of the ages, and in that hour all the Children of Ilúvatar would join in the Music of the Ainur played aright, and Morgoth's discords confounded, and the Earth healed at last of his taint.

3.4 THE DARK YEARS

Sauron's defeat in Eriador proved a mixed blessing for the Men of Middle-earth. On the one hand, the victory of Númenor and Lindon allied gave hope to the Free Peoples, revealing what great deeds might be achieved in united opposition to the Shadow; on the other hand, the vanquishing of the Dark Lord's power from the coastal regions served only to turn Sauron's lust for dominion landwards, beyond the reach of the fleets of the Númenóreans and their Elven allies. Sauron was weakened, it is true, and a full century would pass before he could recall his might; yet when that time was fulfilled, all peoples of Middle-earth, save those that dwelt in the Westlands, would know fourteen centuries of horror and oppression, remembered in afterdays as the Dark Years.

At first, the Northern Waste played no part in the Dark Lord's aspirations for world empire, for it was peopleless (apart from the Noldor of Evermist, of whom he recked little). Yet Sauron's very neglect proved to be the chief cause of the land's habitation; for it was ever to such regions that Men fled who sought to escape the growing power of Mordor. In time, then, even Forodwaith entered into Sauron's baneful designs.

If it fell to the subtle arts and deathless enchantments of the Elves to cleanse the land from Morgoth's taint, mortal Men would have their own part to play in Forodwaith's healing. As the Secondborn Children of Ilúvatar laid claim to tundra and strand, river bank and mountain vale, they made war on the vile creatures of Morgoth which still haunted the far North. Even amid the lonely wastes, Elves and Men might make alliance and common cause against Morgoth's legacy.

3.4.1 THE NÚMENÓREAN VENTURERS

The Númenóreans were no strangers to the shores of Middle-earth when their mighty warfleet took haven in Lindon for Sauron's ruin. For more than a millennium these Dúnedain, Men of the West, had been undertaking far-reaching voyages to the lands of their forefathers, the ancient Edain who fought alongside the Elves in the War of Wrath. The Valar had given them the isle of Númenor as a reward for their steadfast loyalty in those dark times, and on that island they were to dwell forever after in peace; but the Númenóreans were born under the restless star of Eärendil the Mariner, and in sailing and adventure lay their greatest delight.



Bowhead whale

So was born the great whaling tradition of Eriador. In the warmer months of the year, sturdy Númenórean prows would blaze trails across the pathless waves of Forochel, on the hunt for ivory and blubber. In time, the Men of the West established the haven and refuge of Achrond upon one of the islands at the tip of Forochel's great cape. Here weary sailors could gain a respite from their labors before returning to their homes in the South or, if they so chose, to endure the northern winter within the shelter of Achrond's well-stocked hall.

Soon after the Númenóreans renewed their contact with long-sundered North, they discovered that they were no longer the only mortals who dared to tread Forodwaith: Men now inhabited the Northern Waste. From what forgotten kindred or land they might have originated, the Númenóreans never learned. For how many uncounted generations they had dwelt in the far North of the world, not even they themselves could say; yet they spoke ever of the Great Evil One from whom they had escaped, and the Númenóreans guessed easily enough to whom they referred.

Númenórean ships' logs of the time call this mysterious folk the Beadmakers; and that indeed is the name by which the later Men of Forodwaith remember them: Helmivalmistajat, in their own northern tongue. The name recalled their exceptional skill in the crafting of small, ceramic beads, which they called *loitsuhelmet*. Númenórean whalers who had the fortune of receiving such beads as gifts soon discovered that the trinkets were possessed of strange and wondrous virtues, beneficent to their wearer: magical protection from the banes of the frozen North, or enchantments to aid the mariner upon the perilous waters of Forochel.

So highly did the Númenóreans esteem the works of this seemingly primitive fisher-folk, that they sought to enrich their art with the lore of their homeland for the firing and glazing of beads more fair and potent than ever their makers had known. What became of this well-intentioned gesture is unclear, but hints gleaned from Cardolanian whaling records suggest that over the course of the next few centuries, the Beadmakers fell into a decline and vanished, leaving behind only tumbled ruins as a mute witness to their memory.

The Valar forbade the Dúnedain to sail into the uttermost West, where lay the deathless land of Aman, dwelling place of the gods within Arda. For this reason, the bold mariners of Númenor ventured instead to explore all the coastlands of Middle-earth, and those of Forodwaith not least. Legends say that Aldarion, Captain of the Guild of Venturers, himself circumnavigated the Cape of Forochel, mapping every last cove and inlet. Yet in Aldarion's day, the land had scarcely recovered from the cataclysmic shock of the War of Wrath; Lindor had perished in Morgoth's Well, his vision doomed to be forestalled until the coming of Óleth his daughter more than a thousand years later, and no speaking people yet inhabited the barren land. As a result, few Númenóreans came to Forodwaith after Aldarion's great voyages.

Things began to change in the centuries following the triumphant expulsion of Sauron from the Westlands. For better or for worse, Númenórean presence and involvement in Middle-earth grew. Colonists came to settle the coastlands of Eriador, and the great riverine port of Tharbad became a thriving metropolis. Colonization brought with it new mouths to feed and new coffers to fill. Then the Númenóreans remembered Aldarion's fabled voyage to "the darkness of the North," and contemplated what bounty those far lands might yield.



A gift of beads

3.4.2 THE URDIC INVASIONS

Though the Beadmakers' presence in Forodwaith may have been ephemeral, the very fact of their existence, free of his domination, was sufficient to provoke the Dark Lord to bend his ill-will towards the far North. If some Men succeeded in eluding his rule there, others would follow. By itself this weighed as but a trifle matter on the scales of his malice, but the subjection of Forodwaith coincided with much grander designs.

Many leagues to the east of Forochel, beyond the furthest reaches of Talath Uichel, lay the far land of Urd. Like unto Forodwaith in clime and aspect, Urd marched upon the shores of a great bay of the Encircling Sea whose waters covered Morgoth's primal stronghold of Utumno. At the beginning of the second millennium of the Second Age, the Men of Urd had come under the dominion of a warlike chieftain named Hoarmûrath; and he, enflamed with the desire for invincibility in battle, received now an emissary of Sauron, and from him accepted a Ring of Power. Thus into undeath was born the sixth of those nine mortals who became the Ringwraiths, Sauron's deadliest servants.

The Dark Lord's first command to Hoarmûrath was to hunt down and enslave all Men of the far North who refused to acknowledge Sauron of Mordor as God and King. Hoarmûrath pursued his new master's decree with zeal and delectation. This pogrom drove its victims westwards, beyond the frontiers of Urd and into Forodwaith, filling both Forochel and Talath Uichel alike with lamentation and tales of the horror that pursued, which received the names of Paheelliset, the Vicious People, Karhusoturet, the Bear-warriors, and Rekijoukko, the Sled-horde.

These and other epithets described well the Urdic warhost, for its chieftains fought from great war-sleds drawn by voracious snow bears. Legend holds that these beasts were actually enslaved skin-changers, though the Berninga of later Forodwaith would heatedly deny such insinuations. Arrayed in these fantastic conveyances, the Urdic horde would surround their terrified prey. Dismounting from their war-sleds, the chieftains with their fiercest warriors would assault the center of a defended line while smaller, one-man sleds, pulled by war-dogs, would suddenly charge in on the flanks. The unsleded minions of Hoarmûrath possessed a different mode of attack; these glided across the snow-covered tundra by means of thin lengths of wood attached to each foot. With these *sukset* (as they were known) the Urdor enjoyed unmatched mobility in carnage and slaughter.

Those peoples that fled the Urdic horde named them Paheelliset with good reason; for after a battle, any prisoners who were of no use as slaves—even women, children and elders—met with a gruesome end in an Urdic bear-pit. Within these earthen pits lodged the man-eating snow bears that drew their war-sleds. As many as thirty such pits might be prepared after a large battle. The bears were taunted, teased and jabbed with spears until enraged, and then the prisoners were cast, unarmed, into the pits. As the spectators beheld the contest that ensued, they would make sport of every detail of the struggle—from how long the prisoner would last, to which paw the bear might strike with next. If by some miraculous turn the prisoner survived this inhuman ordeal, he (or she) was deemed worthy of slavery (a fate scarcely worse than the bear-pit).

Like the Sled-horde that pursued them, the Men who fled into Forodwaith at this time took names for themselves according to their means of locomotion. The two peoples that are remembered by name—perhaps the only ones to have survived the Urdic invasions—were the Tanssijat or Dancers, who skated across the ice with *luistimet*, thick leather shoes attached to smooth pieces of bone or ivory, and the Leveäjalat or Broadfeet, who braved the North with wide, flat snowshoes of thick leather bound to a bone or wooden frame.

The Leveäjalat fled southwest across Talath Uichel into northernmost Eriador, settling along the banks of the rivers and streams that emptied their waters into the Bay of Forochel. This choice no doubt reflected the character of their ancestral lands, for the Leveäjalat were skilled in fishing and the making of boats. It also testified to a keen understanding of their persecutors, as the comparative dearth of ice and snow in these southerly regions prevented the Sled-horde from using their accustomed mode of warfare against the Leveäjalat, save perhaps in the height of winter. Enraged at the new cunning of their prey, the Urdor abandoned mobile assaults in favor of wasteful, hand-to-hand battles of attrition that, even with renewed strength, they could ill-afford. Drawn together by a common enemy, the Leveäjalka clans changed their name to Lumimiehet, the Snowmen, which the Elves and Dúnedain later rendered into their own Sindarin tongue as Lossoth.

The Tanssijat chose a different path of escape from the Urdic horde. Turning northwest, they entered the mountainous Cape of Forochel. Here they became divided into two distinct peoples. Those that withdrew into the furthest extremities of the peninsula became the Jäämiehet or Icemen (Helechoth, in the speech of the Elves and Dúnedain). Other Tanssijat sought sanctuary from the Sled-horde upon the great icebergs of Forochel's bay. In time, the refuges they delved upon those floating islands grew into veritable citadels—no longer winter fastnesses only, these would be the permanent dwellings of this people, for whom the ancestral earth had become little more than a seasonal hunting camp. These berg-dwellers became a whaling and fishing people, and named themselves the Merimetsästäjät, the Sea-hunters (Aerfaroth, in the Sindarin tongue).

In their flight from the Urdic hordes, the Tanssijat and Leveäjalat alike found aid and succor from unforeseen allies: the Snow-elves, deathless wanderers of Talath Uichel. These not only instructed the wretched fugitives in skills needful for their physical survival in the frozen North, but shared with them also their wisdom and spiritual lore. The simple Men made of this knowledge what they would, blending with it their own Mannish beliefs and concepts; yet the influence of the Snow-elves may still be seen in the shamanic traditions of the Lumimiehet and Jäämiehet alike, and equally in the icelore of the berg-delving Merimetsästäjät.

3.4.3 THE SNOW-ELVES

The Snow-elves of Talath Uichel were a kindred of the Nandor, recently sundered from their Silvan brethren in Rhovanion to the South. Some centuries prior to the Urdic invasions, these Elves had abandoned the forests of the Anduin vale for the open tundra. The cause of this separation was the intrusion into their lands of the Sindarin prince, Oropher, who claimed kingship over all of the Nandor east of Anduin. Resentful of Oropher's uninvited claim and the presumption of his Grey-elven ways, this Nandorin tribe withdrew northwards through Dragon Gap, the wide passage separating the Misty Mountains from the Grey, and entered the tundra beyond. In this they were led by a Silvan chieftain named Galator, who changed his name thereafter to K'elektor, the Lord of Ice. Then all his folk began referring to themselves as Lossidil, the Snow-elves (Losedhil in the Sindarin tongue).

In truth, this was not the first time that the Snow-elves had set foot upon Talath Uichel. As Yavanna breathed the first whispers of life into the Northern Waste, its lands which lay nearest to Rhovanion began to flower, drawing the Silvan Elves on long treks during the fair months. Indeed, after their own fashion the Nandor, more devoted than any of the other Elven kindreds to the living things of Arda, had like the Noldor of Evermist given their care to the fleeting spring of the North; yet now, with their homeland under the rule of a monarch of alien blood, the Snow-elves claimed Forodwaith as their home and did not return to Rhovanion.

Though less accustomed to the company of Men than the Elves of the West, the Lossidil were not unfriendly to mortals. For centuries they had dwelt in relative peace and harmony with the Northmen of Rhovanion, who lived out their mortal lives much as they themselves did: as independent households and clans, owing allegiance to no sovereign. (As for K'elektor their leader, his "lordship over ice" referred not to any dominion of people or territory, but rather to his great skill in the shaping of ice by spellcraft and enchantment.) So it was that, encountering the fugitive Tanssijat and Leveäjalat, the Snow-elves befriended them, taking them for allies against the evil Urdor.

The coming of the Urdic invasions compelled the Snow-elves to withdraw, like their mortal allies, westward. Though deadly to Men in battle if need called, the Lossidil were unwarlike and few in number; and with a Ring of Power in the possession of the Urdic high-chieftain, not even the immortal Firstborn could hope finally to withstand the Sled-horde. So K'elektor's folk fled west, accompanying (for the most part) the Tanssijat on the path that led to the Cape of Forochel. There they dwelt for many centuries in friendship with the Jäämiehet and the Merimetsästäjät—and with the Noldor of Evermist, who took delight in the presence of others of their own race in this far and lonely land.

The Sled-horde attacks!



3.5 THE SECOND CATACLYSM

Thirty-three centuries after the War of Wrath brought the lands of Forodwaith into being, the Northern Waste would be wracked by a cataclysm of nearly equal violence, undoing much that had been achieved by the Noldor of Evermist. This new disaster originated not in the will of the Valar, however, but in the judgment of Ilúvatar himself. For this reason, the cataclysm did not prove as baneful for the northern lands as it might have. Ilúvatar acknowledged the good that had been wrought upon the far North by Yavanna and her devotees, sparing the greater part from destruction; and yet by his own law, Eru would not permit any deed within Arda Marred to be wholly unchanged by the fate of the world—not until The End.

3.5.1 THE RUIN OF THE NORTH

The Men of Númenor had grown haughty and impious since the day of their noble victory over Sauron in Eriador. Though many remained faithful to the allegiance of their forefathers, many more became corrupted by pride and envy; and under the cunning tutelage of Sauron, then his hostage, Ar-Pharazôn the Golden, the last king of Númenor, committed the most heinous sacrilege: he broke the Ban of the Valar and made war upon the Undying Lands, thinking to seize by his own might the gift of immortality.

The Valar, laying down their stewardship of Arda to Ilúvatar, surrendered judgment of Ar-Pharazôn's folly to the One True God. Ilúvatar responded with terrible force, separating the Undying Lands from the Earth itself by a great rift in the sea, and bending the surface of Arda into the shape of a globe—inescapable by the living, save by the deathless Elves; for in Death alone were Men permitted to depart the circles of the world.

This sudden and violent transformation of the very shape of the Earth could not but have awful consequences for Forodwaith, northernmost of lands. As it is written in the *Akallabêth*, "all the coasts and seaward regions of the western world suffered great change and ruin in that time; for the seas invaded the lands, and shores foundered, and ancient isles were drowned, and new isles were uplifted; and hills crumbled and rivers were turned into strange courses (*Sil.*, p. 280)." For twenty-five years of the sun, Forodwaith seemed to regress to its original, barely habitable state in the first centuries of the age. Ilúvatar, however, permitted Yavanna for that span of time to exercise her gentle dominion over the earth for the defense of all living things so that, though sorrow and hardship ruled the lives of Men and Elves in that land, life and hope were never wholly extinguished: a time of healing would come again.

3.5.2 THE LIGHT OF HOPE

Yavanna was not the only Power that pleaded before Ilúvatar for the lightening of judgment upon the North; Ulmo, Lord of the Waters, entreated Eru also. The Snow-elves had long been Ulmo's chief delight in Forodwaith, for in them his ancient desire, that Ilúvatar's Children should roam free and happy in Middle-earth, and not be cozened in the Undying Lands by the Valar, seemed realized. The Lord of Waters was grieved at the destruction wrought upon the Northern Waste by the globing of the world because it had robbed many of K'elektor's folk of all joy in the land, driving them to depart Middle-earth forever. "Why," said he, "should the Firstborn suffer for the sins of the Second? And wherefore should all their labors for the land's healing be brought to naught? Shall we reward good with evil?"

Ilúvatar answered Ulmo's plea thusly: "You know well the fate of Arda Marred, that some hurts cannot be amended ere the full-making of the Music. Yet this boon will I permit: that, for the rekindling of hope in the North, you yourself may visit the Firstborn; and you may raise for them a sign, such as lies within your power and province, that they may know that we have not abandoned them."

Ulmo was glad at Ilúvatar's word, and gave thought to what sign he might contrive for the encouragement of both Elves and Men. Then it was that the Lord of Waters recalled how, after Morgoth slew the Two Trees that once lit the world, the Valar had devised the Sun and Moon to restore light and hope to the darkened world, the lesser light from the greater; and he thought also of the Great Lamps, Ormal and Illuin, that had illuminated Arda before even Yavanna had given life to the Trees. Morgoth had destroyed those as well; but Ulmo knew that a shard of Illuin, the northern lamp, remained yet inviolate in the deeps of the Encircling Sea.

This shard Ulmo recovered, and by his governance of the sea caused it to be raised above the waters upon a great pinnacle of ice at the summit of the world, there to bring forth a new radiance to the northern sky. This light was unlike to the stars of Varda or the vessels of Sun and Moon, for its brilliance would flow from the shard as delicate veils blown by a gentle breeze, and in many hues—of red, yellow, green, blue and violet. Like Tilion the Moon, the illumination of the shard might change shape, but with greater variance than Tilion's lawful phases: with soaring arcs, racing streamers, piercing rays and hanging draperies of light it would adorn the heavens in the North.

Then Ulmo came to the northern shores of Forochel, where K'elektor and his folk were then dwelling, and revealed himself to them. At first the Snow-elves were terrified, never having beheld the Lord of Waters in all his divine majesty, and believing now that all powers in the world had turned against them; but Ulmo spoke, and bade them be at peace. "Fear not, Oh people of the Teleri, third and greatest kindred of the Firstborn! I am Lord of the Sea upon whose strands your fair voices have been heard. For verily in water my power lies—and what is the snowflake in which you delight, or the ice that your hands fashion into works of beauty, if not a thing of my province?"

The Lord of Waters paused, but the Snow-elves were yet too filled with awe to speak. Then Ulmo continued: "You have suffered greatly in the changing of the world; but Lo! you live, even as the land lives, for its life is yours. Doubt not that the Valar protect you under the eyes of the One! See! A new light has arisen in the North as a witness to my words; in that light let your hearts rest, knowing that you remain Children of Ilúvatar, now and always. Thus I have spoken." At that, the Lord of Waters vanished beneath the waves.

For many days thereafter the Snow-elves sang praises to Ulmo and Ilúvatar, and when they had finished, K'elektor addressed them, saying that they should undertake to journey towards the light, there to find a dwelling free from fear and death. The Lossidil cried assent to this, and K'elektor named the light K'elekt'il, the Radiance of Ice (which, in the Grey-elven speech, is Helecthil).



The journey of the Snow-elves to the Helecthil was long and hard, for the North was by no means free of peril, natural or otherwise. They began their trek in winter, for in that season the northward-facing waters of Ekkaia were bridged by ice. Thus did the first of Ilúvatar's Children set foot upon the Landless Land, the frozen, immovable mass that now crowned Arda's globe like an icy halo. Yet they tread upon this younger heir of the Helcaraxë without fear, for the light drew them on.

When at last they stood at the foot of Helecthil's shining pinnacle, bathed in light, K'elektor put forth all his arts and enchantments, and with the Lossidil commenced the building of a magnificent ice-city. This dwelling, which the Snow-elves named K'eleklut, Iceflower (but which is known to the Sindar and Dúnedain as Helloth), encircled the roots of Helecthil's pillar, basking day and night in its radiance. Tradition holds that the labor was so great that a full *yén* (one hundred and forty-four years of the sun) passed before it achieved perfection, but few apart from the Snow-elves have beheld its wonder.

Not all of the Lossidil remained in Helloth after its building, many desiring still to wander the wastes, heartened now by the words of Ulmo; but the greater part of their kindred did choose to remain there, descending only rarely (if at all) from the Landless Land to the regions of their former habitation. Thus was Forodwaith dispossessed of a people fair and wise. The Noldor of Evermist mourned their absence, and in the lore of the Ystävät Talven the Snow-elves became figures of remote legend.

3.6 THE MILLENNIAL PEACE

The raising of Helecthil marked the beginning of better times for Forodwaith and its inhabitants. The cycles and seasons of the North, so violently disrupted by the changing of the world, reestablished themselves in accordance with the new global rhythms. The Lodge of Awakening resumed its long labors. The Urdor came no longer to trouble the Ystävät Talven. Thirteen centuries of relative peace followed.

The chief cause for this unprecedented calm was the near total victory of the Last Alliance of Men and Elves over Sauron in S.A. 3441, in which the Second Age came to an end and the Third began. Apart from the Elves of Evermist, who fought under Gil-galad, High King of the Noldor, not even an echo of the great conflagration of the age reached the forgotten lands of the far North. The pivot of history shifted southwards into Eriador, where the successor-realms of lost Númenor enjoyed an all too brief era of power and glory.

Elendil, leader of those Númenóreans who remained faithful to their heritage and abstained from Ar-Pharazôn's sacrilege, chose the lands of Eriador to be his domain in S.A. 3320. This was Arnor, North-kingdom of the Realms-in-Exile; Elendil's sons founded the South-kingdom of Gondor. Elendil absorbed into his kingdom the old Númenórean colony of Tharbad, whose whaling ships still embarked north to ply the waters of Forochel, as their ancestors had done for the past fifteen centuries.

Ulmo visits the Snow-elves

As a united realm, the kingdom of Arnor endured for nearly a millennium. In T.A. 861, however, on the death of its tenth king, Eärendur, the realm fractured from political infighting into three lesser principalities—Arthedain, Cardolan and Rhudaur—each ruled by a scion of the dead king. From this point on, the kings of Arthedain would take a new interest in the northern lands that marched upon their borders.

In the great game of dynastic rivalry, the kings of Cardolan held a potent advantage: of the three successor-realms, they alone possessed a maritime port—in fact, the only substantial mercantile port in all of Eriador. This meant that they could extract heavy tolls and tariffs for goods bound for (or moving from) Arthedain and Rhudaur. Amlaith, the first king of Arthedain, sought to circumvent this handicap by establishing a haven on the Bay of Forochel. Unfriendly weather conditions quickly squelched the scheme. Nevertheless, Amlaith proceeded to declare a protectorate over the Lossoth in T.A. 870, the first (and last) time that any territorial power would formally lay claim to the Northern Waste during the Third Age.

Like so many matters of consequence to the South, this event exercised practically no impact on Forodwaith or its peoples; little was ever done to enforce the proclamation, and it was soon forgotten. One curious formality of this legal fiction, however, managed to survive Amlaith's reign, and at times even transformed words into action. This derived from the king's custom of dispensing for the help of Lossoth "medicine bundles" (courtesy gifts bearing an *eresselen*, a six-pointed star which marked its bearer as a friend of Arthedain). Any Losson displaying this token to a representative of the king had the right to claim royal aid in setting some wrong to right. Since the adversities experienced in the day-to-day lives of the Ystävät Talven tended to be rather parochial and mundane, the king of Arthedain could well afford the occasional expense of such assistance in return for the bolstering of his self-image as the defender of all Eriador's peoples.

3.7 THE RETURN OF THE SHADOW

The millennial peace of the North was not fated to endure. The Last Alliance had vanquished the Dark Lord's power, but failed to eliminate Sauron for good. The Wise later attributed this failure to Isildur's refusal to cast into the destroying fire the One Ring, which held the very power that bound Sauron's spirit to Arda. So long as the Ring endured, the Dark Lord's shadow would continue to threaten the world.

Fortunately, the Westlands were granted a respite of a thousand years, while Sauron secretly recovered his scattered might and took shape again; yet in due time Eriador would become the chief object of his malice, and Forodwaith would suffer from the shockwaves. For to the very borderland between Eriador and the Northern Waste, Sauron would send his deadliest servant: the Lord of the Nazgûl, who was known to the folk of both lands as the Witch-king, and there he would found the evil realm of Angmar.

3.7.1 THE COMING OF THE WITCH-KING

When the Lord of the Nazgûl secretly entered Angmar in T.A. 1276, he found a land well-prepared for his purposes. In the earlier years of that century, as though in compliance with some unspoken summons, many dragons of Forochel, awakening from slumber, flew south and assailed the Dwarven holds of Angmar. Orcs and Trolls increased and multiplied. Evil Men from Urd appeared again upon Talath Uichel, resuming their long dormant legacy of plunder and slaughter. The Witch-king completed the desolation of the land in the year of his arrival, leading a host of Orcs against Carn Dûm, the last fastness of Durin's folk in the region, already worn down by the assaults of the dragons.

All these things came to pass without significant opposition from the successor-realms of Arnor, preoccupied as they were with petty wars and internecine strife. By the time the Dúnedain were fully cognizant of the threat he posed, the Witch-king had already established his realm and was plotting their downfall. Open warfare broke out in T.A. 1301, leaving Arthedain's chief frontier stronghold of Minas Eldanaryaron in ruins twenty-four years later. The Dúnedain had taken notice too late, and they would pay a terrible price for their negligence in a bloody death-struggle of six centuries.

The War of the Citadels, that initial conflict which transformed the Arthadanian frontier into the battle-torn No-man's Lands, had its sequel in Forodwaith itself. Ever since the establishment of his realm a quarter of a century earlier, the Witch-king had striven in vain to exact allegiance from the inhabitants of Talath Uichel, which now formed his own northern frontier. The Lumimiehet, possessing no concept of kingship, received his emissaries with the same indifference as their ancestors had displayed towards Amlaith's claim. There was one settlement, however, whose denizens utterly refused to treat with "the thralls of Carn Dûm," an act of defiance which the Witch-king could scarcely overlook.

These were the Berninga, fiercely independent Northmen who had been driven from the Anduin vales in the turmoil that preceded the Witch-king's coming. Under the leadership of their chieftain Bernabalth, these bold frontiersmen had established for themselves a fortified steading along the banks of the River Everhir, scarcely thirty leagues north of Carn Dûm. Unable to compel submission from the proud Northmen, the Witch-king sent out a host of Orcs and Sled-warriors to ravage the settlement in T.A. 1304.

During the siege that followed, Bernabalth sent to his Lumimies allies many calls for aid; but none were answered, and the stronghold fell in flames. A powerful shaman among the Lumimiehet, having fallen under the Witch-king's spell, dissuaded his people from giving help to their besieged friends. In their own defense, descendants of these Lumimiehet assert that, even had their fathers held to their alliance, their strength would have availed little against the might of Angmar. The grim Berninga are unmoved by such arguments, but keep in their hearts the last words of Bernabalth their fallen lord: "If I and mine cannot live here in peace, then none shall. If my house falls, it takes all others with it. Let the cowards beware, for the wolf at my door shall soon devour them and all that is theirs. May their land remain desolate until Bernastath be rebuilt."

Bernabalth's words were soon proved true, for the Orc-host of Angmar, in an orgy of violence and conquest, swept westward from the ruined steading into the neighboring tundra, slaughtering many Lumimiehet, including the deluded shaman who had spoken against aiding their allies, leaving the upper regions of the Everhir desolate. Thus did the Witch-king bring about the estrangement of folk who might have found the strength to resist the incursions of Angmar through unity. Yet, at the least, Bernabalth's fate served as a warning to all the Free Peoples of Forodwaith, dashing the Witch-king's hopes of gaining any true allies among the Men of those lands. Fortunately for them, the Lord of the Nazgûl's wrath was spent mostly on the destruction of the Dúnedain.

3.7.2 THE BANES OF ANGMAR

The heinous blights, epidemics, curses and diseases the Witch-king hurled against the Dúnedain in the course of his six-century campaign had little effect on Forodwaith, intended as they were for the warmer climes of Eriador. Such banes did not survive well in the cold of the far North, and the insular nature of Ystävä Talven settlement created formidable barriers to their transmission. Not even the Great Plague of T.A. 1636, more devastating than any sorcery, succeeded in spreading farther north than the Wash Tundra.

All the same, the peoples and lands of Forodwaith suffered injury and hardship under Angmar's shadow. As has already been told, the Sled-horde of Urd, long relegated to the realm of ancient legend, once again materialized—flesh and blood—before the eyes of the terror-stricken Lossoth. Having failed to secure the loyalty of his northern neighbors, the Witch-king invited Hoarmûrath to settle a colony of Urdic warriors in the northward-facing valleys of the Mountains of Angmar. These he used as snow troops and winter scouts, giving their chieftains leave to raid and plunder Forochel and Talath Uichel as they would. Though the sled-warriors of this age lacked the numbers of the Rekijoukko of old, the Witch-king subsidized them with weapons, armor and supplies from Carn Dûm. Throughout the centuries of Angmar's dominion, sled-borne raiding parties forged inroads of destruction as far westward as the Fire Tundra.

The very presence of Angmar and its wraith-lord caused a general stirring of Morgoth's legacies in the far North by land and sea. The dragons of Ered Úmarth reawakened and stalked the land. The dreaded demon whales hunted the waters of Ekkaia once again, claiming the life of K'elektor of the Snow-elves and troubling the whaling ships that still dared the Bay of Forochel in those dark times. Still more terrible was a most abhorrent plague of undeath among the Ystävät Talven. Its source was never identified with surety, but the Wise later believed that the Witch-king, in his cruel cunning, had contrived a means of tainting the common "spell-beads" which the shamans of the Ystävät Talven used in their daily ritual, infecting the once beneficial artifacts with the same curse as the *morgul*-blades wielded by the Nazgûl—transforming their victims into undead slaves.

Yet the most grievous blight by far was the Witch-king's mysterious power over the weather. Time and again, the Lord of the Nazgûl would call down killing winter ice and tempest upon Eriador. These unendurable colds he conjured from the high airs of the Bleak Mountains or the Encircling Sea, such that all things mortal in Forodwaith, whether Man, beast or plant, experienced their unadulterated fury. The Noldor of Evermist did everything within their power to tend the victims, but found themselves wholly powerless to counter the Witch-king's sorceries. For these concerned the realm of their own mightiest foe: the Demon of the North Wind and his legions—Eloeklo, Lindor's Bane. Once again the labors of the Lodge of Awakening had been turned back. No force within the circles of the world now held the power to stem the seemingly immutable advance of the Shadow. Such hope could only come from beyond Endor.

Conjuring the tempest



3.7.3 YAVANNA'S TEARS



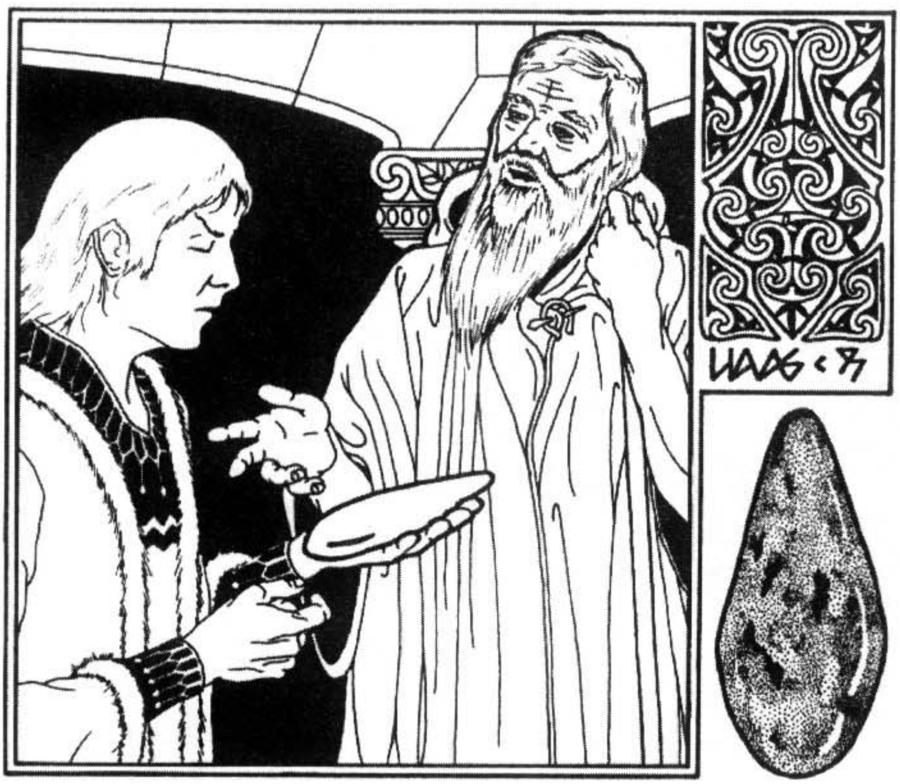
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Even before the rise of Angmar, the Valar knew (or feared) that Sauron's evil had not been completely vanquished from the world. Yet, since the Downfall of Númenor, the Lords of the West were more loathe than ever to intervene directly in the affairs of the world; for by their own choice they had laid down their guardianship of Arda to Ilúvatar, and in his judgment the One had severed Middle-earth from the Undying Lands of Aman. Nevertheless, Manwë deemed that it was still permitted to the Powers to send into the world emissaries who would aid and encourage the Children of Ilúvatar against the return of the Shadow.

These were the Istari—the Wizards, as Men called them. Five was their number, each devoted to the Vala or Valië that sent him. Of these five, Yavanna's messenger was Aiwendil; and like her, his special care was for the living things of Arda: bird and beast, tree and flower, and the earth that gives them life. Aiwendil knew well his lady's desire for the healing of Forodwaith; and when he perceived that the Noldor of the Cuiviémar faltered in their quest because of the Witch-king's great might, he journeyed to Evermist and came among them.

This meeting fell on an evening of spring in the year 1640 of the Third Age. For many nights past, Nestador, Master of the Lodge, had beheld a recurring vision: an aged wanderer of mortal form, clad in russet-robes, journeying westward across the Fire Tundra, his weathered face turned towards the Ered Úmarth, and Evermist that lies beyond. So it was that the stranger was welcomed upon the mist-haunted threshold of Hithaelin's vale, and brought to the isle of Tol Ely as a reverend guest. Nestador greeted Aiwendil, chanting the sacred invocation of Yavannacanwa:

Yavanna's Tear



Cuita i tári:
Tumbussë, tauressë,
Nandessë, orontessë
Ar ampity' olvassë erumessen,
Laicatala Ninquinóressen.
Tulë yassë antirna ná
Ar úantirna,
Cuita i tári.

The Queen awakens:
In valley, in wood,
In dale, in mountain,
In the smallest growth in desert places,
Bringing green to the Whitelands.
Appearing where she is looked for
And unlooked for.
The Queen awakens.

Then Aiwendil sang in answer:

Canë i tári:
Or hatul' eäri
Yaitala maiwinen
Laurelassen súrinen
Celvaron nurrulenen
Fernelassë-lantanen
Salquëa partanna.

The Queen calls:
By wailing gulls
Above sundering seas,
Through breeze amid the golden leaves,
Through lowing of beast,
In the fall of beech-leaf,
Upon grassy sward,

Ar úlamanen
Lossenúr' erumessen,
Talmassen naulenen
Voronwa hrávanen,
Canë i tári.

And amid the silence
Of the snow-deep wastes,
In the wolf-wail
Upon the tundra,
The Queen calls.

Then all the Noldor chanted in unison:

Nai coilë aluva
Lótepelessë Tário!

Let it come to pass that life thrive
In the garden of the Queen!



A silence followed as all took their seats in the sweat-lodge upon the island. At last, Nestador spoke: "Oh Great One, it is plain that you come to us from Kementári, for you know the sacred words. What report does the Earth Mistress speak through you?"

Then Aiwendil answered: "For three and thirty *yéni* and more you have pursued the path of Óleth's vision, the healing of Wounded Land. Free to depart into the West, you chose rather to serve Yavanna within Arda Marred, where she can no longer walk, so that the spring of her promise might one day awaken. Of all Eru's Children you, Oh people of the Cuiviémar, are most favored in her eyes."

Then Nestador said: "But Great One, all for which we have labored withers now under the Shadow. How can we withstand and turn back evils such as these?"

"Recall you the *Valaquenta*," commanded Aiwendil, addressing Nestador. "What does it tell of Yavanna Kementári?"

Nestador obeyed, chanting softly words he had learned in Valinor beneath the light of the Two Trees: "Some there are who have seen her standing like a tree under heaven, crowned with the Sun; and from all its branches there spilled a golden dew upon the barren earth, and it grew green...."

Yet even as Nestador uttered these words, he fell into a trance, and all the lodge with him. Then the Noldor beheld an *olortië*, a vision path such as their minds were wont to tread in wakeful repose. The path led from the steaming bank of Hithaelin through the forested hollows of Evermist, finding an end upon the summit of a grassy knoll overlooking the valley. Then the vision faded, and Nestador with the lodge returned from Irmo's twilit realm, but Aiwendil was nowhere to be seen.

Then Nestador bade the Noldor follow him on the path which his words had called forth, and there on the knoll they found Aiwendil waiting for them. "Come!" he said. "See what the Lord of Dreams has revealed to you." Nestador approached; at Aiwendil's command, he began to dig at the ground, drawing aside the turf with his hands, and drew forth from the earth a strange object. A stone it seemed at first, yet as Nestador cleansed its surface of dirt he saw that within its golden, translucent mass were lodged things once living: a flower, a leaf, a blade of grass.

Then Aiwendil spoke: "Behold, one of the *yavanníri*, the Tears of Yavanna, the golden dew spilt upon the barren earth!"

The Noldor were silent with awe and did not speak, but Nestador at last questioned Aiwendil: "Tell us, Great One, what this means."

Aiwendil bade the Cuiviémar to sit themselves upon the grass, and began to recount to them the tale of the *yavanníri*: "This, the last of Kementári's deeds within Middle-earth embodied, came to pass in the days that followed the Great Battle which you call the War of Wrath. In that time, ere the Host of the Valar departed victorious for Aman, never to return to mortal lands, Yavanna came to Middle-earth and walked alone amid the ruin of the Iron Mountains, surveying in grief the desolation of the land. And she wept, for her power was not now strong enough to erase the memory of Morgoth's evil; but her golden tears, falling upon the barren earth, froze at its touch. Then the Earth Mistress turned away, and did not return.

"But Lo! By your age-long labors you have achieved such healing for the broken land as lay within your power, and it has not been in vain; for by your own hands the wastes are at last freed enough from Morgoth's taint that the dormant power of the *yavanníri* might yet be stirred to awakening, and the Shadow be thwarted."

Then the Cuiviémar sang praises to Kementári for her wisdom, and to Irmo for revealing it to them; but Nestador entreated Aiwendil: "If your words be true, Great One, teach us what we must do to bring these things to pass."

Aiwendil answered: "All the skills needed to achieve this quest you already possess. Óleth has instructed you in the ways of Irmo; and the Master of Visions will teach you the path, even as he has on this very eve revealed to you the first tear."

Then Nestador asked: "But how many are these tears, and how might their power be unlocked once they are found?"

"The *yavanníri* are many, but not numberless," said Aiwendil. "Their number you will know by this sign: when an ancient evil shall rise again and declare itself openly to the world, on that day shall the last tear be found; for this quest shall be your final and greatest labor on Kementári's behalf in Middle-earth, and when it is fulfilled the Earth Mistress bids you return into the West, there to receive from Irmo rest and reward for your incomparable service."

Then, turning to all the Noldor, Aiwendil charged them: "You must gather the *yavanníri* to Evermist, to Tol Ely. When this is accomplished as I have forespoken, then you shall chant the Great Song of Awakening, weaving into its melodies all the long tale of your labors, even as you have inscribed that tale upon the slopes of Orod Certhas. Then your quest will be at an end." Aiwendil took his leave, then, of Nestador, saying that he had other cares in the world to attend. He never returned to Evermist.

So began the great task of the Cuiviémar in the Northern Waste. Now at last the Noldor possessed a power that neither the Witch-king nor any legacy of Morgoth could overthrow. Thirteen centuries of quest would follow before Aiwendil's prophecy about the final tear's discovery would come to pass.

3.8 THE FADING YEARS

The tyranny of Angmar continued to trouble Eriador and the Northlands for another three centuries after Aiwendil's visitation to Evermist, the Lodge of Awakening all the while quietly pursuing its quest. The end of the Witch-king's realm came in the year 1975 of the Third Age, following hard upon what seemed the hour of his final victory over the Dúnedain. A host of Elves from Lindon, joined by a great sending force from Gondor in the South, robbed the Witch-king of his long-sought victory in a single battle. As in all great battles of the past in which the Elves took part, Nestador sent a company of mystic warriors to fight under Lindon's banner; but for their part, the Lodge of Awakening viewed the conflict as a diversion from their true struggle: to recover Yavanna's Tears for the Hour of Awakening.

One of the most sorrowful tales associated with Angmar's fall is the death of Arvedui, last king of Arthedain. With his capital of Fornost in ruins, Arvedui abandoned his desperate defense of the North Downs and fled the Witch-king's legions with a few companions, bearing with him the treasured *palantíri*, the seeing-stones of Fornost and Amon Sûl. Crossing the Wash Tundra in mid-winter, Arvedui came through much adventure to the shores of Forochel, and there transpired the last meeting of ways between the Lossoth and the kings of Arthedain. The fugitive king wintered with the Ystävät Talven until a ship could be sent from Lindon to rescue him by sea.

Alas, though the Witch-king was now departed from the North, his ill-will lingered in the weather, and a sudden, violent ice-storm sank Arvedui's ship; the irreplaceable *palantíri* went with him. Yet the doomed king, by happy chance, had, prior to his embarkation, entrusted to his hosts the Ring of Barahir, the





badge of his house. This ring was later ransomed from the Lossoth by Arvedui's surviving heirs, who continued to wander Eriador after their realm's collapse, and would one day produce the greatest mortal hero of the age.

The centuries that followed Angmar's fall became known as the Fading Years, for they were the autumn years of the age, in which the might and wisdom of the Westlands gradually diminished: the kingdom of Arthedain was no more, and war-torn Eriador was desolate. Yet in Forodwaith things were anything but calm. As soon as Eloeklo and his wind-horde perceived anew the quest of the Cuiviémar and realized that its successful completion could only bring about their utter overthrow, all spirits of ill-will began to oppose the efforts of the Noldor with fierce war, transforming the Northern Waste into a supernatural battle-ground of the elements.

Twice during these years the tumults grew so great that all the Westlands suffered devastating repercussions. These were remembered in Eriador, Gondor and Rhovanion as the Long Winter (T.A. 2758-2759) and the Fell Winter (T.A. 2911-2912), in which there was great loss of life from the unnatural cold. Luckily for the southerners, both blights were contained within the space of a single year and did not tempt these malevolent spirits to remain in the South.

The Noldor of Evermist proved indomitable, their hearts kindled with the hope of Aiwendil's prophecy. They sought ever the vision-paths of Irmo—chanting, meditating, journeying, unearthing the *yavanníri* and planting in their place the *eridh echui*, following in the footsteps of Óleth and Lindor. With every tear won, the song-spells of Orod Certhas grew ever more potent, and the Noldor laid binding enchantments upon the wind-horde, consigning Eloeklo and his legions to remote and uninhabited mountain crags, far from the dwellings of Men.

Finally, the day foretold by Aiwendil came: in T.A. 2951, the Dark Lord Sauron returned to Mordor, naming his own name before a terror-stricken world. Even the Noldor of Evermist were amazed, for they knew him not until that hour. Then Nestador laid the last Tear of Yavanna upon the hearth of the sweat-lodge on Tol Ely, and convened the Cuiviémar, saying: "Now comes the final conflict of the age, in which our quest shall be achieved and the North be delivered at last from Morgoth's crimes against Yavanna. Arda Marred must remain subject to Evil—such is its doom—but never again can that Evil muster to a single point: in Sauron's fall it shall be scattered until the End."

3.9 THE WAR OF THE RING

The war which was to bring about Sauron's prophesied downfall did not erupt for another sixty-seven years. During the calm before that storm, the Cuiviémar commenced the Song of Awakening, the great ritual which would unlock Yavanna's slumbering power for the restoration of Forodwaith to its natural state—Forodwaith as it might once have been, had Morgoth not raised the Iron Mountains and tormented the land with his destructive will. The number of the *yavanníri*, all counted, was sixty-eight; and the song-rites for each required the passage of a full *coranar*, a year of the sun. With the completion of each ceremony, the tear would dissolve into a liquid and then a gaseous form, and would rise from Tol Ely and the Mistmere like a golden haze, dispersing into the airs of Forodwaith, taming its colds, driving away the wind-horde; or settling upon the frozen earth, causing new life to spring forth, washing clean Morgoth's curse, forcing his creatures back into the Underdeeps.

The War of the Ring, the quest to destroy Sauron's Ruling Ring, began in Eriador, but moved southwards, as it must, towards Mordor, leaving Forodwaith as the one region in northwestern Middle-earth that took no active part, on either side, in the great struggle of the age. Yet the victory of the Cuiviémar coincided, as Aiwendil foretold, with the Dark Lord's fall. On the third day of Gwirith, in the year 3019 of the Third Age of the Sun, the One Ring was unmade in the forge of its birth and Sauron's spirit departed Arda forever. Eight months later, the last chorus of the Song of Awakening was chanted at Evermist. The Free Peoples of the Northern Waste experienced the gentlest winter they had ever known, followed by a spring of joy; but terror and dismay assailed the creatures of Morgoth, and those that did not slay themselves outright took refuge in deep, dark places, and seldom did they dare to venture upon the living earth for many years thereafter, unless driven by hunger or great need.

3.10 THE FOURTH AGE

Their quest achieved, Nestador dissolved the Cuiviémar, and the Noldor abandoned Evermist, seeking the Grey Havens of Lindon; but the Snow-elves remained in Middle-earth, desiring only the light of Helecthil (though their leader, K'elektor's widowed wife Losp'indel, chose to be reunited with her husband, joining the Noldor in their westward journey). After the close of the Third Age, however, the Snow-elves ventured only seldom into Forodwaith, preferring the pristine ice-realms of the utter North. Thus the Elves faded, and the Fourth Age truly became the Age of Men.

With the destruction of the Númenórean realms in Eriador and Gondor's decline, the whaling profession had slowly died out, and ships ceased to sail the Bay of Forochel. In the Fourth Age, the rebuilding of Tharbad signaled a return of the whalers, only now they sailed not under Cardolanian flags but under the flag of Arnor. Under Elessar, first king of the reunited realms of North and South, many expeditions into Forodwaith were launched. With the newly opened roads and rebuilt cities and strong points, the fur and ivory trade became profitable once again. Men could hunt and trade without fear of bandits or Orcs waylaying their supplies or mule trains.

The renewal of long-sundered dealings between the Ystävät Talven and the heirs of Númenor inevitably encountered some distrust and misunderstanding, as the Men of the South sought to impose their will upon the North. As the newcomers soon learned, neither the land nor its people were tractable, and accommodation soon followed. With the passage of time, the Lossoth became less aloof and, in many cases, actively pursued trade with the southerners. The village of Mulkan (once little more than a rustic camp of Lossoth and Rivermen on the shores of the Wash Tundra) became a settled and established town—not large by southern standards, but able to provide much needed goods, serving as a starting point for those venturing in the North.

As Nestador had perceived, Forodwaith of the Fourth Age was not without its dangers. Though bereft of Sauron's unending hatred to drive them, Orcs and Trolls continued to infest many of the mountains, and dragons still roamed where they would. Travelers need not go far into the Northern Waste to find wild adventure—or to have it find them.

3.11 THE TALE OF YEARS

The chronology that follows summarizes the history of Forodwaith recounted above. It also records names and events referred to elsewhere in this module. It is not exhaustive, and is intended rather to provide the gamemaster with quick and convenient reference to events of enduring importance.

Second Age

c. 1-900 Forodwaith is uninhabitable. As the forces of wind and erosion create drainage patterns in the muddy rubble of the Iron Mountains, streams and rivers appear from summer snow-melt trying to reach the sea. Eventually, seeds and spores from the South drift in on summer storms and the first plant cover takes hold.

498-512 Thilgon of Lindon leads expeditions into the trackless wastes left from the destruction of Angband, seeking to hasten the greening of the land, but inadvertently awakens the Balrog of Morgoth's Well and is slain.

c. 900-1300 Animals migrate into Forodwaith, following the newly-emergent plant life.

c. 1300-1700 Silvan Elves from northern Rhovanion begin trekking into the Talath Uichel in spring and summer.

1695-1701 War rages in Eriador between Sauron and the Elves.

1697-1699 The Noldorin realm of Eregion falls before Sauron's onslaught, but several Noldor flee northwards. One group of refugees, led by Lindor, fails to reach the safety of Rivendell and is compelled to withdraw into Forodwaith, relentlessly pursued by Sauron's minion Celebring. Lindor falls in battle with Eloeklo, but some of his companions, led now by the mystic Óleth, elude capture by taking refuge in Morgoth's Well.

1700 By means of a mystical vision, Óleth leads the Noldor to the hidden valley of Evermist, where she founds the Lodge of Awakening. Sauron recalls Celebring from the North, being hard-pressed to defend his conquests in Eriador against the arrival of a Númenórean armada. As a last assault against the fugitive Noldor, Celebring rouses the dragons of Ered Rhívamar. Óleth is slain, but Nestador succeeds her as Master of the Lodge.

1701 Under Nestador's leadership, the Noldor repulse the dragons from Evermist, securing its borders with magical wards.

c. 1700-2200 Under the leadership of Galator, a group of Silvan Elves abandons Rhovanion and permanently occupies Talath Uichel, being discontent with the intrusive rule of the Grey-elf Oropher over Greenwood. These become the Lossidil, the Snow-elves, and Galator changes his name to K'elektor, Lord of Ice.

c. 1800-2200 The Beadmakers settle the coasts of Forochel, but mysteriously vanish as other Men begin migrating into the region. Númenórean whalers from Cardolan begin plying the Bay of Forochel.

1941 Númenóreans from Cardolan establish the whaling outpost of Achrond off the Cape of Forochel.

c. 2000-2250 Hoarmûrath the Ringwraith unleashes his Urdic hordes against all who refuse to call Sauron of Mordor God and King. The pogroms that follow drive the progenitors of the Ystävät Talven (the Tanssijat and the Leveäjalat) westward across Talath Uichel and into Forochel. The Snow-elves befriend these fugitive peoples, joining them in their flight. The persistence of the Urdic raids eventually precipitates a sundering of the Tanssijat into the Jäämiehet and the



berg-dwelling Merimetsästäjät. The Leveäjalat evolve into the Lossoth (Lumimiehet) of later history. They move westward into the Wash Tundra and settle along its rivers and the shores of Hûb Helchui.

c. 2250-2400 Dwarves attempt a few mines in the Bleak Mountains and the Ered Rhívamar. The cold and the distance involved in the transportation of their ores proves too difficult, and the mines are eventually abandoned.

3319-3345 The Second Cataclysm. The Downfall of Númenor brings about the globing of the world, from which Forodwaith suffers greatly. The Urdic raids cease. The Vala Ulmo forces a shard of the lost lamp Illuin (Helecthil) to the surface of the Landless Land. He comforts the Snow-elves, who journey onto the Landless Land, drawn by the light of Helecthil. There K'elektor commences the building of Helloth, a majestic city of ice for their dwelling.

3430-3441 The War of the Last Alliance of Men and Elves brings about the downfall of Sauron in Mordor. Apart for the Noldor of Evermist, who journey south to fight under Gil-galad's banner, the conflict passes without so much as a ripple in the North.

Third Age

48 K'elektor completes the building of Helloth. Hereafter the Snow-elves come less often to Forodwaith.

870-930 Amlaith, first king of Arthedain, claims a protectorate over Forodwaith and its peoples. He sends expeditions into the Northern Waste in search of a maritime port, but harsh weather confounds his efforts. Amlaith's grandson, Malgolodh, entombs himself in Ered Rhívamar.

1276-1300 The Lord of the Nazgûl (who comes to be known as the Witch-king) establishes a realm in Angmar. The Lumimiehet of Talath Uichel suffer greatly from the depredations of Orcs and evil Men from that land. The Witch-king's sorcerous manipulations of Eriador's weather have dire consequences for the Ystävät Talven, as does his settlement of a colony of Urdic sled-warriors in the Ephel Angmar.

1301 The Witch-king's forces capture the Arthadanian citadel of Minas Eldanaryaron.

1304 The Berninga of Talath Uichel are estranged from the Lumimiehet because of their failure to join in the doomed defense of Bernastath, burned to the ground by Angmar's legions.

1310 The survivors of Bernastath bring an end to their wanderings, founding Ligr Wodaize Berne on the shore of Bear Lake.

1408-1410 The Second Northern War in Eriador, in which Sauron devastates Cardolan. Whalers from that realm, once common in Forochel, greatly diminish in numbers, though those of Gondorian or independent origin continue to sail north for many centuries.

1439 The Umitic artisan Galgrin establishes Vasaran Ahjo on the eastern shore of the Forsaken Sea.

1545 Year of the Dragons. The Witch-king's sorceries rouse the dragons of the Northern Waste, wreaking havoc on all Free Peoples of Forodwaith. The dragon Canadras slays Galgrin and steals his magical hammer. A demon whale of the Encircling Sea devours K'elektor, Lord of Helloth.

1635-1636 The Great Plague devastates much of Eriador, but has little effect on Forodwaith. Only a few Lumimies villages of the Wash and Herd Tundras are harmed. The Orc-chieftain, Agog, seizes power over the Orc-tribes of the Bleak Mountains. The Witch-king circulates several tainted spell-beads among the Ystävät Talven, reaping a fearful harvest of undead.

1640 The wizard Aiwendil (Radagast) visits Evermist, revealing to the Noldor the first of Yavanna's Tears. The quest to gather all of the *yavanníri* to Evermist begins. A rebellion among the Orcs of the Bleak Mountains leads to Agog's assassination; but the coup fails, and Nog son of Agog executes its leaders. Nog becomes a puppet of the Witch-king but, due to his ineffectual rule, the Orc-tribes once again begin warring among themselves.

1974-1975 The Third Northern War of Eriador leaves both Arthedain and Angmar desolate. The depredations of the Witch-king in the North come to an abrupt end. Arvedui, last king of Arthedain, drowns in the Bay of Forochel, taking with him the *palantíri* of Annúminas and Amon Sûl. Freed at last from the Witch-king's sorcerous grip, the weather of Forodwaith gradually returns to its natural patterns, saving the Ystävät Talven from extinction. The ruin of Arthedain, however, results in diminished contact with the South and a reduction in the fur and ivory trade. The Berninga depart the Northern Waste, returning to their ancestral homeland in the Anduin vales, now freed from Angmar's grip.

1981-1999 Scattered by the loss of Khazad-dûm, Dwarves of Durin's folk scout out the Bleak Mountains and Ered Rhívamar, but few mines are attempted. These Dwarves settle instead at Erebor.

2758-2759 The First Wind War, in which Eloeklo rallies the spirits of wind and cold to assail the Noldor of Evermist in their quest to recover the *yavanníri.* There is great suffering among the Ystävät Talven. The *muistajat* examine their songs and tales for lost lore which might protect them. In the South these years are known as the Long Winter.

2911-2912 The Second Wind War. The Ystävät Talven again suffer from the cold. It is the Lumimiehet's tenacious fight against the white wolves that sends the creatures looking for easier prey in Eriador, whose folk remember this time as the Fell Winter.

2941 With the destruction of so many Orcs in the Battle of Five Armies, Talath Uichel and the Herd Tundra are free of their depredations for many years.

2951 Sauron declares himself openly in Mordor. Nestador sets the last of the *yavanníri* upon the hearth of Tol Ely at Evermist. The Great Song of Awakening begins.

3018-3019 The War of the Ring, in which Sauron is vanquished forever, coincides with the completion of the Song of Awakening. The Free Peoples of Forodwaith experience a lightening of heart and mind, but evil creatures are left without direction or purpose. The wind-horde is banished to remote and desolate places, and the land is healed of Morgoth's taint. The Spring of Yavanna begins, and the Elves of Evermist depart Middle-earth.

Fourth Age

1 Veryatar (Beretar), Captain of the Rangers of the North, becomes Regent of Arnor. Many bandits and Half-orcs, once in the service of the wizard Saruman, flee into Forodwaith. While many die in the cold, others become a problem for the Ystävät Talven.

5 King Elessar reinstates Amlaith's ancient protectorate over the Lossoth. Rangers are sent north to help route the last of Saruman's henchmen. Whaling ships begin arriving in the Bay of Forochel again.

15 King Elessar returns to the North. Contact with the Ystävät Talven increases, as fur traders, ivory hunters and whalers begin frequenting the North in large numbers.



4.0 THE LAND

Youngest of all among the lands of Middle-earth, the physical history of Forodwaith is also the most violent, punctuated by cataclysmic upheavals and the endless scouring of glacier and wind. Born from the destruction of Angband and the Iron Mountains, the Cape of Forochel and the tundra of Talath Uichel lay uninhabitable for centuries after Morgoth's fall. Even when the titanic forces of Nature settled down enough to allow the intrusion of life, Forodwaith remained a land at war with itself.

GM Note: *For detailed physical descriptions of specific regions or geographical features, confer with the appropriate entry in Section 11.0.*

4.1 FOROCHEL

Morgoth laid waste to the lands about his ancient stronghold of Angband, defiling all that could be ruined and obliterating all that could not. The land was stripped bare and heavy-laden with dark, unwholesome spellcraft. At the end of the First Age, Angband was destroyed and most of the lands about it were torn from Middle-earth, perishing beneath Belegaer. Though the sword of Morgoth's malice was shattered, its hateful remnants linger on. The Cape of Forochel is one such remnant.

Yet if this region survived Angband's destruction, it did not do so intact. The apocalyptic warfare that drowned Beleriand also sank great plateaus, such as the Stone Tundra west of the Ered Rhívamar, causing huge portions of northern Endor to bend and break under the strain, rearing in their wake the Bleak Mountains. Lifeless for long years of the Second Age, eventually, as spore and spawn slowly migrated northward from Eriador over the centuries, the Cape of Forochel became livable.

The climate of Forochel is only slightly harsher than that of the Talath Uichel, just to the south. Belegaer's waters help to moderate the weather, and the area is less prone to the Witch-king's control. However, it is subject to the bitterly cold (but natural) storms coming off the glacial ice of the Landless Land in winter, and its summer weather seems cold to those from the sunnier southern lands.

4.2 TALATH UICHEL

The plain of Talath Uichel emerged from the destruction of the Iron Mountains at the end of the First Age. The bedrock of the range was broken by the forces released in the War of Wrath, and its peaks crumbled and collapsed. The rubble that remained formed the basis for the tundra and plains of the North. The endless power of erosion gradually forced a drainage pattern on the area, and over the centuries it slowly became habitable.

The region comprises two green belts divided by a vast stretch of ragged grassland, bog and heath. The northern belt, near the Forsaken Sea and southeast of the Bleak Mountains, is the Lakeland. Its southern counterpart, bordering Eriador, is the Wash Tundra. Separating these two green belts is the Herd Tundra, a long, wide plain that reaches from the shores of Forochel to the watershed of Angmar. Called the Hyvämetsästyksen Maa, Land of Good Hunting, by the Lumimiehet, the Herd Tundra is drained by the two great rivers of Forodwaith: the Everhir to the south and the Lhúchir to the north. Away from the sea and the great rivers, the Herd Tundra is perpetually frozen beneath the grass and lichen that cover its soil. Devoid of underground drainage, it is laced with dangerous bogs and shallow streams. The rivers of the Wash Tundra run swiftly to the northwest, to the Hûb Helchui, while those of the Herd Tundra meander westward toward the Bay of Cracking Ice. The waters of the southern Lakeland drain southward toward Sheltered Bay, while its northern portion drains into the Forsaken Sea.

4.3 THE ERIADORIAN FRONTIER

The transformation from the highlands of northern Eriador to the plains of Talath Uichel seems sudden to those not versed in the lore of the country. The signs of the ancient calamity of the fall of the Iron Mountains can still be picked out, as can the changes caused by the cold winds of Morgoth and the industry of herdsmen and farmers. Above all, those versed in herblore can sense the strength of Nature that endures through all.

In the Age of the Stars, the Iron Mountains descended into the Eriadorian lowlands in a series of jumbled hills and scarped downs, often scraped clean of soil by glacial ice. The fall of Morgoth precipitated a gradual softening of the land, covered with debris and dust; these were soon sculpted by gentle rains and the soil anchored by grass and gorse, seeds blown in on the wind. The forest came next, shrubs and firs, with paper birch along the streams. With them came deer, wild goral, elk, wolves, bears, fox and mink.

The central feature of the frontier is the Rammas Forod, crumbled bits of the ancient mountains piled into a low apron descending from the higher country to the south, the Hills of Evendim and the downlands of Arthedain to the Wash Tundra in the north. Here sheep graze (though not as many as in better country), providing tough, hard-weather wool. To the west is Númeriador, a more rugged country, leading up into the Blue Mountains and left jagged by the violent rifting that produced the Bay of Forochel and the Gulf of Lhûn. However, because of this wild violence, northwestern Eriador's rivers run through steep-sided, soil-filled valleys that allow Rivermen to canoe and portage north to the open tundra with relative ease. The east end of the Rammas sags into the rolling hill country once known as the Northern Marches. In the centuries since Angmar's rise its few fertile, isolated valleys have been abandoned by all but the Orcs; these are now the No-man's Lands.

4.4 THE LANDLESS LAND

Beyond the Cape of Forochel, separated from Middle-earth in summer by a narrow channel of open water, stretches the Landless Land, Arda's polar ice-cap. This arctic desert covers the primal waters of Ekkaia, the Encircling Sea. It is a wasteland that only the Snow-elves dare to wander, and its mysteries are known to them alone.

The ice-cover over the polar sea varies. Ekkaia's central core carries a mass of permanent pack-ice, slowly circulating within the polar basin, which is added to each winter by a belt of ice forming over the open sea. Currents and winds break this up to form yet more pack-ice that circulates and drifts southward.

While there is some seasonal fluctuation in the climate of the Landless Land, it is primarily a desert of snow and ice where the average temperature of no month rises above freezing. Most of the meager precipitation comes in the form of dry, hard, sand-like particles of snow which are readily wind-driven. The region's

coldness is linked to its high latitude on the globe. The tilt of Arda's axis prevents sunlight from reaching the area in winter. Even in the brief summer months, little heat is received from the sun because of the low angle at which its rays reach the surface; much even of this is reflected away by the ice.

A distinctive feature of the polar climate is its effect on periods of light and darkness. At the pole, the sun is entirely cut off for approximately six months, leaving Helecthil's glow to illuminate the ice-fields that lie about it; for an equal period, the sun is constantly above the horizon, although never very high, so that solar insulation intercepts the surface at a very oblique angle and passes through a denser band of atmosphere than at lower latitudes.

Although the Encircling Sea is always cold, most variable in temperature are its waters that stretch from the surface to a depth of about 650'. This derives from the latent heat of freezing and thawing, salinity from the freezing and melting of ice, precipitation and variations in insulation from the pack-ice. The permanent cover of sea-ice varies in thickness depending on its degree of salinity (directly related to the rate of evaporation). First year ice has a characteristic thickness of 6', whereas multi-year ice averages 12'.

4.5 WIND AND WEATHER

The Northern Waste is vast, embracing wide variations in climate—from the milder temperatures of northern Eriador to the harsh and unrelenting winter of the Landless Land, from snow-covered mountain ranges to wind-blown tundra. While the northern latitudes make for a good deal of natural cold, Forodwaith also suffers from the dark designs of Angmar. The Witch-king, in continually forcing the colder weather southward to the hurt of Eriador, has created increasing hardship in Forodwaith. The weather is often unpredictable, departing suddenly from its natural course to suit the Witch-king's pleasure.

Born of the destruction of Morgoth's realm, from its very beginnings, Forodwaith has never been free of the cold wrought by him. When Númenor was destroyed and Aman removed from the world in S.A. 3319, Ilúvatar changed the shape of the world. The effects of the world transformed into a rotating globe unleashed forces of deflection and disruption in the typical pressure and temperature gradients (affecting winds and precipitation) and set in motion a greater range of instability in the zone between the middle latitude westerlies and the polar easterlies. This disruption in the surface, low level and high level winds created a new linkage between surface frontal storm systems and upper air polar troughs steered by the unpredictable oscillations in the jet stream which circles the globe.

Overall, Forodwaith is a land of short summers and long winters, with autumn and spring playing the part of mere formalities. The fall begins in late Ivanneth and lasts until early Hithui; the winds turn northeast and the temperature begins to drop; the average summer temperature ranges from highs of around 40°F to lows of 0°F. In winter, winds descending from the Landless Land dominate Forodwaith. The prevailing wind is from the northeast. Usually very dry, it does little but drop the temperature precipitously. Near the coastlines, gales often pick up moisture from the ocean, dropping heavy snows on the slopes of the Blue Mountains and down into the vale of the Lhûn. Northwesterly winds off Belegaer can bring copious amounts of rain, sleet and snow, but such storms are rare. Occasionally, wild sea storms swing inland and blanket Forochel with a prolonged period of rain and snow.

In summer, weak warm fronts coming up the Lhûn valley from the south bring warm, moist air that collides with the bitter cold over the Bay of Forochel. This causes violent snow squalls and sudden downpours of sleet and icy rain. Such storms rage throughout the summer months, from late Nórui to mid-Ivanneth. Southwesterly breezes from Eriador have a warming effect on Forodwaith in general during the summer months. These warm breezes bring little in the way of precipitation, but do moderate the air temperature and allow other warm fronts to move through more easily.

GM Note: *The weather in the bays and along coastal areas is extremely unpredictable. It is a Hard (-10) Sky-watching maneuver for the Ystävät Talven and Extremely Hard (-30) for non-natives to predict the day's weather. The major difficulty for non-natives is simple unfamiliarity with the frigid conditions and the inability to judge just how cold the air really is.*

In fall, pack-ice begins forming along the northern coastal regions. It is a dangerous time to be on the ice, as it may break or crack suddenly under the weight of travelers, dropping them into the freezing waters of Forochel. Any ships caught in the forming ice may well remain stuck until the spring (if not forever). Through the short autumn the sea continues to freeze, spreading the pack-ice southward. By mid-Hithui, the smaller northern bays are frozen over, and the ancient banes of the Black Enemy come to full flower.

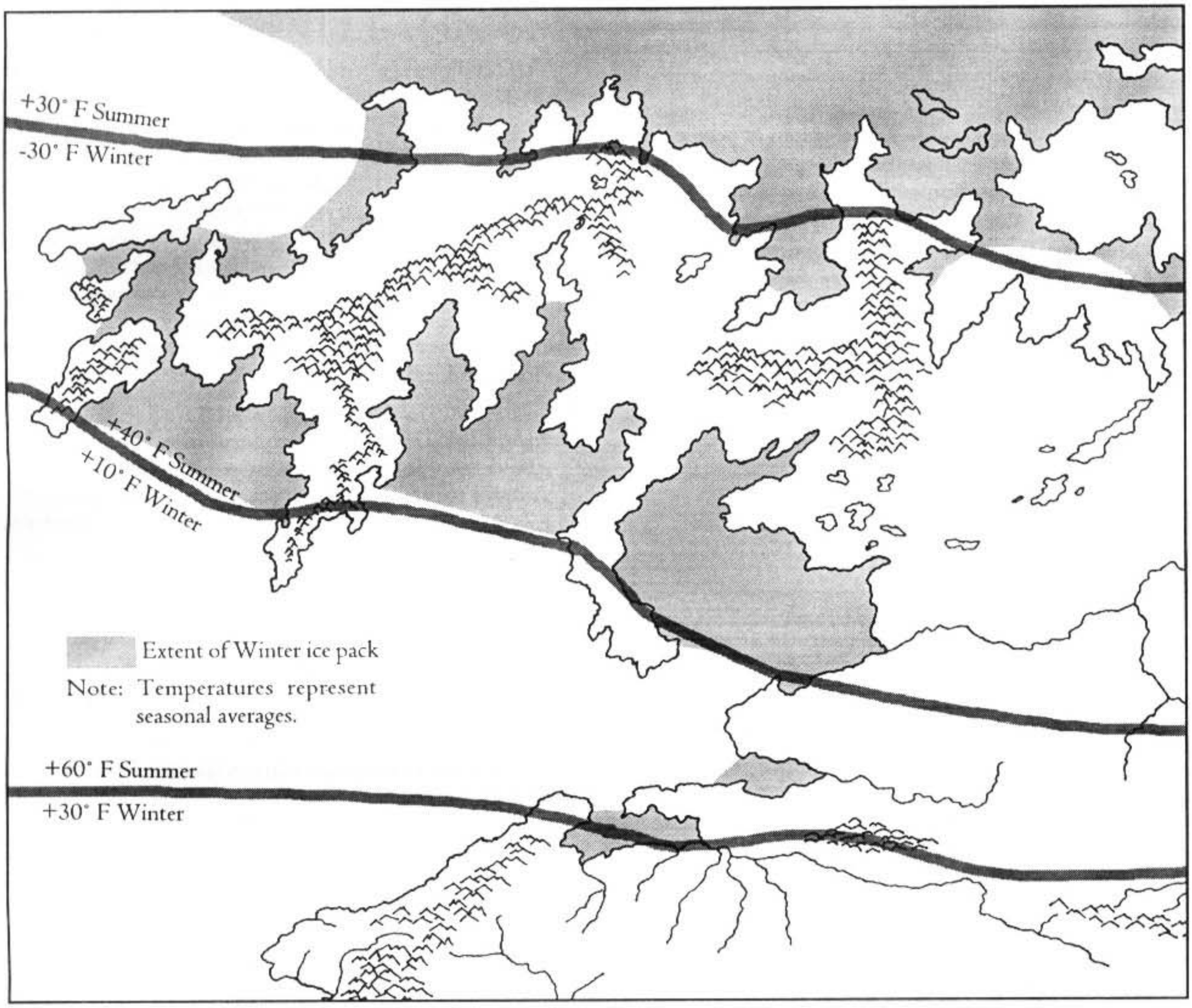
While the winter lasts (usually from mid-Hithui to mid-Lothron), the pack-ice remains thick and solid, and becomes traversable without threat of a sudden deadly plunge. The average winter temperature ranges from 10°F to -40°F. However, the winter is very long and the given average temperature may vary by as much as +20°F in early Hithui to -20°F in mid-Nínui. The spring thaw occurs in mid-to late Nórui. The icy blasts from the north ease in frequency and intensity, the temperature begins to rise, and the pack-ice starts to crack and break.

As in autumn, spring is a dangerous time for travelers to attempt a crossing of the ice. The temperature grows gradually warmer, and by late Nórui it becomes a balmy 30°F during the day to -10°F at night. The summer seems a brief warm oasis in a desert of everlasting cold. The pack-ice is gone by late Cerveth, the average temperature rising to 45°F for daytime highs and 20°F by night. Temperature variation during the short summer is less than in winter, with only a +/-10°F departure from the norm. Unfortunately, this respite from the cold is short-lived, lasting only from mid-Cerveth to mid-Ivanneth.

GM Note: *Victims falling through sea-ice suffer 1-10 hits of cold damage for every 10 rounds that they are in the water.*

Unique Weather Conditions

There are a number of weather conditions and other phenomena found only in the frozen North. Most are natural conditions, but may be brought on deliberately by magical interference with the normal weather patterns by the Witch-king or hostile spirits.



Gurthul

(S. "Deathwind;" La. Talven Henki)

Gurthul refers to the gales coming out of the Landless Land. As the old Númenórean expression makes clear: "If *Elves* feel the cold, it should be warning enough to all others." The deathwind is most common in winter, but may sometimes blow in late autumn or early spring. The *gurthul* can be seen coming out of the North on a Sky-watching roll—Routine (+30) for Ystävät Talven, Light (+10) for travelers and non-natives of the area.

Rather than a roiling mass of storm clouds, the *gurthul* appears as an approaching fog bank. As the wind nears, the air becomes noticeably colder, with the temperature dropping by as much as 20°F. The wind quickens suddenly until it is in excess of 50 miles per hour. The fog bank is, in fact, composed of snow and ice-crystals carried on the howling wind. Anyone caught unprotected in a *gurthul* suffers 1-10 hits in cold damage and an additional 1-10 hits for every 10 minutes of exposure to the storm. The *gurthul* commonly passes within 30 minutes to an hour, after which the temperature remains at the lowest point reached during the gale, rising only slowly over the next few hours (depending on other weather conditions).

Helecthil

(S. "Icy Radiance;" La. Taivaantuli)

The night-time glow from the shard of Illuin shines brightest upon the Landless Land and the coasts of the Encircling Sea, but can be seen faintly as far south as the Wash Tundra and Talath Uichel. The Helecthil is a convenient guidepost for those who wander, as it unerringly points the way north. Though not hot enough to melt ice, Helecthil's constant radiance tames the utterly cold polar climate of the terrain immediately surrounding it (approximately a three-mile radius). This benevolent effect of their proximity to Helecthil makes it possible for the Snow-elves of Helloth to endure the arctic desert in relative comfort.

Infirith

(S. "Fading Mind;" La. Häipyminen Mieli)

A vast, fearful stretch of trackless ice and snow where none but the Elves or the utterly lost and doomed have wandered, despair and madness are not uncommon phenomena for any who venture onto the Landless Land. A mortal wandering here with a Presence score of 74 or less is in danger of being driven mad by the surrounding desolation. Such individuals must make a 5th level RR daily or begin to slowly lose touch with reality. If a RR is failed, the individual loses 1-10 points of Presence per day thereafter. When the character's Presence is decreased to less than 24, the mind of the victim truly begins to fade and he goes mad.

Common *infirith* reactions include the following:

—The individual feels warm and pleasant, desiring to remove any protective clothing. The victim cannot be convinced that he is in danger, and soon freezes to death.

—The victim sees mirage-like hallucinations of people, cities, or even forests in the distance, and begins running heedlessly towards them until exhausted or immobilized by a fall on the ice.

—The affected individual beholds a nightmarish mirage of Orcs or monsters approaching from a distance, and runs in the opposite direction until exhausted or injured.

—The individual collapses in complete despair and cannot be forced to move or continue the journey.

—The unfortunate victim simply states "I'm going home," and begins retracing his steps over the ice regardless of the distance or impracticality of the idea.

—The wind-sculpted shapes of the frozen landscape seem to come alive. These encounters may be frightening or pleasant.



Caught in a deathwind

Lossúgened

(S. "Snow-blindness;" La. Lumisokeus)

This condition is caused by bright sunlight on large fields of snow. The resultant glare of the light from the white snow affects the unprotected eyes of those traveling through the region. The symptoms are sore and watering eyes, and an inability to see clearly (minus 1-100 Perception). A *lossúgened* can last 1-10 days, depending on its severity and the eventuality of continual re-exposure to the glare. The Ystävät Talven avoid the condition by wearing leather strips with narrow slits across their eyes. The strips of leather block enough light and glare to prevent *lossúgened* from occurring, but also cause a -25 penalty to all Perception maneuvers. The condition is particularly common and acute in the Landless Land.

GM Note: *It requires only about 4 hours of steady travel through a bright field of snow before the effects of snow-blindness become noticeable. After the initial period of exposure, victims suffer a 1-10 penalty to Perception every hour they travel through glaring snow without eye protection. Their eyes begin to hurt and water profusely. Eventually, they are unable to make out forms and images at all, perceiving only glaring and sparkling light. Unless healed magically or with herbs, sight returns to normal slowly over 1-10 days.* Näkökasvi *restores sight, while* punasalvia *can prevent snow-blindness if used before its onset. (See Section 14.4.)*

Olfain

(S. "White Vision;" La. Valkosokeus)

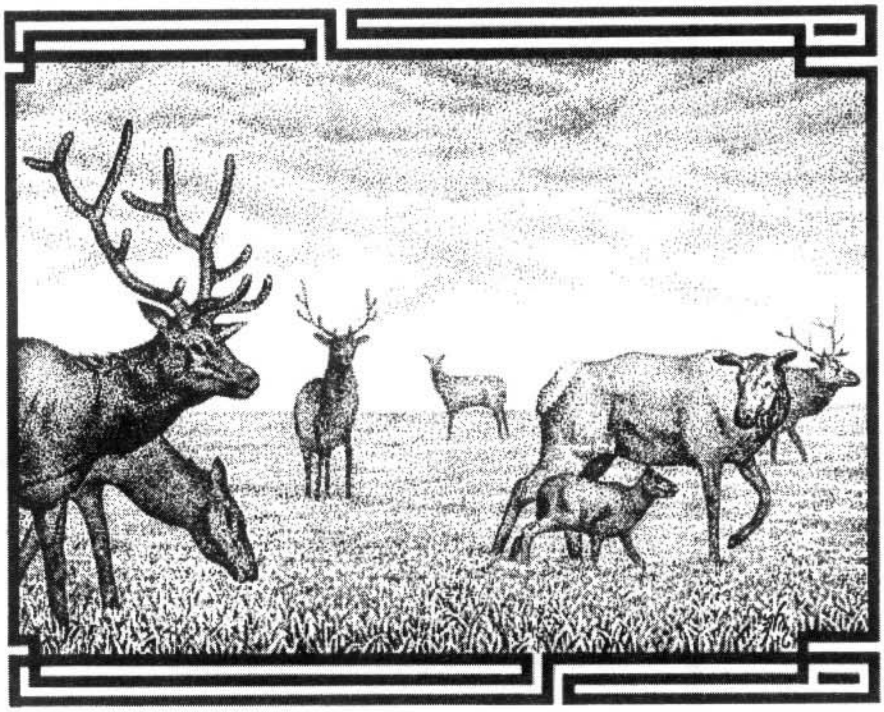
Not technically a weather condition, *olfain* is an optical illusion created by weather. An *olfain* occurs when the snow-covered ground blends into a uniformly white sky. The effect blots out the horizon, shadows and clouds, rendering the foreground virtually indistinguishable from more distant terrain, and destroying all sense of direction, depth and distance. The average Ystävä Talven can predict an *olfain* as a Medium (+0) Sky-watching roll, while non-natives find it Sheer Folly (-50) to predict.

Olfain conditions last anywhere from a fleeting minute to as many as 6 hours. During the *olfain*, all General, Disarming Traps and Picking Locks, Reading Runes and Using Items, and Perception and Tracking maneuvers are Sheer Folly (-50). This modification reflects the lack of depth perception and the general disorientation caused by the whiteout. The lack of shadows and depth perception, coupled with distance distortion, makes moving across snowy terrain a risky proposition, since crevasses and sudden drop-offs or rises become virtually invisible (Moving maneuvers are Absurd).

5.0 FLORA AND FAUNA

The variety of plants and animals in Forodwaith is limited to those that have adapted to the frigid climate. Fruit and nut trees are all but unknown in the North, but the hardy spruce and fir grow where water and sheltered ground can be found. In the Lakeland and the Herd and Wash Tundras, deer, elk and reindeer wander at will during the summer months, some migrating south in winter. The great moose can be found in forest and wooded bogs. Barren-ground reindeer and musk oxen dwell on the open tundra through the winter, feeding on dried grass and lichen. Mice and rabbits feed well in summer and beneath the snow at need the rest of the year. Predators sturdy enough to hunt their prey in such a bitter land are valued by southerners for their luxurious fur. Most other creatures, especially reptiles and their kin, find the region too cold year-round and do not enter Forodwaith. Most of its plants and animals have come to the North through natural migration during the Second Age, with only few a species being introduced by Men or Elves.

GM Note: *For detailed lists of the plants and animals of the Northern Waste, see Sections 14.5 and 14.6.*



Caru on the tundra

5.1 FOROCHEL

The more varied and (in places) sheltered topography of Forochel's cape makes for a greater diversity of plant life than is found on Talath Uichel, despite its more northerly situation. Sheltered coastal valleys support spruce, larch and a few stream-side birches and willows. More open country supports only sedge, fur-grass and lichen. Lying at the center of Forochel's Fire Tundra, Morgoth's Well supplies a hot spot where plants requiring a warmer climate may establish themselves. Here, the *unikukka* and the blue-flowered *sinitähti* flourish. The hot springs and geysers of Evermist generate warmth in a similar fashion, allowing the pine and fir to grow to heights and girths found nowhere else in Forodwaith.

Elk are found along the southern coast of Forochel. They are hunted in the woodlands by black bears and wolves. Farther inland, the barren-ground reindeer and the musk oxen provide sustenance for a few bears and snow leopards. The highlands of the Ered Rhívamar and the Bleak Mountains differ greatly in animal life. The many sheltered valleys of the Ered Rhívamar, within reach of winds from the southern sea, support populations of elk, wild sheep, snow leopards and mountain eagles, as well as the ever hungry dire and white wolves and a few roaming bears. Protected ground is rare in the Ered Muil, which are almost barren of animal life.

Marine animal life, fed by southern currents, is abundant in and around the Bay of Forochel. Seal and walrus populations soar here, as do those of the gulls and terns. So too, it is primarily in the waters of Forochel (rather than Ekkaia) that the great whales may be found, the prey of the most daring Ystävä Talven and Eriadorian fishermen.

5.2 TALATH UICHEL

Hardwoods are unable to establish themselves on the Talath Uichel, as the growing season is too short to allow them to reproduce. However, conifers of all types survive well in the cold climate and spruce forest can be found along streams and rivers throughout the tundra. The long cold season limits the amount of insect life, which in turn stunts flowering shrubs and bushes that require pollination by bees and butterflies. Many thorny bushes, such as hawthorn and blackberry, grow in large clusters and are therefore able to pollinate themselves through contact with others of their kind.

The open tundra is dominated by grass, sedge, wildflower and lichens that attract large numbers of herd animals. The tundra grass and sedge tends to grow in short, thick tufts, while thistle, sage and innumerable types of hardy wildflowers and weeds grow between the separate patches of grass. Lichen heaths predominate on dry ground farther away from the rivers, foreshadowing the barren-ground tundra found around the Forsaken Sea and in the highlands of the Ered Muil. During the spring and summer months, even the furthest reaches of the tundra waken to life, however briefly, with new plant life exploding in color and the land aswarm with millions of mosquitoes, gnats and biting flies. There are sheltered valleys and locales where such conditions prevail for longer periods, but these are rarities.

The healing herbs and curatives available throughout Talath Uichel are limited but often powerful. The yellow *keltakukka*, the purple *punasaliva* and the silver-green *keihäänlehti* are found (with varying degrees of difficulty) throughout the eastern portions of the tundra. Some of these herbs are not found elsewhere in Middle-earth, and their virtues are known only to the inhabitants of the tundra, such as the strange black fungus known as *mustakuu* which, when properly prepared, may be used to distract the insatiable tundra mosquito.



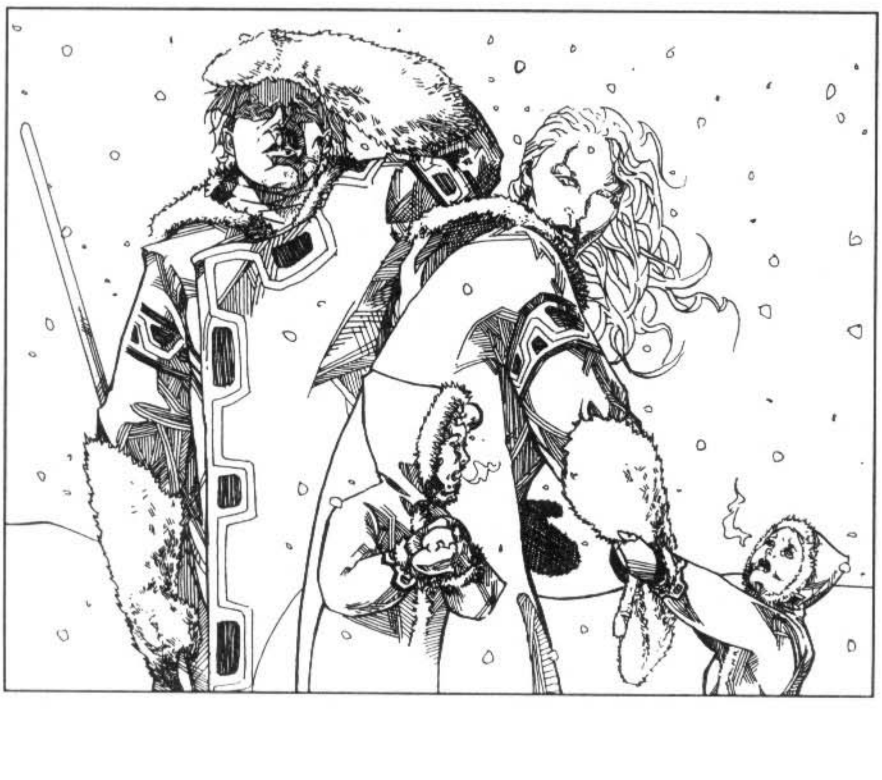
Much of the animal life on the tundra is migratory, ranging over the open plains in summer and retreating to woodlands and protected valleys in winter. The open, grassy expanse of Talath Uichel supports vast herds of reindeer and elk in the summer months, while the fens and bogs of the Lakeland teem with flocks of waterfowl. Innumerable small burrowing mammals, such as rabbits, mice and lemmings, make the North their permanent home. The wolf, bear and snow leopard prey on whatever they can catch, as do smaller predators such as the lynx, fox, otter, mink and ermine (weasel). The only domesticated animals are dogs and reindeer, kept by the Ystävät Talven, who use them to pull their sleds in winter.

5.3 THE ERIADORIAN FRONTIER

This border country has more natural forest than Forodwaith, but it has only a tenuous grip on the thin soil of the Eriadorian highlands. Wherever the Northmen or Dúnedain settle, the woodlands either disappear or show signs of careful tending. When settlement retreats, the trees come back slowly. Regardless, the mix of trees, grass and lichens reveals the increasing harshness of the country as the traveler's canoe follows the streams northward. Where good, deep, well-watered soil is present, fir trees can be found, stunted more and more by the cold farther out on the Wash Tundra.

Grass and heather covers all but the most exposed ridges of the Rammas Forod. It dominates the rugged hills of the Emyn Nimbrith, a hundred miles further north. As the country flattens out beyond the Emyn Nimbrith on the Herd Tundra, more and more lichen can be found interspersed with the grasses. While the Rammas and the Wash Tundra can be said to be more of a north-country steppe rather than true barrens, the harshness of their winters has long kept them the preserve of the hardiest of Eriadorian animals and Men. The trappers and fur-buyers who deal with the Lumimiehet are usually drawn from the people of the borderland; those with curiosity to see what lies beyond, to test their endurance against the bitterness of the Northern Waste.

Lumimiehet



6.0 THE PEOPLES

No single race or culture dominates the Northern Waste. The harsh environment hinders concentrations of population, blocking the extension of social bonds and stunting futile efforts at establishing political dominion. As a result, many of the conflicts and tensions that drive or plague other societies of northwestern Middle-earth simply do not exist in the far North. On the other hand, their universally shared struggle against the vagaries of ice and cold unites the Free Peoples of Forodwaith more readily than in the South; whereas the creatures of Morgoth that infest the North are far *less* united in any common cause, and the Witch-king's efforts at enticing or coercing these into his service have had only limited success. Only the Urdic Sled-horde, dependent as its warriors are on the year-round support of Angmar, maintains a singleness of purpose in its annual forays against the Free Peoples.

GM Note: *Each people description is organized according to four broad topics: Society and Culture, Religion and Worldview, Warcraft, and Appearance. The second of these is reduced to "Worldview" where "Religion" is not relevant to the group in question.*

6.1 THE YSTÄVÄT TALVEN

Regardless of their actual numbers, the Ystävät Talven (La. "Friends of Winter," sing. Ystävä Talven) are certainly the most widespread people (or family of peoples) inhabiting the Northern Waste. Three sub-groups or "tribes" are numbered among them: the Lumimiehet, the Jäämiehet and the Merimetsästäjät. The Lumimiehet are the original bearers of the name "Lossoth," but strangers to Forodwaith regularly use that label to designate all three sub-cultures indiscriminately.

GM Note: *Since the common culture and worldview of the Ystävät Talven are the subject of Sections 7.0 and 8.0 of this module, the entries for these topics in the present section deal only with aspects which serve to better distinguish the three sub-cultures from one another.*

6.1.1 THE LUMIMIEHET

The Lumimiehet (La. "Snowmen," sing. Lumimies) are the descendants of the Leveäjalat, who occupied the southern and western fringes of Talath Uichel in response to the first Urdic invasions of the Second Age. Their nomadic hunting culture defines the image of all Men of Forodwaith in the legends and folklore of the South. During the Third Age, the Lumimiehet wander all the lands between the Wash Tundra of Eriador and the shores of the Forsaken Sea. Elves and Dúnedain render "Lumimiehet" into the Sindarin tongue as "Lossoth" (sing. Losson), though the Dúnedain sometimes often inaccurately extend the term to all of the Ystävät Talven.

SOCIETY AND CULTURE

Like all the Ystävät Talven, the Lumimiehet organize themselves by *perhe* (La. "family;" pl. *perheet*), *suku* (La. "sept;" pl. *suut*) and *heimo* (La. "clan;" pl. *heimot*). While clan membership is initially a matter of birth, an adult Lumimies is free to change his or her clan through a rite called *vaatimus* (La. "claiming"). Both *heimot* and *suut* identify themselves by distinctive totemic animals, which are considered taboo to kill for members of that particular clan (though such prohibitions need not apply to other *heimot* or *suut*). Because of this, totemic animals are never drawn from among herd

species that comprise the basic staple of life. Rather, the Lumimiehet tend to favor other predators (such as the wolf or the bear).

The average Lumimies is shy and aloof with strangers. "Strangers," however, include Lumimiehet from other villages, and not just people of different races. If the strangers prove themselves well-mannered and unthreatening (i.e., sheathing weapons, slinging shields, unstringing bows and removing helms) before entering a village, this reserve begins to crack. Once the social ice is broken, the Lumimiehet are a generous and good-natured people, fearless in defense and persevering in the face of hardship. The cold of the North has taught them to seize each opportunity as it arises, for it may not be there for long, and may never come again. The average life expectancy of a Lumimies is 50-60 years for males and 75-90 years for females.

The Lumimiehet have a wealth of ingenious myths, entertaining stories and heroic legends. Most of these have to do with themselves and their culture and way of life. However, many are traveler's tales they have gleaned over the years from various visitors from other cultures. A good story-teller, a *muistaja*, is much prized in a Lumimies village, and the occupants of a *pyöreä talo* housing one are much envied. Often, visitors to a village (especially those of other races or cultures) are called on to tell a tale. An entire village of aloof and stand-offish Lumimiehet can be won over by the dramatic telling of a heroic tale (which requires a passing knowledge of Labba).

Religion and Worldview

The spiritual life of the Lumimiehet centers on the *viisas* (La. "wise one," pl. *viisaat*) and the *henkinimittäjä* (La. "spirit-namer," pl. *henkinimittäjät*). Together, these two figures protect the well-being of their people and maintain good relations with the Spirit World. The *viisaat* preside over all rituals involving life and death, while the *henkinimittäjät* read and interpret omens; both constantly work to maintain *tasapaino*, balance in Ympyrä, the order of Nature. While respected (or feared), neither the wise one nor the spirit-namer possesses any formal authority in the eyes of the Lumimiehet. *Henkinimittäjät* are always women, and males only rarely become *viisaat*.

The Lumimiehet have a lifestyle that is beautiful in its simplicity. Seasons come and go, each bringing tasks to be done and hardships to be overcome. Survival and its demands are of paramount importance, taking precedence over all other facets of life. The Lumimies lives in the present, constantly working, because without this labor, there may be no future. For this reason, many Lumimiehet seem stern and sober. In reality, they savor the joys of life, but their harsh lives in the frozen wastes temper their emotional expression at an early age. Death also is a part of life. A Lumimies may mourn a lost loved one, but in his heart, he realizes it is part of Ympyrä. Life is renewed and sustained by the birth of children; it can just as easily fall away by an ice storm or by the claws of an animal. The Lumimiehet care deeply for one another, yet they accept death and loss stoically, as a matter of emotional practicality.

Warcraft

Large-scale warfare is unknown to the Lumimiehet. Villages sometimes quarrel, and individual families do have blood feuds, but these are often resolved by a song duel. Consequently, Lumimiehet "warcraft" is something of a misnomer—their stratagems are simple but effective, being based primarily on hunting techniques.

The Lumimies learns the ways of the hunt in small groups of two to four, with basic weapons: spears, arrows and so on. Since the main targets are animals for food and raw materials, the Lumimiehet have become adept at quickly attacking and bringing down an animal while doing the least harm to its hide and bones. Most animals are killed by a swift spear thrust to the cervical vertebrae, which leaves the best portions of meat and largest sections of hide intact. Usually, one hunter spies the animal, driving it towards others in the hunting party. These activities are not without risk, especially from sharp horns and hooves.

Appearance

Most Lumimiehet are fair of skin and hair, though occasionally a reddish-gold shade appears among their children. Eye color is generally blue or grey, with green being a rare exception. They are not a massive people, lacking the length of bone seen in southern regions. However, a typical Lumimies maintains a certain amount of fat to help insulate against the cold; this probably developed from subsisting on a mostly meat diet. Still, even women are relatively lean, simply because so many calories are burned with all the hard work.

The Lumimiehet generally wear rough cloth or softened hide, trimmed with animal fur from their hunting. The clothing is functional in the extreme; it is designed to keep them from freezing, not to accentuate the figure. But they nonetheless enjoy decorating their clothing with simple embroidery or using certain berry dyes to brightly color garments not for hunting. Jewelry is often of bone, carved with circular designs; brooches, bracelets, and rings are popular gifts, often handed down from generation to generation.

6.1.2 THE JÄÄMIEHET

The Jäämiehet (La. "Icemen," sing. Jäämies) trace their lineage to the Tanssijat, who took refuge from the invading Sled-horde upon the Cape of Forochel, beyond the wall of the Bleak Mountains. The Jäämiehet share in the seafaring tradition of their berg-dwelling kinsmen, the Merimetsästäjät (who are themselves sprung from Jäämies blood), and during spring and summer may be seen as often hunting the waters of the bay as following the tundra herds. For this reason, the ignorant often mistake them for either the Merimetsästäjät or the Lumimiehet. In the Grey-elven speech, "Jäämiehet" is rendered as "Helechoth" (sing. Helegon).

Society and Culture

The ancestral hunting grounds of the Jäämiehet are less abundant in elk and reindeer than those of their Lumimies cousins, while at the same time being subject to greater danger from Morgoth's legacies; thus, the Jäämiehet rely more on the fish, seals and whales for their sustenance. The dangerous sea and the many perils of the tundra make for a short lifespan (45-55 years for males, 60-75 years for females).

Even more than their Lumimiehet neighbors, the Jäämiehet are stern and not given to spontaneous romps or wasting time with pleasure. They look no further to the future than to the coming winter. Spring is not necessarily a time of pleasure and celebration, but only a brief respite until hard times come once more, all too soon. This attitude especially affects ideas of kinship. For instance, as children often die in infancy, the Jäämiehet ease a mother's loss by treating all children as though they were their own offspring. Of course, a child's birth mother and father are acknowledged, but all people in the kinship group take part in the rearing and care for children.



Jäämiehet

The Jäämiehet make most of their clothes from carefully cured sealskins; these garments are snug and insulating. They have little in the way of dyes, but often use sinew stitching in a variety of patterns to lend distinction to their garments. Ornaments and jewelry tend to be of bone rather than metal; whalebone in particular is flexible and easy to work with. Women often wear bone hairpins carved into shapes of animals, while men wear elaborate necklaces of carved bone, teeth and leather thongs.

Religion and Worldview

While they partake in all the spiritual traditions common to the Ystävät Talven, the Jäämiehet are distinguished by their taboos against killing certain animals—a custom all the more peculiar in light of the notably less abundant hunting grounds they choose to wander. Among the creatures sacred to them are the white hart, the snow leopard and the great eagle. The first two they regard as messengers of the Spirit World, while the eagles they believe to be the watchful spirits of their departed ancestors. The myths and legends of the Jäämiehet abound with tales of such beasts bringing aid to them in times of desperate need.

The Jäämiehet are more reserved than the Lumimiehet when it comes to encountering outsiders. In some of the isolated villages near Lonely Bay, visitors might only come once in a generation. The fathers and mothers bring their little children forth to view strangers so they might remember in later years what other folk look like.

Warcraft

As with the Lumimiehet, internecine warfare is a rare occurrence among the Jäämiehet. To the hunting lore of the former the Jäämiehet add a remarkable facility with boats (rivaled only by the Merimetsästäjät). Usually, they ply their skills against the whales which are so vital to their livelihood. A group of Jäämiehet uses several small boats to strike the great beasts from multiple angles. This is a risky business, for falling into the icy waters almost assures death from drowning or freezing.

Appearance

In appearance, the Jäämiehet are much like the Lumimiehet; as the two groups regularly intermarry, this is not surprising. The Jäämiehet are even fairer than their cousins; red hair and green eyes are almost never seen, and are usually a matter of curiosity. Long hair is normal for men and women; men wear beards, usually braided. In general, Jäämiehet are a bit shorter and stouter in build than the Lumimiehet.

6.1.3 THE MERIMETSÄSTÄJÄT

The Merimetsästäjät (La. "Sea-hunters," sing. Merimetsästäjä) are, in reality, a sub-group of the Jäämiehet, their distinctive culture deriving from their unique habit of making the great icebergs of Forochel's bay their permanent domiciles. The Merimetsästäjät are born and raised on the bergs; most do not even set foot on the solid, unmoving earth until adolescence or beyond, with the result that they are often uncomfortable on the dry and silent land, ill at ease without the steady motion of the sea beneath their feet or the sound of the waves about them. The Elves (and the Dúnedain, when they bother to make the distinction) call the Merimetsästäjät "Aerfaroth" (sing. Aerfaron).

Society and Culture

Unlike other Ystävät Talven, the Merimetsästäjät derive their livelihood almost exclusively from the sea—fishing, whaling and seal-hunting. If life is difficult on the shores of the Bay of Forochel, it is even more deadly on the ice-floes. The Merimetsästäjät are constantly alert for danger, for the risk of death is never distant. This has made the Merimetsästäjät an exceptionally cautious people, though they are not without good humor among themselves. They are, however, quite reserved with outsiders.

The family unit is of great importance to these folk, who trace their lineage through the mother and generally practice monogamy; reciting one's family history is a matter of pride as well as good entertainment. In a sense, the close family structure is a microcosm of Merimetsästäjät society overall; they are extremely dependent on one another for their very survival. Quarrels are resolved simply through feats of strength, contests of tale-telling, or by asking an elder to adjudicate. Even children do not put their peers at risk through foolish play and dares. Such interdependence creates close bonds indeed.

The Merimetsästäjät seldom relax their alert senses, even when in a playful mood. They are ever cautious of a change in the weather or at the approach of prey. The outsider might find the Merimetsästäjät shy and reserved. They are not quick to give their trust until strangers prove their worth to their people as a whole. Should someone accomplish this, he or she will have found not only friends but an entire family as well.

Religion and Worldview

While the whalers of the Lumimiehet and Jäämiehet naturally seek the aid of blessings and spellcraft to aid them in the hunt, only the Merimetsästäjät devote an entire cult, the Valaskalan Palvonta (La. "Cult of the Whale"), to the pursuit of the giant sea creatures. As whaling is such an essential part of Merimetsästäjä culture, the whales and their spirits are of special importance to them. The cult seeks to ensure that there is no supernatural

interference with their hunts, and they do everything within their power to avoid offending the whale-spirits. The cult is also responsible for keeping demon whales at bay, which requires a lengthy expulsion ritual. If unsuccessful, the whalers actually hunt the creature in their little boats.

As only cult members are allowed to hunt whales, initiation into the Valaskalan Palvonta is an important and prestigious rite for a Merimetsästäjä. The ritual requires an arduous period of instruction, in which the prospective initiate undergoes many mental and physical trials to prove his worthiness. The whaler must learn all the appropriate rituals and songs and, in the end, must seek a spirit-vision. Once initiated, the whaler is given a special amulet to ensure good luck. The amulets are used only during the whale hunt, and are hidden away in secret caves within the berg-delvings of the Merimetsästäjät when not in use. Each member of the Valaskalan Palvonta must devise a personal whaling song, use of which by anyone else is considered a spirit crime. These songs are passed on from father to son, or are specially prepared by a *viisas* if no father is available.

While whaling, the cult members must be isolated from the rest of the village and may not sleep with their spouses. Before a whale hunt begins, all boats, gear and whalers must be ritually cleansed. Once a whale is killed and brought into the berg, it is given a symbolic drink of water, welcoming it to the delving. As the whale is cut up, special rituals are performed to return its spirit to the sea unangered. No loud or disturbing noises are permitted for fear of offending the whale's departing spirit. The Merimetsästäjät believe that the successful release of the whale's *tarmo* for the use of the berg-dwellers depends on the respectful treatment and proper use of its former body. The actual distribution of the whale is a complex and involved process. All those who have participated in the hunt enjoy the best portions of the divided meat.

The members of the Valaskalan Palvonta believe themselves to have special influence with Aamumeren Isä, a spirit that wanders the sea in the form of a giant humpback whale. In reality, the cult has little or no effect on Aamumeren Isä's behavior; but as the Maia has both saved and destroyed whalers in the past, the cult's *henkinimittäjät* feel they have no choice but to attempt some form of accommodation with the great spirit.

Warcraft

The Merimetsästäjät are deadly in combat. They learn from childhood the skills of hunting among the shifting icebergs: how to find game and bring it down swiftly and with minimal risk. Most hunt with sharp bone or ivory spears or harpoons; their most common prey are whales, walrus and seal. Because of their close-knit society, warfare amongst the Merimetsästäjät is virtually unknown, but by no means are they cowardly or afraid to defend themselves. They despise the dragons of water and ice; most Merimetsästäjät would go to great pains to slay one of these beasts, not only for fame but also for the bounty of its hide and bone.

Appearance

The hardy whalers share much in the way of appearance with the Jäämiehet, albeit a bit shorter and stouter; skin color is fair, while hair color ranges from honey-blond to platinum. Eye color is most often blue or grey, with rarer shades of green. All their clothing is made from cured sealskin, whaleskin or seal fur, including thick caps covering the ears, long coats with slit sides for walking, and thick boots with leather ties. Men and women also wear snug-fitting breeches and vests for warmth.

The Merimetsästäjät love jewelry and adornment, usually brooches, rings, hairpins, bracelets and necklaces carved from bone; their beadwork is exceptionally ornate. Leatherwork is also popular, particularly for belts, boot-straps and caps. However, virtually all jewelry is removed during hunting, lest any jangling make noise. Food and supplies are too scarce for vanity to spoil a hunt. Most Merimetsästäjät replace their finery with a number of pouches and bags to use for storage after processing a kill.



6.2 THE ELVES

The bitter cold and harsh terrain of Morgoth's former realm are hardly a "natural" setting for Elven habitation. Since the time of their awakening, the Firstborn Children of Ilúvatar have shunned the Iron Mountains and the forbidding regions that lay beyond their cruel peaks. Even the Noldor, indomitable foes of Morgoth, shudder with grief and horror when they recall their agonizing passage of the Helcaraxë with its Elf-killing ice. Though Morgoth and his realm be long gone, the deathless memory of the Elves remains, and few now in Middle-earth would tread willingly upon lands of such evil name.

Yet there are Elves who, in spite of this stigma, regard Forodwaith as their home—as much a home as any mortal land can be for those who die not. Indeed, they hold themselves to be its guardians. Some among them believe that their presence in the North was foreordained by the Powers and that, in their labors, they fulfill Ulmo's desire that the Children "should be left free to walk as they would in Middle-earth, and with their gifts of skill to order all the lands and heal their hurts (*Sil.*, p. 52)."

Two very different Elven kindreds wander the lands of Forodwaith. It was the Noldorin mystics of Eregion



Merimetsästäjät

who first established a foothold in the North, early on in the Second Age. Isolated from the rest of the world, their hidden refuge of Evermist endured two ages of the world. Though secretive and few in number, these solitary pilgrims wandered far and wide across the Northern Waste, pursuing visions and portents, ever seeking to release the slumbering power of the earth, which had for so long languished under the icy grip of Morgoth's dominion.

The second group to enter Forodwaith were the Snow-elves. In origin a tribe of Nandor from Wilderland, this Silvan-folk came into the North as exiles, driven from their ancient homeland (so they claimed) by "the tyranny of the Grey." Reluctant newcomers, they soon proved themselves to be true Nandor, caring more for living things, for "tree and herb, bird and beast, than all other Elves (*Sil.*, p. 54)." Believing themselves to have entered a place of desolation, they discovered that no malice could utterly stay the Spring of Yavanna, nor hinder the Children of Ilúvatar from partaking of its blessings. In time, even the immoderate cold of Morgoth's ice became their servant, and they would shape it into dwellings and works of beauty. At the last, the Snow-elves became the keepers of Helecthil, the shard of lost Illuin, whose radiance ignites the northern skies.

6.2.1 THE SNOW-ELVES

The Lossidil (Los. "Snow-elves," sing. Lossedel) still occasionally call themselves by their ancient name of "Lindi," which numbers them among the last of the three Elven kindreds that took part in the great westward march across Middle-earth in the Elder Days. Better known to loremasters as the Teleri, this populous clan became the wellspring for the majority of Elven peoples inhabiting northwestern Middle-earth. Among themselves, the Noldor of Evermist label the Snow-elves as "Nandor" (referring to those Lindi who never completed the march), but the Snow-elves do not recognize any such distinction: they are Lindi, and take offense at any who would deny it in their presence.

Society and Culture

Snow-elven lifeways have changed somewhat since the founding of Helloth. The concentration of the Lossidil within that walled settlement has brought with it a more hierarchical society, reminiscent of Noldorin or Grey-elven culture. Just as the Helecthil of the northern skies shines forth from a single source, so too the governance of Helloth's folk emanates from a single authority: Losp'indel, Mistress of the City. Yet the Snow-elves, now as always, are under no compulsion to submit to their lady's commands; if they choose to abide by their own will only, they are free to depart Helloth's walls, for a season or permanently, and wander the Northlands at their pleasure.

Even within Helloth, the Lossidil continue to order their lives in accordance with their ancient familial sensibilities, couching all social relations in the idiom of kinship. In fact, many of the "households" of Iceflower are formed not by lineage, but by inclination or shared love of some art. For this reason, what little strife that does erupt within the city walls is rarely based on blood or marriage, as it once was among the Noldor. Beyond Helloth, small companies of Lossidil wander the Northern Waste at will, sojourning never long in one place. These companies usually form around some charismatic individual, male or female, and their members (except in the case of genuine parents and children) refer to one another as "brother" and "sister." This custom is doubtless the origin of the belief that the Snow-elves are prolific in the bearing of offspring—in fact, the Lossidil are no different than other Elves in this respect.

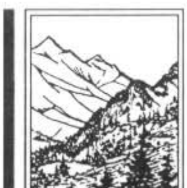
Though they may be the hardiest of Elves, even the Lossidil must struggle to survive in the uttermost reaches of the North. As no plant life will take root on the Landless Land (save for the *ióringath* of Losp'indel's gardens), the Snow-elves are forced to turn primarily to meat and fish for their sustenance. Most Lossidil supplement this diet with herbs and grains gathered in spring and summer from the tundra. The wandering companies also tend herds of reindeer; these gentle beasts provide transportation, milk and horn for needles and adornment. The Lossidil practice good animal husbandry and use the weaker animals for food and hides while allowing the best specimens to propagate and improve the herds.

Religion and Worldview

Like all of Ilúvatar's Firstborn Children, the Snow-elves are inextricably bound to the life of the world, and the fulfillment of their being can be truly achieved only in the completion of Arda's own story. Within that tale the Lossidil believe they have a part to play. At first resentful of their exile from the lands of their kinsfolk, the Snow-elves gradually came to believe that their coming to the North was a providential working of Ilúvatar's will. This belief was confirmed in their minds by the rising of Illuin's shard from the depths of Ekkaia, and its guardianship they regard as their divinely-appointed task (though no Vala—not even Ulmo—ever laid it upon them).







The love of the Snow-elves for Ulmo runs deep. Apart from Oromë's visitations in the Elder Days, Ulmo is the only Vala the Lindi have ever encountered, and his name is ever on their lips as they weave their songs and lays. Like other Elves, the Lossidil hold that in water, Ulmo's province, "there lives yet the echo of the Music of the Ainur more than in any substance else that is in the Earth (*Sil.*, p. 19)," and the spiritual life of the Snow-elves consists primarily in the discernment of that echo, and its manifestation in their relations to one another and to the world around them. Many a Snow-elf can be found standing alone on some rocky strand, hearkening to Ulmo's rhythmic voice amid the lapping waves and chanting softly in response.

Ice itself the Lossidil refer to as Ulmo's "frozen voice," whence comes their joy in its shaping. It is believed by the Snow-elves that, in the sculpting of ice by their enchantments, they are bringing to fulfillment the thoughts of Ulmo which he conceived in the Song of Creation. In such labor the Lossidil have become true sub-creators, "partners in making and delight (*TL.*, p. 50)," and by their arts they have transformed the "bitter cold immoderate (*Sil.*, p. 19)" of Morgoth's malice into works of beauty and wonder.

Unlike most Elves, the Lossidil do not desire to depart from Middle-earth into the West. They are drawn by the call of the sea, but since the globing of Arda it has turned their faces north rather than west, toward Helecthil's glow. The imperishable light of the shard gives them comfort amid the ever-changing mortal lands that hedge them round. No other solace do they desire, though they be doomed to fade within the world, "slowly to forget and to be forgotten (*LotR I*, p. 380)."

Warcraft

An unwarlike people by inclination, the Lossidil have never cultivated martial prowess as a virtue. For the most part, their weapons and skills are oriented towards the hunt. It is true that perils from violence are more numerous in the North than in their ancient woodland home of Rhovanion; but the Snow-elves have relied most on defense and withdrawal tactics, rather than outright confrontation. The founding of Helloth generated new demands for the concerted defense of fortified walls, and this novelty has led to the development of armor as well as new weaponry. The guardians of Helloth don hauberks crafted from interlocking pieces of ivory, sewn together with whalegut and hardened by an enchanted lacquer-like coating, the art of whose making the Lossidil alone possess.

Appearance

The Lossidil are a graceful and beautiful people. Most are extremely fair of skin, with hair color ranging from silver to a pale blond; russet tones are uncommon, but not unheard of. Most Snow-elves have blue eyes, though some have shades of amethyst, grey or light green. Both sexes wear their hair long; women usually have many braids swept up with carved pins or bands of woven hide.

Much of the Snow-elves' clothing is constructed from finely tanned reindeer-skin, softer than velvet. Men and women alike wear snug garments that insulate against the icy winds, usually a shirt and vest with breeches; sometimes, a sealskin cloak completes the costume. Males usually wear round hats, while females generally prefer hoods. Boots are made from tougher and thicker hides, laced with rawhide strips. Many of the Elves dye the sinew used for thread with materials gathered from the sea, such as kelp; this lends a bright, colorful look to their clothing. Ornaments, usually bracelets, rings and dainty buttons, are carved from reindeer antlers into elaborate designs. The Lossidil prize wool and occasionally trade reindeer-skins or carved jewelry for skeins of woolen thread or cloth.

6.2.2 THE NOLDOR OF EVERMIST

The Vale of Evermist is home to an isolated enclave of Noldorin Elves—mightiest kindred of the Firstborn to remain in Middle-earth. Survivors of a small group of refugees fleeing the fall of Eregion, the heavy losses of their unforeseen conflict with the dragons of Ered Úmarth soon after their arrival in Evermist reduced their numbers to sixty-six (forty women and twenty-eight men). Since that time, having formed themselves into the Cuiviémar, the Lodge of Awakening, they have resolutely pursued their heroic quest: to achieve the healing of the Wounded Land from Morgoth's stain.

Society and Culture

The Cuiviémar are a small community, largely cut off from the outside world. They were thrown together by Fate and led to this blessed place by the visions of Óleth. Many had lost their spouses and families in their escape from doomed Eregion, but some married couples survived their perilous journey. Of the unwed Elves that founded Evermist, most have since married and borne children, but their overall numbers have increased little more swiftly than war or the perils of their quest have claimed them.

The powerful and sometimes divisive sense of kinship that binds Noldorin society at large is conspicuously absent here. Instead, the Cuiviémar view their fellowship as a clan unto itself, chosen by Providence rather than determined by blood. The ritual observances of the Cuiviémar are the outward expression of this sense of adoptive family. Nestador is their acknowledged leader, since the fall of Óleth, but the Elves still hold themselves to be vassals of the distant realm of Lindon, serving Gil-galad in the Second Age and Círdan in the Third. Ambassadors from Mithlond are among Evermist's most frequent visitors.

While membership in the Cuiviémar is open only to Elves, any representative of the Free Peoples who is at one with their cause and who is willing to learn and observe the necessary rituals is welcome to join them in their quest. Of course, to participate in one of the ritual gatherings on Tol Ely does not ensure that Irmo will choose them to undertake a vision path. However, while every journey is a solitary affair, the quester is permitted to receive aid in overcoming the many trials he (or she) may confront on the way.

The Noldor of Evermist subsist on the rich flora and fauna of the vale, but occasionally (especially in summer) they also travel out to hunt, fish and gather herbs in the tundra beyond. They seldom venture in numbers beyond the valley, though they can be found alone or in pairs wandering Forochel's cape.

Religion and Worldview

Though exceptional in its sense of mission and in the circumstances of its founding, the Cuiviémar stands within a venerable Noldorin tradition of devotional orders—that is, fellowships devoted to one of the Valar of Aman. When the Noldor first came to dwell in Valinor, many among them felt drawn to a particular Vala or Valië whose aspect profoundly resonated with the innermost desires of their heart. To this Power they dedicated themselves, as an eager apprentice might join himself to a master craftsman, becoming greater in wisdom and lore in their chosen path than any other of the Children of Ilúvatar. Many of these orders followed the Noldorin exiles into Beleriand, and some endured in Middle-earth even after the War of Wrath. The Heren Línatiéva, the Order of the Silent Path from which the Cuiviémar was born, was one such fellowship.



Devoted to the Vala Irmo and to Estë his spouse, the Noldor of the Línatiéva sought to assuage the pangs of their self-imposed banishment by recourse to the cleansing power of mystic vision and wakeful dream. Repentant for the part they or their fathers played in Fëanor's rebellion, and yet unwilling to abandon Middle-earth, this fellowship meditated in silence upon the appointed doom of their kind: to share the life of Arda until its End, to endure the sorrow of its Marring and to hope for its final Remaking in the Second Music—to embrace all this without fear or regret. This remained the core precept espoused by the Cuiviémar throughout its sojourn in the Northern Waste.

Another way in which the Noldor of Evermist carry on the traditional pattern of the Valinorean orders is in their relations towards one another. In Aman, the Noldorin fellowships naturally centered around the Vala or Valië to whom they were devoted. The authority of a Vala over his disciples grew solely from the intense emotional bond they shared; and the Valar bestowed their wisdom freely, finding reward enough in the joy that the cultivation of the Children's native power brought to them, and the love the Children gave back in return. This reciprocity of mutual love and respect that permeated these fellowships in Aman accompanied the exiles to Middle-earth. Severed from their divine mentor, the eldest or most skilled of a group of devotees assumed the role of master or mistress of that order. So it was with the Línatiéva and the Cuiviémar.

Because the Lodge of Awakening (like its predecessor) maintains special rapport with two divine Powers rather than with a single Vala, it is not surprising that its members should recognize two leaders—a *massánië* (Q. "breadgiver") for Yavanna and an *olostar* (Q. "dream-lord") for Irmo. Of equal importance to the pursuit of their quest, the spiritual authority of these two within the Cuiviémar is coeval; Nestador has final authority not because he is the *olostar*, but rather because Óleth appointed him to succeed her. Members of the lodge defer to Nestador's judgment because of his selfless dedication to their order and his acknowledged superiority in wisdom and skill.

A third feature of the Cuiviémar which it shares with other Noldorin devotional orders is its often highly ritualized demarcation of gender. Especially when an order formed around a Vala and his spouse together, it was very typical for the fellowship to divide its members into the followers of the correspondingly gendered Power. Hence, the Línatiéva organized itself as the gathering of the (female) Estëhildi and the (male) Irmohildi, even if an individual member's personal rapport was more strongly given to the other spouse. For many orders, such labels were purely notional, and served merely to underline the strong connection between the Valar invoked.

Within the Lodge of Awakening, however, gender-specific roles assume great importance. This stems partly from the fact that Irmo and Yavanna are not spouses with closely associated powers, and because the Yavannildi of Eregion had for long centuries developed into a separate order in their own right, before being forced by circumstance into flight with the Línatiéva. More importantly, though, the nature of the Cuiviémar's quest created the need for an enduring alliance between the two fellowships (the more so *because* these Noldor swore themselves to a common cause, which is unusual for a devotional order). With the destiny of an entire land at stake, *olostar* and *massánië* alike realize that they must organize and deploy their combined orders with all the cunning and gravity of a general mustering his forces for a war against immeasurable odds.

The division of sacred tasks on the basis of gender manifests itself in the ritual life of the Cuiviémar: the Yavannildi tend and prepare the *eridh echui*, the Irmohildi follow the vision paths out of Evermist to plant them. This division is not absolute, and there is nothing to prevent a *yavannild* from undertaking a vision path if she feels so led by Irmo. However, many of the rituals of the Yavannildi, such as the preparation of *lembas* or the culling of the *cembereth* seeds, are forbidden to all menfolk. This discrepancy derives, again, from the melding of two distinct orders, each with its own traditions. The Línatiéva was a young fellowship, itself dually focused on a male and female Power, which any Noldo could participate in; the Yavannildi, on the other hand, was an ancient fellowship to which women alone could claim the right of membership.

The Yavannildi perform two basic ritual tasks as their contribution to the Cuiviémar, both of which involve the facilitation of the Irmohildi's vision paths. The first of these is provisioning the quester for his journey. This includes the cultivation and harvesting of Yavanna's wheat in the field of Ióbel Mallen (See #8 in Section 12.2.) and the weaving of special garments to protect the *irmohild* on his road. These are the traditional duties of the *massánië* and her handmaidens, a custom which may have originated with Melian of Doriath, and so passed on through Galadriel to Lothwen of Evermist.

The second (and unique) ritual practice of the Yavannildi in Evermist is the Cuivië Erdëo, the Awakening of the Seed. This refers to the preparation of the *eridh echui* for use in the Greening of the North. Just as bees pollinate flowers, so the Yavannildi awaken the latent virtues of the *cembereth* seeds by their ritual chants and spell-songs. Once their powers have been called forth, the *eridh echui* are culled by hand from the glade of Dol Cembereth (See #9 in Section 12.2.) and brought to Tol Ely, where they are presented to those summoned by Irmo to undertake a vision path. How it was that the first seeds which Thilgon planted in Morgoth's Well took root and sprouted without the aid of this ritual is a mystery to the Cuiviémar, and it may be (as some believe) that Yavanna herself came to Evermist and sang the first spell-song at her meeting with Thilgon.

The ritual life of the Irmohildi naturally centers on the *olortië*, the vision path which each of their number must undergo alone in the wilderness of Forodwaith. The path invariably begins in the sweat-lodge upon Tol Ely during one of the common gatherings of the Cuiviémar. During such ceremonies, the Vala Irmo grants visions to those whom he has chosen to undertake a path. In these visions, an *irmohild*'s mind wanders the lands of the Northern Waste, passing over snow-clad mountains, across open tundras, through forest shadows to some location selected by Yavanna. To this site the quester must bear and plant his *cembereth* seed, and there he must tend it until it has established itself. After T.A. 1640, the site will always be the resting place of one of the *yavanníri*, which the quester must bring back safely with him to Evermist in order for his vision path to be complete. (For further details on the *yavanníri* and the *cembereth* seeds, see the entries for these artifacts in Section 10.0.)

Warcraft

Only very rarely do the Cuiviémar go to war, but on occasion their guarded vale may be threatened by fell monsters (even dragons) or by far-ranging Urdic warbands. In the case of a serious threat to the vale, the Elves rely firstly on their formidable array of enchanted wards. These deter the vast majority of intruders. Persistent (or lucky) enemies may make it through the ward barriers only to be overwhelmed by a ferocious attack from hidden archers. They Elves do much to prevent face-to-face contact with enemies, for in their secrecy lies much of their security.

On rare occasions, the Elves of Evermist have dispatched a company of warriors to do battle in a more distant place. One such company fought under Gil-galad's banner in the Last Alliance, and later to the three Northern Wars against Angmar. They have also been known to intercede with aid for the those in Forodwaith afflicted by the Witch-king's ire.

While few in number, the skill and valor of the Noldor makes them unsurpassed as warriors. In addition, the quality of their arms and armor is superb. The smiths of Evermist are not equal to the task of forging weapons like to those of the Gwaith-i-Mírdain of long ago, but maintain in good repair some of the weaponry the founders brought with them from the wreck of Eregion, as well as creating new weapons of more than adequate quality. Suits of armor also from Eregion are owned by the Cuiviémar, but these are not used in the bitterly cold Northern Waste. For more practical use on the tundra, the Noldor craft excellent leather and hide armor, and powerful composite bows (dragon horn and hide being used for the best of this gear).



Umli

Appearance

Tall, well-built, dark-haired and fair of face, the Noldor are the greatest and noblest of the Free Peoples of Middle-earth. None of the Cuiviémar save Nestador their leader were born in Valinor, but many of their parents or grandparents were, and a portion of the power of the Light of the Trees has thus come down to them. This gives the Noldor an almost tangible aura, readily perceptible when encountered in the company of other Elves who have never been to Aman.

In the warm vale of Evermist, the Noldor typically wear practical gear suited to whatever task they have to perform. When at leisure or when meeting upon Tol Ely, the Noldor don flowing robes of grey or white, embroidered with elaborate designs of stylized plants or animals or geometric patterns; the cloth comes from various fibrous plants abundant in the vale.

When the Elves venture beyond the vale in pursuit of their quest, they wear protective clothing of furs, for the sudden colds and harsh winds are dangerous even to this most hardy race. They use no snow-shoes or skis, since they are easily able to walk across the surface of soft snow or thin ice. This is because Elves can sustain and support part of their weight by strength of will alone. This also allows them to move with silence and stealth (which proves useful both in the hunt and when stalking enemies).

6.3 THE UMLI

The Umli (Um. "Half-folk," sing. Umit) are a mysterious folk, known to many but understood by few. Mannish legends regard them as a lost Dwarven tribe, whereas Dwarves believe them to be Men; the Umli hold themselves to be the offspring of a union of the two races—Dwarves and Men—and sometimes refer to themselves as "Half-dwarves." The icy winds and frozen ground of the North are the natural home of this people, whose settlements extend as far westward as the coasts of the Forsaken Sea and the mouth of the Everhir.

Society and Culture

The patrilineal Umli recognize two levels of kinship: the *lati* (sing. *lat*) and the *umlati* (sing. *umlat*). The *lati* are analogous to clans, marking blood relations through the seventh generation. The *umlati*, on the other hand, designate common locality or a preferred environment of habitation (such as woodland, taiga or tundra). In practice, the *umlati* function as tribal entities, though in theory the *lati* of which they are made up need have no shared lineage. The two Umitic settlements of western Forodwaith (Puolihmisten Satama and Vasaran Ahjo) both belong to the Ushahir *umlat*, whose favored environment is, of course, the open tundra.

In temperament, the Umli tend to be possessive and territorial, taking after the Dwarvish side of their nature. Those traveling through Umitic territory should at least do the courtesy of asking permission to wander there, as the Umli (especially those that dwell nearest to Angmar) may take it amiss if strangers go blundering through their lands without so much as a "by your leave." With those who pose no threat to them, the Umli are ordinarily friendly, and are quick to establish trade with any showing interest in their wares (a not infrequent occurrence, as the Umli are excellent smiths and metalworkers). The Umli are hesitant to deal with the Witch-king because of the wargs and dragons (their hated enemies) he harbors in his land; fortunately, the Nazgûl has as yet shown little interest in them.



Religion and Worldview

According to their own lore, the Umli are the offspring of a powerful curse. Though conceived by Morgoth for their ruin, this curse actually brought about the union of Man and Dwarf (which the Umli regard as a good thing). The hearts and minds of the Umli are not tainted with evil, and they can hardly be regarded as creatures or minions of the Black Enemy. A wanderer lucky enough to be present at an Umitic hearth on certain ceremonial days (which vary greatly among different families) may hear the Umli sing the song of Sinuphel and Jari, the reputed founders of their race. The song is sung by two choruses of five or more Umli each. One chorus represents the Mannish side of their heritage, the other the Dwarvish. No instruments accompany the rich, baritone voices of the Half-dwarves, echoing and intertwining throughout their caverns as they weave their intricate harmonies.

The Song of Sinuphel and Jari

(Both choruses)

It was the Cold Time, after the making and remaking of the world
The Sun and Moon were new and fresh, the stars of night unnamed
The land was empty of all our kin, no Umit's voice was heard
We were not yet—we had no Mother, we had no Father
And the Accursed Enemy still walked among the tribes of Men
To darken their hearts and corrupt and trouble their souls

(Mannish chorus)

Then Sinuphel, valiant Mother of us all, stood forth
She spake against the Darkness, unveiled its wicked heart
For those who would but see—not all would look, not all would see
Not all believed the Accursed was not as true as his fair seeming

(Dwarven chorus)

Then Jari, young son of the Dwarven-king and Father of us all
Heard the voice of Sinuphel and thought her brave and wise
He joined his voice to hers—not all would listen, not all would hear
Not all believed the Accursed was not as true as his fair voice

(Both choruses)

The Accursed heard the voices raised against his guise
And feared his guile, uncovered, would surely go astray
He swore an oath of vengeance, in black and bitter wrath he spake
"The two voices joined against me should be joined forever more"

(Mannish chorus)

Came a messenger to Sinuphel, from Jari so he claimed
The Dwarf to meet with her he wished, and plan their strategy
But to avoid unwanted eyes and ears a meeting in secret best
So said the messenger to Sinuphel, and valiant Mother so agreed

(Dwarvish chorus)

Came a messenger to Jari, from Sinuphel so he claimed
The Woman to meet with him she wished, and plans for speeches make
But to avoid unwanted eyes and ears a meeting in secret best
So said the messenger to Jari, and valiant Father so agreed

(Both choruses)

The Accursed smiled a wicked smile and laughed a wicked laugh
His messengers it was who called upon the Woman and the Dwarf
Thus, on the dark foreboding night of breathless air and still
The Woman and Dwarf were in secret met upon a silent shore
The Accursed had set them there a trap to still their warning tongues:
"I have cursed them with a lover's curse, of love and mad desire
There shall be no harm to them," he smiled, then laughed
"Of their own, by themselves, in love and aftermath
Sinuphel and all her heirs shall join in love against their law
And so is born the Half-folk, shunned by Man and Dwarf alike"

The song goes on to tell how Jari was ostracized by the Dwarves for his union with the Woman and later died alone in the mountains of Ôm. It tells how Sinuphel gave birth to the Half-dwarven twins, Ucin (a male) and Ulaphel (a female), and their shunning by Mannish relatives. It speaks of their journey into the land of Urd and the eventual death of Sinuphel at the jaws of the dragon Lamthanc. Ucin later wounded Lamthanc and forced him northwards over the Iron Mountains, seizing the dragon's empty lair as his home. Ucin wed a Dwarf-maiden, Ulaphel a hunter of the Leveäjalat. Thus, in keeping with Morgoth's curse that Sinuphel's heirs would be "Half-folk," Ucin gave rise to the Ular-shi, Shasir, and Ushashir *umlati,* while his twin sister gave birth to the Fosír-Tasír and Dumalir.

Reflective of their dual heritage, the Umli worship Ilúvatar, the One True God, under the name of Odanal, while reverencing Aulë the Maker (whom they call Mahlic) above all of the Valar. The religious ritual of the Umli is carried out in the *mabladôm,* a bell-shaped chamber in which they inter their dead. The *mabladôm* is always subterranean, expressing the spiritual bond which the Umli feel towards the earth.

Warcraft

True to their Dwarven heritage, the favored weapons of the Umli are the battle axe and war hammer. For armor, however, the cold climate renders metalwork impracticable, forcing the Umli to rely on animal hides (chiefly those of the snow bear, elk, seal or even whale) which are hardened by a special curing process. Should an encounter with Umli turn sour, they are fierce fighters but not cruel. Any prisoners of the Umli are treated decently. (Orcs need not worry about their treatment, as the Umli take no Orkish prisoners.) In defense they are extremely stubborn, often fighting to the last warrior rather than surrendering. For this very reason, Orcs rarely assail Umitic settlements, knowing from experience that a siege would cost them dearly.

Appearance

Umli are slightly taller and less stocky than their Dwarven progenitors; their ruddy complexions and brilliant-red hair and beards are also distinctive. Nearly all have light blue eyes that seem to bore holes with a single glance. They are exceptionally hardy in the cold, seeming to revel in the piercing winds that cut down many a mortal.

Like most dwellers of the far North, the Umli rely on seals, walruses, foxes, hares and other creatures of the wild for hide and fur. They work the hides into long coats, trimmed with fur inside and out. Under these coats, they wear at least two layers of breeches and hose, and a thick leather shirt with a felt or knit vest. Finely knitted gloves fit under sturdier leather mittens. Fastenings on all garments are sinew frog-closures, allowing the edges of the clothing to overlap for better insulation. Knit caps and scarves are the preferred headgear; many have sinew embroidery or carved buttons at the throat, though all shades of clothing remain natural and undyed. Calf-length boots or soft shoes and a wide belt, often tooled and fastened with a buckle carved of bone, complete their dress. When outside for longer periods of time, the Umli also wear heavy hide boots over their less insulating footgear.



6.4 THE BERNINGA

The Berninga (For. "Bear-descendants," sing. Berning) come from a tribe of Northmen who, driven from their homelands by the gathering of evil Men in the Misty Mountains, took refuge upon the tundra of Talath Uichel. Some years later, not long after he had established his realm in Angmar, the Witch-king expelled these Berninga from their fortified steading on the banks of the Everhir, forcing them still farther north. The surviving exiles finally built a new stronghold in the Lakeland, and there they live out their lives in rugged frontier-fashion, wary of strangers, but ever the foes of Angmar and all evil creatures.

GM Note: *In the Northman speech of the later Third Age, the Berninga are better known as the Beornings. During the period in which the Berninga wander the Talath Uichel, however, this evolution of the northern tongues has not yet taken place, and so the more archaic form is used throughout this module.*

Society and Culture

Traditionally, the Berninga have been a scattered folk, with solitary families occupying isolated manors in the forested vales of the northern Misty Mountains; since their expulsion into Forodwaith, however, the open tundra and the ever-present threat of a numerically superior foe have compelled these Northmen to band together as never before. Their present domicile consists of a close circle of lodgings defended by a common stockade, and the several families inhabiting the settlement acknowledge the authority of a chieftain, who leads them in war and defense.

In their own way, the Berninga contribute to the healing of the Northern Waste from Morgoth's evil; but unlike the Lossidil or the Noldor of Evermist, their care is given rather to the beasts of the land. The mystical rapport which binds animals in friendship to them stems from the Berninga's own mysterious origins, which they have not revealed to any outsider. Whatever the source of their strange powers, the Berninga are the masters and protectors of all creatures of good will. Many fauna of the North even pledge fealty to the Berninga, relinquishing their life in the wild to serve and wait upon their benefactors in their fortified dwellings on the forested shores of Karhu Järvi.

Above all beasts, the Berninga seek the friendship of bears. As their name itself suggests, these Northmen enjoy some ancient communion with that animal-kindred, and certain individuals among them are rumored to actually possess the power of "skin-changing," assuming at will the shape of a bear. Yet this is no mere *fana*, for the Berninga are mortal and may be slain just as bears themselves may be slain. A skin-changer in bear-form may at whiles hold converse with his ursuline cousins, joining them in their wanderings for a time.

Because of their covenant with warm-blooded mammals, the Berninga do not eat meat (though fish is permitted); in return for this abstinence, their animal companions succor them with such nourishment as they can provide. Reindeer produce milk and bees honey, the Berninga supplementing these by gathering edible nuts and berries from the forests that surround their settlement. For so humble a diet, the Berninga manage to grow to great stature, surpassed only by that of the High Men of the West.

Religion and Worldview

According to their own secret lore, the forefathers of the Berninga took refuge in the high places of the Misty Mountains to escape Sauron's dominion during the Dark Years. Hunted and preyed upon by Orcs, wargs and other evil creatures, their ancestors made a covenant with the great bear-clans of the mountains, taking oaths of brotherhood and alliance with the mighty ursulines. As a sign of this pact, the Berning-fathers swore to abstain from all mammal-flesh, relying instead upon the bloodless gifts of other beasts. In return, the fathers learned the art of skin-changing, so that they might partake in the rituals of the bear-clans.

Though they are not without the companionship of other bear-tribes in the far North, the Berninga of Talath Uichel long for their true homeland and the ursuline kinsfolk they have left behind. In spite of this sense of exile, however, they take just as seriously their obligation to aid and protect the friendly creatures of Forod-waith. The Berninga do not, however, wander often far from their steadings in the Lakeland, and are rarely to be seen west of the Bleak Mountains unless drawn there by the doings of other bears.

The Berninga might also give aid and shelter to travelers in the Northern Waste; but outsiders ought not to presume such hospitality, as the Berninga feel no inherent obligation to aid others of the Free Peoples (though they are accommodating enough when it comes down to it). Evil memories have left them bitter towards the Lumimiehet, though the Berninga would not attack any declared enemies of the Witch-king. They display a certain gruff aloofness towards any who openly wear fur or animal skins (though they tacitly recognize that, in the freezing North, other Men often have little choice of the materials they use to keep themselves warm). Above all peoples the Berninga hate the Urdic Sled-horde, because they enslave bears.

Warcraft

In animal shape, a skin-changing Berning is terrible in wrath: huge, powerful and nearly invulnerable to the bite of steel. Raging and practically unstoppable except in death, a Berning warrior fights alone; only in human-form does he or she join battle in rank with comrades. The Berninga favor Umitic or Dwarven-forged weapons, though they also possess the skills of weapon-smithing. Apart from wooden shields, they wear no armor (leather being taboo and metal impractical); however, the skin-changers among the Berninga know of armoring spells with which to enchant magical salves capable of turning hostile blades from their flesh.

On the open tundra, with the looming threat of concerted raids by the Witch-king's forces, the Northman exiles have learned by harsh experience the virtues of defensive tactics. With bear-like cunning they wisely chose to build their fortified steading in the midst of a lakeside forest, a location providing them both cover from which to attack and a final route of escape. Within the winding ways of the wood, the Berninga have learnt the arts of stealthful warfare, using the trees to divide a numerically superior enemy. From their stockaded enclosure they have also acquired a newfound appreciation for the effectiveness of the bow.

Appearance

The Berninga are fair of face but dark in hair and eye-color. Males tend to sport thick beards and generally possess a good amount of body hair. Both males and females are heavily built and strong of sinew. Skin-changers possess a certain physical resemblance, in hue and mannerism, to the animal-shape they assume (though their appearance does not make it immediately evident that they are, in fact, skin-changers). Male Berninga stand well over six feet in height, and their musculature makes them very



heavy (in excess of two hundred pounds on the average); females tend to be at least half a head shorter and proportionately lighter than the males.

In keeping with their covenant, the Berninga use neither fur nor hide in the crafting of their attire, clothing themselves instead in woolen garments. (The gathering of wool from sheep is one of the few recurring causes for Berninga to venture into the mountains of Forochel.) For additional insulation during winter, specially prepared oils extracted from plants are smeared over the body. These salves are said to possess enchanted qualities of resistance against wind and cold. The women-folk of the Berninga are well-skilled in the weaving and dyeing of wool, as well as in the devising of cunning animal designs and motifs for their ornament. Earthy greens and browns are the favored colors for Berning garb, though the occasional fiery red tunic is not unknown. The Berninga obtain their wool from sheep that actually share their lodgings with them during the cold months. In spring and summer, these animals can be seen feeding on the grasses and shrubs that grow along the wooded lakeshore. The Berninga supplement this source of wool with seasonal journeys into the Ered Rhívamar, where they sojourn among the bighorns of the mountains.

Ice Giant



6.5 THE ICE GIANTS

The Helneryth (S. "Ice Giants," sing. Helnoroth) of Forochel are now found primarily in the Ered Rhívamar. The Jäämiehet of the Stone and Fire Tundras name the Giants the Ukkojalat (La. "Thunderfeet," sing. Ukkojalka), because of the great rumbling noise they make while pursuing game. However, the Merimetsästäjät, who very rarely encounter them, know them as the Korkeapäät (La. "Higheads," sing. Korkeapää) in reference to their great height.

Society and Culture

The Ice Giants live singly in remote and out of the way caverns deep in the mountains. They are very territorial about their caves and are angered by uninvited intrusions (especially from other Giants). Life for most Ice Giants is one of mere subsistence, the daily search for food occupying most of their time. Occasionally they wander far out onto the Fire Tundra in search of reindeer and elk.

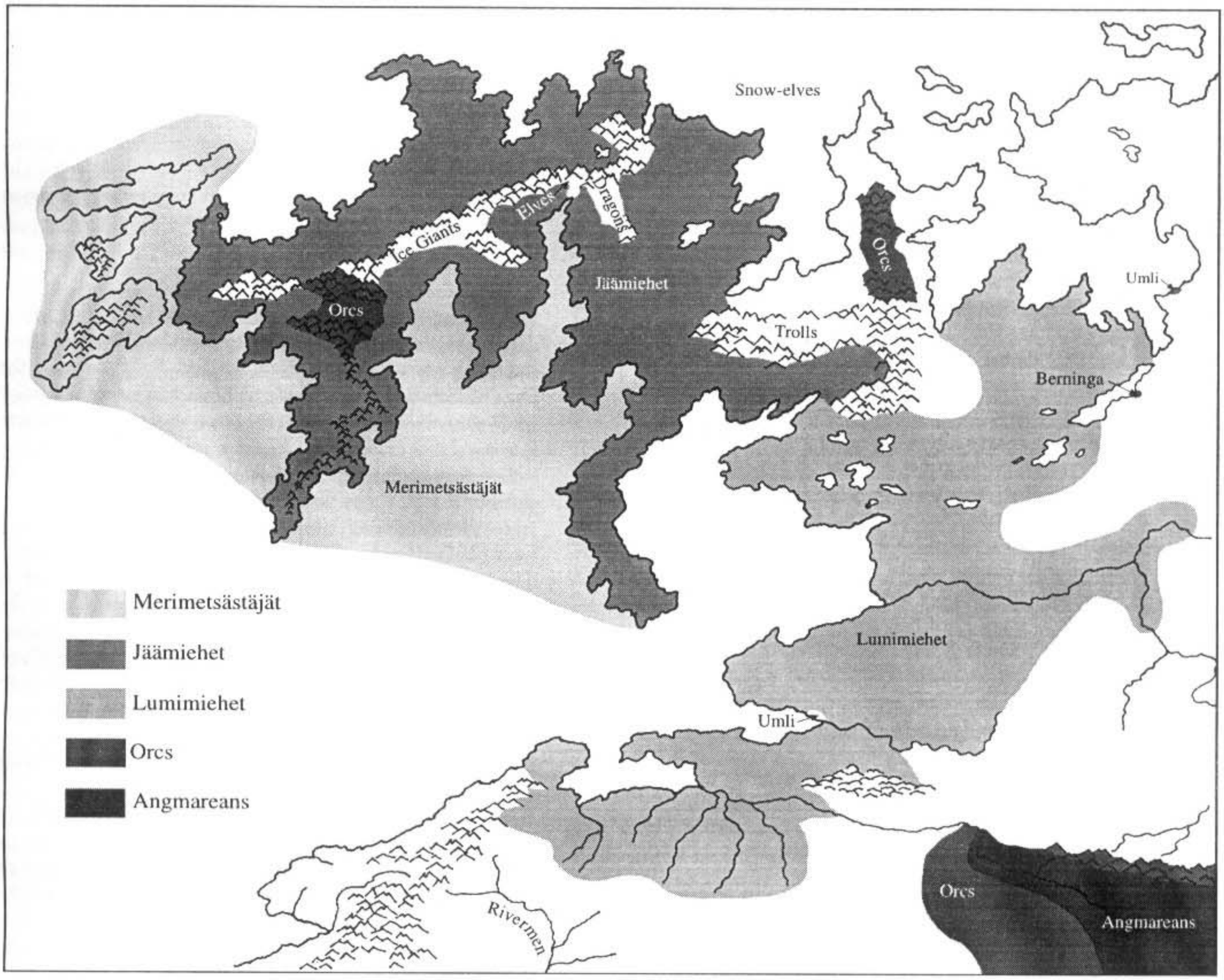
The Helneryth are at home in the freezing temperatures of the North and are active year-round, regardless of the weather. In fact, encounters are more likely in winter than in summer, as the warmer summer airs make them sleepy and lethargic. If more than one Giant is encountered, it is likely to be a family unit with a male, female, and from one to three children (though, if a traveler is truly unlucky, he may come across a small group of young Giants newly turned out of their homes by their elders).

The children of the Helneryth grow quickly and require a great deal of food to placate. Therefore, they are often allowed to leave home at an early age (usually after fourteen or fifteen winters). These youngsters band together for mutual protection and the shared spoils of communal hunting. If encountered, such bands can be dangerous as they are always hungry and, if ravenous enough, not averse to trying such delicacies as Dwarf, Elf, Hobbit or Man.

Younger Giants often play and roughhouse for hours on end. They throw huge rocks into the air and catch them, or wrestle one another up and down the mountainsides. Travelers may become inadvertently embroiled in these games and easily crushed by the huge pranksters. While the dim-witted creatures do such things accidentally and without malice, it does not really matter to the mangled and crushed individual caught beneath such gigantic horseplay.

Religion and Worldview

The Ice Giants are not known to observe any religious rituals or to hold any elaborate beliefs about the world. Though solitary and often unfriendly towards other races, the Helneryth reckon themselves among the Free Peoples, though individual Giants might "go bad" and ally themselves with fell creatures. The Helneryth interact so seldom with others of their own kind that it is almost impossible to ascribe to them any generalized mindset. According to their own legends, the Ice Giants journeyed into the Ered Rhívamar of Forochel's cape from "the Mountains of the South" (perhaps the Misty Mountains, which would make the Helneryth cousins of the fabled Stone Giants of that range). Of their reasons for leaving their ancestral homelands for the Northern Waste, no tale tells.



Warcraft

The Giants of Forochel have no conception of organized warfare. While they defend themselves stoutly if attacked, and may pursue attackers far out onto the tundra to avenge the death of a mate or child, they do not engage in any organized or collective efforts beyond an occasional hunt. They have little use for most conventional weapons or armor, though an experienced Giant knows and respects a sword, axe or other weapon when he sees one. The Giants usually arm themselves with large cudgels made from the trunks of trees.

Appearance

Ice Giants appear as Men of immense proportions. They stand from ten to fifteen feet tall, with massive bulging muscles. Their complexions are extremely fair, being almost chalky-white in some instances. Their eyes are usually blue, from a pale sky-shade to deepest sapphire. Hair color ranges from light brown to platinum blond, yet it is so often crusted with ice and snow that legends speak of the Helneryth having tresses of silvery white. Ice Giants dress lightly against the cold, which seems to little affect them. Rough breeches of seal, reindeer or elk-skin and a crude vest of bearskin is the typical costume. A few wear earrings or circlets crafted from horn or bone; these are crude in comparison with the adornment of Men or Dwarves.

6.6 LEGACIES OF MORGOTH

While the Witch-king of Angmar exercises a sporadic influence over the evil races that infest the Northern Waste, the greater part of these—Orcs, Trolls, dragons and malevolent Maiar—continue to plague the lands and peoples of Forodwaith of their own, independent volition. Centuries and millennia after his banishment from the world, the frozen North is still infested with the grotesque creatures of Morgoth's wickedness.

6.6.1 ORCS

The Orcs of the North are brutal, uncaring, deceitful and suspicious of all races, living as warring tribes in dark tunnels beneath the Ered Rhívamar and the Bleak Mountains. In recent years, a powerful Orc-chieftain named Agog has attempted to pull these tribes together into a kingdom. Agog has been in communication with the Witch-king, hoping that he may become leader of a vassal state under the dominion of Angmar. Fortunately for the Free Peoples of Forodwaith, the Witch-king's interest in Agog is limited, and he contents himself with maintaining contact and keeping Agog's tribe in a position of strength and dominance over the others.



Society and Culture

The Orcs of Forochel have never learned the Common Speech of the West; nor did they ever assimilate elements of the Black Speech, which Sauron devised in the Second Age for the unification of his servants. Instead, the tribes of Ered Rhívamar and Ered Muil speak only their own idiosyncratic jargons, barely intelligible to one another, much less to the Orcs of Angmar. These dialects have encountered very little outside influence since the fall of Morgoth, making them rather archaic and (in Orkish terms) "pure." However, since his diplomatic exchanges with the Witch-king's emissaries began, Agog has undertaken to impose his own tongue upon the tribes he brings under his iron grip.

The number of Orkish clans varies between ten and fifty, the relentless warfare over resources wiping out entire tribes or splitting them into factions several times each year. The rise of Agog has slowed, though not stopped, this pattern of attrition. At present, twelve tribes lair in the Bleak Mountains, joined by another three of less cohesiveness in the Ered Rhívamar. The Split Fang tribe (Agog's own) is by far the most powerful, holding nine of the Bleak Mountain tribes under its sway. (The three still resisting are the Red Maw, Frozen Hand and Fallen Sun, who have formed a loose but uncooperative alliance.)

The Orcs of Forochel have few contacts with any but their own kind, and even those encounters are rarely peaceful. Trolls and wargs occasionally make alliance with them, but these are usually only for a brief season, or for some limited goal, both parties too suspicious to offer any more permanent loyalties. Men and Elves are seen as invaders of Orkish lands and stealers of precious resources. Agog hopes one day to lead a crusade against these enemies once he has united the tribes.

As a token of his good-will towards the Witch-king, Agog periodically sends bands of warriors (usually the more expendable ones) to serve as auxiliaries in the Angmarean warhost. To their ire, Agog's fighters are often treated with less respect than they feel is their due. The language barrier has been a contributing factor to this demeaning treatment by the Witch-king's generals, who deploy Agog's warbands more often for field labor than actual battle: "Even those pale snow rats can understand the command 'Dig here!'"

Religion and Worldview

The Orcs of Forodwaith regard themselves as the rightful heirs to Morgoth's legacy. The fact that they neither rule the North nor are likely to overrun lands further south does not diminish their sense of superiority. Each tribe views its peers as rebellious slave-clans, and warfare is therefore incessant. Angmar's influence has done little so far to redirect the Orcs' ancient worship of Morgoth, though the Witch-king could easily supplant this primitive faith by a display of power from his own cadres of military priests, if he chose to do so.

The Orcs of Forochel are remarkably superstitious, and nearly all wear protective charms of some sort (one or two being actual relics, though with little magical virtue). Snow storms, avalanches, good fishing and weapons breaking are all believed to originate in the actions of the Spirit World. All Orcs know many minor rituals meant to ward off a variety of hazards. Some of these contain a seed of magic and occasionally serve their purpose, but true authority to treat with the spirits is vested in the shamanic *ar-rasch* (Ork. "shadow-binder") who, together with the chieftain, performs the rituals necessary for the tribe's protection from the wrath of the many spirits which haunt the mountains and the Underdeeps below.

Well-versed in the names and dispositions of the spirits, the *ar-rasch* is also the keeper and interpreter of tribal memory. In certain caverns, a tribe may possess a crude pictorial narrative of its past. With the rise of Angmar, the Witch-king as a High Priest of Morgoth has come to be featured in many of these histories. Agog has added several scenes to the picture-caves of his vassals, depicting himself being crowned king by this priestly figure. The *ar-rasch* of his tribe has also interpreted many earlier pictures as foretelling Agog's rise to power.

Warcraft

The limited mineral resources of Forochel's mountains forces most Orcs to use bone or wooden weapons and leather armor. These weapons cannot stand up to a prolonged melee, often shattering when they hit a metal weapon. For this reason, the Orcs of Forochel favor the use of bows. Only their chieftains wield weapons of steel, which they treat as their prized possessions.

Constant warfare against their own kind makes for battle-worthiness from a very young age. Young Orcs quickly learn to creep silently around corners, let fly arrows, and then run. Intertribal warfare centers on small raids for resources and slaves. This practice continues above ground against the hated Ystävät Talven and their allies. Strikes against the well-armed Umli or the berg-dwelling Merimetsästäjät require surprise and careful planning. (The Orcs of Forochel are almost unique among their kind for bothering to thoroughly scout out their prey before launching a raid.) When facing opponents of greater stature than themselves, the Orcs rely on stealth more than force (though the time-honored berserk charge still holds pride of place in Orkish tactics).

The Orcs of Ered Rhívamar and the Bleak Mountains are affected even more harshly by the sun than their southern counterparts (-80 to activity in daylight, -40 in artificial or magical daylight). This fact has been a cause of concern for the Witch-king's generals who number such Orcs among their ranks—that, should a battle last until sunrise, the Orcs might abandon the field in disarray. The Angmarean generals have never tested this theory and are wrong in believing it. Once locked in battle, Forochelian Orcs are no more likely to abandon a fight than any other tribe.

Appearance

The Orcs of the Northern Waste share the demeanor, breeding and lifestyle common to all their race. However, their hide is much lighter in hue than that of southern Orcs, with medium to light grey being the predominant coloring (a fact that causes them a good deal of grief and hazing in the Angmarean ranks).

Orkish wargear retains some of the deadly, evil splendor of the First Age Morgothic armies. Their rigid leather breastplates are more ornate than common Orkish gear, with small, decorative metal epaulets at the shoulder. They also wear leather arm and leg greaves embedded with razor sharp pieces of flint used to slash opponents. Their sword and knife blades of polished bone are engraved with intricate geometric patterns or evil runes. Their leather helms are also noted for their fearsome, detailed mask-like qualities (reduce Perception -30).

6.6.2 TROLLS

All known breeds of Trolls infest the various regions of Forodwaith. The largest concentration of these evil creatures centers at Torogmar in the Bleak Mountains, just south of the Bay of Desolation. Here reside the largest number of Snow Trolls on the continent of Endor, as well as a goodly number of Cave and Stone Trolls. Wild Trolls can be found throughout the Ered Rhívamar and Forest Trolls may be found in small numbers in the pine forests of the Wash Tundra and near the larger lakes in the Järvimaa.

Society and Culture

Trollish society, such as it is, varies little from region to region, whether manifesting itself individually or in small to medium breeding groups. Breeding groups ("families" is too genteel an expression for such bestial relations) are led by the strongest Troll, usually (though not always) a male. When the size of the group grows too large for the dominant Troll to fully control it, several young males and females split off to form a new breeding group. Cave, Stone and Forest Trolls all prefer to live in breeding groups, but the Snow Trolls tend to live in solitude.

Snow Trolls require as much food as a bear, making them highly aggressive and territorial. Luckily (for the Troll), just about anything is digestible by them, so that "food" might include rock lichen as well as manflesh. A dearth of food (usually in a very harsh winter) may draw large numbers of Trolls towards the dwellings of Men, Umli, Elves or Orcs. Snow Trolls show remarkable cooperation in these attacks, forgoing their usual anarchic tendencies. Winters harsh enough to make Snow Trolls gather in this way are infrequent, but individual Trolls often harass settlements. Orcs tend to bribe the Trolls with food to harass rival tribes. Snow Trolls would pose a more serious threat, were it not for the fact that they hibernate in summer. This radically reduces the number of wandering Trolls during the time that the Ystävät Talven are out hunting. A hibernating Troll poses little threat to anyone save the unfortunate spelunker who disturbs its slumber.

Trolls are seldom skilled at anything more complex than roasting a variety of meats and digging holes. Some can fashion spears and other simple weapons, thought most rely on natural weaponry, clubs and rocks. While some Trolls can manage no more than a series of grunts, most can speak a debased form of the already crude Orkish dialects. Their limited facility with language allows them to torment captives and carry out rudimentary conversation among themselves.

Worldview

Trolls are stupidly evil, and see the world as containing only things that are good to eat, good to smash or tougher than them. The Witch-king's emissaries fall into the last category, along with the leader of a breeding group, but everything else falls into one of the first two. Unlike the Orcs of the North, the Trolls retain no memories of their original master, Morgoth, and therefore have no qualms about following other banners down paths of destruction. The Witch-king has found these brutes very useful on occasion, but they are generally too scattered to allow for easy mobilization.

Warcraft

Trolls rely on their immense strength and natural weaponry to overcome foes. Some carry clubs or huge spears, but these are exceptions. Trolls usually hunt alone; but when it is known that Men, Orcs or Elves are in the area, they often hunt in groups of up to five. Most encounters with Trolls are the result of a newly-formed breeding group looking for a place to settle or hunting for food. Trolls present little threat to the Ystävät Talven as an organized force, though against individuals or small bands they can do a good deal of damage. Most Trolls are fairly easily evaded if one knows how. Snow Trolls, however, seldom give up a chase, and have been know to follow a hunter all the way back to his village or trail him for weeks on end.

Appearance

The Trolls of Forodwaith are massive creatures, usually standing over ten feet tall. Their skins are tough and scaly; Snow Trolls have pale white flesh, with the faintest blue tinge. The blood that flows through their veins is of darkish indigo hue; most have eyes of such dark blue they seem inky black. Many are far more hirsute than Trolls elsewhere; a thick mat of hair covers much of their bodies. Trolls clad themselves in crude hides and skins from seals or herd beasts. They wear little in the way of jewelry save that they take from their victims. Most fight with cudgels; a few wield sharpened stakes made from the thigh-bones of large animals.

6.6.3 DRAGONS

The breeding pits of Angband were the birth-place of dragons, and many of these terrible creatures survived their ruin, plaguing the Northern Waste ever after. The dragons of Forodwaith are of many kinds, each acclimated to a different element or environment. Though solitary and bestial, dragons are possessed of arrogance, cunning, avarice and cruel intelligence (often exceeding that of Men), and are numbered among the Speaking Peoples. Dragons are sometimes also referred to as "drakes" or "worms;" a newly hatched dragon is called a "dragonet."

Society and Culture

Dragons are not social animals, being entirely self-sufficient from an early age and powerful enough to dismiss cooperation with others of their kind. Under Morgoth's rule, the dragons had a unity of mind and purpose that moved them to act together; with that driving force gone, the beasts dispersed, seeking solitary lives. They are, however, aware of other dragons in the regions surrounding their lairs and retain some sense of kinship (though this does not stop them from killing or driving away rivals). The drakes of Ered Úmarth have a slightly higher degree of unity than other dragons, due to their common feud with the Noldor of Evermist.

An unwelcome visitor to a dragon's lair is always a perennial source of annoyance to drakes, and yet they would often detain rather than devour such an intruder outright, engaging in conversation or a riddle game. Most of the time, these conversations are initiated with a view to gauging the strength of the trespasser or to discover whether other interlopers may be nearby. More rarely, some worms (such as Canadras) seek to entrance visitors so as to use them as spies or guards. These drakes take more active measures to secure the territory about their lairs, occasionally seeking to influence events, but more often simply seeking rumor of anything that might threaten their supremacy.

Dragons speak a wide variety of languages. Even the most bestial understand the common tongue of the area in which they live (though they may not be able to speak it). Many are able to converse fluently in the Elvish tongues or in the ancient languages of Men. Few lower themselves to speak Orkish, even when they actually manage to understand it. None of the drakes of Forodwaith speak Westron, though a worm with a keen enough understanding of Sindarin might be able to deduce portions of what is spoken in that tongue (classical Adûnaic being somewhat influenced by the High Elven speech of the West, of which Sindarin is a relative).

Worldview

Dragons regard themselves as the greatest beings in Arda. They know of the Valar, and though they quail in terror at the memory of the War of Wrath, most perceive that the Powers may never again meddle openly in the affairs of Middle-earth. On the other hand, most drakes are also wise enough to recognize their limitations in the face of more powerful neighbors, while still gloating in their own magnificence and self-importance. With their former master vanquished from the world, the worms view both land and sea as their own, plundering their riches as they will.

While all dragons acknowledge Morgoth as their maker, no self-respecting drake would regard Sauron or any of his servants as its "rightful" lords. (The Witch-king of Angmar is formidable enough to treat with a worm face-to-face, but his efforts to win their allegiance in his war against the Dúnedain have for the most part proved barren.) Above all races, the dragons of the Northern Waste hate the Noldor of Evermist, who alone possess power of mind and hand great enough to withstand, repel and slay them.

Warcraft

Dragons rely on their awesome presence to terrify their opponents. Those that do not fall or die of fright they destroy with their arsenal of natural weapons. Some worms can breathe flame or frost deadly enough to decimate whole armies and towns; others use huge claws, jaws and powerful blows from their tails to shred, crush and pulverize enemies. In single combat, some drakes may even draw upon arcane magics to devastate their foes. A warrior who strikes a dragon with blade or shaft finds the beast's hide virtually impregnable, defeating all but the most powerful of weapons. Even the youngest dragonet may prove a match for a company of mortal warriors or spell-casters.

Appearance

The dragons of the far North are an awesome sight to behold. The greatest worms of Forochel reach a length of up to seventy feet from head to tail. Wingless drakes possess powerful legs and thick tails, and also tend to have more developed jaws and front talons. Those few who possess wings are more slender than their landbound cousins, their tails more whip-like and their legs and talons well-practiced in snatching unfortunates from the ground. Wingspans are generally double the length of the beast. Those dragons that inhabit the cold waters of Forochel or Ekkaia are usually elongated and serpentine in form; most have small (but still powerful) legs and talons, relying on their jaws for defense and attack.

All dragons have horns. On some these have shrunk to mere lumps, while others possess multiple spikes. The color and shape of these horns varies with each worm, as does their coloration in general. Land, winged and sea-drakes most commonly display pale shades of silver, gold, blue or reddish-brown. Those of still more vibrant hue amid the bleak wastes are a sight to remember for a lifetime.

6.6.4 MALEVOLENT SPIRITS

The most ancient allies of Morgoth are those fallen Maiar who were either cowed or enamored by his seemingly boundless might and dark majesty. Present in Morgoth's train before the creation of the world, these spirits continue to haunt the Northern Waste long after their master's banishment from Arda. While all of a single nature, the Maiar vary greatly in rank and power. Some are indeed very great, and their names are remembered in the legends of Men and Elves—Eloeklo, Demon of the North Wind, Jäänainen, Siren of the Ice, Durlach, Horror of the Well; others have no name in the lore of the Free Peoples until they are subjugated by the will of an Ystävä Talven spirit-namer.

Society and Culture

Like dragons, the malevolent spirits of the far North tend to be solitary, congregating only for the satiation of some drive or hunger, as wolves might gather to hunt down prey or as vultures assembling to dine on some carcass. For the most part, such spirits tend to be of an elemental nature, attuned to some particular theme of Creation's song or a substance associated with it—wind, water, ice, fire, darkness, forest, earth. In such bodiless forms they flit about their element, mingling at times, perhaps, with others of like kind, though rarely with full sentience or conscious thought.

Worldview

Not all spirits of ill-will are driven by the memory of Morgoth's dominion within Arda. Though they may have served (or been enslaved by) the Black Enemy in the days of his might, many Maiar, whether great or small, are motivated by a malice which they alone have conceived, independent of its ultimate author. For this reason, few of the hateful spirits of the Northern Waste act out of any allegiance (true or feigned) to Morgoth or his successor, Sauron. Jäänainen exemplifies this breed of Maia quite aptly: a spirit of ice, it is her nature to seek the extinguishment of life and warmth. Her depredations may happen to please the Witch-king, but she does not assail the living on his behalf or for the furtherance of his master's dark designs.

Warcraft

Spirits make war according to their nature and form. In sudden avalanche, in unforeseen blizzard, in raging sea, in killing cold, the malevolent hand of such powers may be felt by mortals. Some of the more sentient Maiar may choose to assume a body like to Ilúvatar's Children, and clothed in that *fana* they can wield weapon or spell as befits their inclination; but most prefer to walk unclad, or know no other mode of attack than their primal nature presents to their impulsive will. In either form, immortal spirits of any rank are perilous when aroused to fury.

Fortunately for the Free Peoples, the very elemental nature of so many of these spirits sets limits to the effects of their rage. A spirit of water cannot harm those who take refuge on land, nor may a Maia of fire pass over frozen ground. Enchantments and magical wards may raise further barriers to the passage of a wrathful spirit. Durlach cannot escape the prison of Morgoth's Well, just as Eloeklo is incapable of stretching out his icy grip below a certain clime and altitude (being confined for the most part to the heights of Forochel's mountain ranges and the unrelenting colds of the Landless Land).

Appearance

In theory, all Maiar possess the ability to clothe themselves in a physical form of their choosing; in practice, however, not all spirits are sufficiently self-aware to perceive this power or (if they do) to be inclined to make use of it. A physical form or *fana* is an embodiment of mind and will, and a spirit governed primarily by impulse and passion would see little point in the exercise. To such a Maia, *fanar* appear only as a form of containment and limitation; to spirits of cunning and rational calculation, on the other hand, a physical body offers greater mobility and versatility for the working of their cruel arts of deception.

6.7 MINIONS OF SAURON

With the coming of Angmar, the Dark Lord has gained a foothold in the Northern Waste as never before. Through the Witch-king and his minions, Sauron's wicked shadow stretches into the farthest reaches of Forochel and Talath Uichel, imperiling lands that once served as a refuge from his evil. To the relief of the Free Peoples, the native harshness of Forodwaith still prevents the bulk of Angmar's hosts—Orcs or Men—from making permanent inroads against their homelands. Yet the Witch-king has other allies capable of enduring the forbidding winter.

6.7.1 THE SLED-HORDE

With the resurgence of the Nazgûl-realms in Middle-earth, the Men of Urd have once again grown into the warlike nation of their ancestors. Soon after the founding of Angmar, Hoarmûrath "lent" the Witch-king a host of Urdic sled-warriors to aid his peer in the subjugation of the free North. This military colony lairs in the northern vales of the Mountains of Angmar, and continue to plague Forodwaith until the downfall of the Witch-realm in T.A. 1975 (in which year they are either destroyed or dispersed, never again to harass the Northlands in force while the Third Age lasts).

The Urdic war-host has many names among the Free Peoples of Forodwaith. The Ystävät Talven most frequently call them simply Rekijoukko (La. "Sled-horde"); but also Paheelliset (La. "Vicious People," sing. Paheellinen) and Karhusoturet (La. "Bear-warriors," sing. Karhusoturi). The Noldor of Evermist hold the Urdor to be akin to the Rhúnhoth (S. "Easterlings," sing. Rhúnon) and Baradhrim (S. "Swarthy Men," sing. Baranon) which they encountered in the Wars of Beleriand, while the Snow-elves simply call them P'uink'ost (Los. "Men of the Shadow," sing. P'uindir). Utterly contemptuous of Men who would enslave bears to do their bidding, the Berninga of Järvimaa brand them the Gangandona Dautha (For. "Walking Dead," sing. Gangand Dauth), a warning of the wretched fate that awaits any Urdic warrior unfortunate enough to encounter one of the Berninga face-to-face. Alone among the Free Peoples of the North, the Umli call the Sled-horde by their right name of Urdor (Urd. "Sons of Urd," sing. Urdorn).

Society and Culture

The Sled-horde trace their warlike lineage back to their eponymous ancestor, Urd, one of the Fathers of Men who bowed down before Morgoth in Hildórien. Urd was one of the most notorious persecutors of those "renegade" Men who refused to worship the Lord of the Dark; thus, Urd became the archetype that inspired his later progeny to renew their vocation in Sauron's service. Some centuries after Urd's death, the Urdor cast aside their wicked ways, enduring two thousand years of rule under a line of benevolent matriarchs; but the Urdor reverted to their old allegiance under Hoarmûrath, the rebellious brother of the last matriarch, who accepted a Ring of Power from Sauron.

The empire of conquest which Hoarmûrath forged across the Northlands of Middle-earth profoundly altered Urdic society. As the matrilineal clans faded into insignificance, the mobile warband emerged as the fundamental kin-group. Martial prowess is the sole criterion of leadership of the warband, and violent turnovers are frequent (both from death in battle and from rivalry within). A chieftain enjoys sexual access to all women in his warband, and the offspring of mothers who have not been "sown with the chieftain's spear" are treated as outsiders, subjected either to death by exposure or condemned to thralldom. In cases where the war-leader happens to be a woman, this rite of establishing kinship (if such it can be called) is usually performed by her favored lover. While the brutal simplicity of this custom makes it an effective enough way of defining the warband and the boundaries of loyalty, the sometimes rapid succession of chieftains through attrition often becomes a pretext for "purging" one's rivals—anyone not accepted by the new leader automatically becomes an outsider, regardless of their status under the previous chieftain.

When conflict within a warband cannot be contained, it usually results in a parting of ways (the loosing faction either forming its own band or seeking entrance into another existing band). No Urdorn makes open war upon his own kinsfolk—even those that have been ostracized—unless they become members of a rival warband. For this reason, there is frequent trafficking of personal enemies between the various warbands. By the same logic, individuals fleeing from a determined adversary may end up playing the same game: if a feared pursuer joins a warband hostile to an individual's current kin-group, that individual may actually counter the move by abandoning his own kinsfolk and joining another warband friendly to that of his pursuer! Such "trading" of bands has its limits, of course; a chieftain may simply refuse to accept a rogue warrior whose only reason for wanting to join his kin-group is to stir up trouble with another warband. On the other hand, a chieftain who lacks for warriors may not be able to afford such refusal, and so the vicious circle continues unabated.

The Urdor are among the most bloodthirsty and cruel of Men, their savagery matched only by their lust for plunder. In a sense, the Urdor no longer have a culture of their own; everything is stolen from other peoples. Perhaps it was desperation and anger that first drove them to such brutal acts as slavery or the torture of women and children in bear-pits, the victims dying in agony to the cheers of the crowds. Whatever the reason for their bloodlust, the Urdor are a threat not to be taken lightly.

Religion and Worldview

The Sons of Urd remain true to the blasphemous worship of their forefather, appeasing the Lord of the Dark by hunting down those who refuse to acknowledge him as Master. Inspired by this abhorrent creed, the Urdor have no regard for human life, least of all their own. Death in battle is an accomplishment; they find no honor in a field of hand-sown grain, yet revel in the torture of both humans and animals. While both men and women comprise raiding parties, they hold women, children and elders of other cultures in highest contempt. Such people are weak and unable to work for very long; therefore they have no worth, save as sport for the bear-pit. No pleas for mercy from these victims have ever fallen on sympathetic ears. The Urdor rape, maim and have their sport; then discard the human lives they consider useless.

Among their own kind, the Urdor do have an odd sort of union. Their feelings of attachment do not come from any kind of normal love or fondness, but rather out of a utilitarian sense of survival. The warband cannot fight unless all follow the dictates of the leader and work with their comrades; if a warrior strikes out on her own in the midst of battle, she is a weak link in the power of the horde and is abandoned if not killed outright. Not surprisingly, the Urdor possess no formal kinship recognition or family structure. Mothers nurse their children until they can survive among the warriors; then, the young ones are left alone to survive or die. Perhaps one of the more chilling sights are the very young Urdor who fight just as fiercely as the seasoned warriors.

Warcraft

The Urdic warband usually numbers between one and two hundred warriors (including women and adolescent children). Attached to these hosts are small scouting patrols of between two and twenty people. In battle, the main host attacks the front of an enemy's lines, while the patrols break away and attack the flanks. Large, well-trained snow bears or war-dogs pull the massive sleds of the warriors. Equally frightening are the *sukset*, or skis, that enable the Urdic raiders swiftness of movement unmatched by any others in the far North.

During a raid, the Urdor move swiftly, overcome their opponents, take what they can carry and leave as soon as possible. They often raid and destroy an entire village before any defense can be rallied. Because they plunder such a wide variety of people, the Urdor have access to many different kinds and styles of weapons, from spears to axes to swords. Armor is much the same; a warrior might have an odd mix of hide, padded cloth or even bits of studded leather.

Appearance

In physical appearance, the Urdor are medium to dark-haired, with eye-color varying from blue to green to hazel. Both sexes tend to wear their hair short, as it is a hindrance in battle. Men generally grow beards, usually kept in braids or a medium length. Skin-color is a little darker than most other peoples of the northern lands.

As with armor, the Urdic raiders have no distinctive dress, perhaps save for their lack of it. Observers can see them wearing the flowing coats of the Umli, the lovely bone jewelry of the Ystävät Talven, even the finely cured reindeer-skins of the Snow-elves. Their garb is a statement to how they exist on the misfortune of others. Certain hordes take more than just clothing and food from their victims. Among some groups are fairer-haired children with light skin and sky-blue eyes. While the children are to be pitied and not blamed, this is yet another example of the inhumanity of the Urdor.

6.7.2 THE UNDEAD

In recent years, the spirit-namers of the Ystävät Talven have bewailed an inexplicable plague of undead throughout the Northern Waste. Ghosts of the deceased haunt the lands of the living, long-buried corpses walk the earth, their eyes burning with a cold light, and bloated horrors rise from the icy waters of Forochel, hungering after the blood of mortals. What sorcery or evil will has roused such terrors from nightmare and legend none can say with certitude, but many (rightly) believe the Witch-king of Angmar to be their author.

The unnatural persistence of the spirit after death within the living world is a curse to which, it would seem, only mortal Men are subject. Sauron's attempts to transform the stubborn-minded Dwarves into wraith-servitors through the Rings of Power during the Second Age were utterly unsuccessful. The spirits of the deathless Elves are bound to Arda by their very nature, whether or not their bodies be slain. Men alone possess the Gift of Ilúvatar, the grace to die and depart the world—or to forfeit that gift under the compulsion of some horrible oath or sorcerous thralldom.

Society and Culture

The ignorant often confuse true undead (the unquiet shades of Men) with malevolent spirits (such as barrow-wights) whose cunning has driven them to manifest their power through the lifeless corpses of once-living mortals, or those spirits which simply choose to linger in or near places of death (such as corpse candles). Mannish ghosts may be found haunting ruins, burial sites or tombs from the Wash Tundra to the isles off the western coast of Forochel—even to the burial bergs of the Merimetsästäjät. The swampy areas of the Wash Tundra and Lakeland, as well as some of the boggier areas around the mouth of the Everhir, occasionally become the haunts of corpse candles or corpse lanterns. In winter, the light produced by these creatures is filtered and dispersed into weird and fascinating patterns beneath the frozen surface of a bog, creating illusions of warmth and shelter to draw unsuspecting victims to their doom.

Rarely do undead creatures take united action towards some common end. Inhuman spirits are most often driven by blind impulse (See Section 6.6.4.), and those with enough sentience and cunning tend to act alone. Only the concerted effort of a spirit-namer or some being of more powerful will is normally capable of dominating several undead at once. Even under such circumstances, the creatures are likely to execute commands or pursue imperatives after their own habit and manner (which may reflect either intelligence or near obliviousness towards their environment).

Worldview

The essence of undeath is memory. A spirit bereft of the living body that once housed it perceives the world only in terms of its former, severed existence. It is trapped in a frozen present, unable to grow or know peace until it relinquishes or is freed from the world. The experience of seemingly endless, serial existence is likely to drive a spirit mad, submerging consciousness and all vestige of rational thought in a sea of insatiable rage, fear or regret. Only spirits which in life possessed the strongest mind or force of will are able to retain a measured awareness of themselves and their unnatural condition. Consequently, the cessation of pain through release from their state is ever the singular motivating force of the truly undead; the relative strength and integrity of their consciousness merely determines whether they pursue that goal blindly or in a rational manner.

Warcraft

Violence is a very common means by which the undead pursue their goals or follow their drives. Malevolent spirits possess their own modes of combat. (See Section 6.6.4.) Those shades of Men powerful enough to inhabit and animate a corpse may fight with such weapons as their temporary body allows them, though complex maneuvers exact a mighty toll upon their willpower. Incorporeal ghosts must rely solely on the terror they inspire in the living, an unreasoning dread from which Elves alone are exempt.

Forodwaith's frozen climate may have certain effects upon corporeal undead. In winter, or in those areas of perpetual cold, the frigid air causes skeletal corpses to become more fragile than usual. The freezing temperatures tend to have an opposite effect on spirit-infested corpses which still possess flesh: the flesh freezes and hardens, making it more difficult to destroy. In the cold, exposed bones suffer +10 from any Crush and Impact criticals. In the case of still-enfleshed corpses, all Impact, Crush, Slash and Puncture criticals are at -10. Rotting and decaying flesh usually produces a 30% chance of infection for the victim of bite or claw attacks. However, the freezing cold retards the decaying process and sterilizes wounds, therefore the chance of infection is reduced to 10%.

Appearance

Corporeal undead assume whatever state of decay the corpse's condition brings them to, though the cold of the North may slow the process of corruption somewhat, while by the same token stunting the already limited mobility of stiffening limbs. Bodiless spirits are invisible to the naked eye, but are nevertheless perceptible to other living beings. The unquiet shade projects an image of itself as it once was in life—or as it appeared at the moment of death. Spirits with a certain degree of mental self-control may therefore acquire the talent of manipulating the image they project towards others, seeming fair or foul as they please.

6.8 VISITORS TO THE NORTH

Forodwaith is distinguished by an exceptionally large seasonal element in its population. During the milder months of spring and summer, Men and other races from the South visit the Northern Waste, keeping company for a time with the Ystävät Talven (or harassing them out of spite or ignorance). Whalers ply the waters of Forochel, scouts and patrols of Angmar and Arthedain spy out one another's frontiers, enterprising Rivermen traffic with the Lossoth, Dwarven miners search for elusive veins in the Ered Rhívamar, brigands seek a respite from the eye of the authorities, solitary hermits commune with Nature and travelers seek wild adventure.

6.8.1 MEN

Dúnedain

In addition to hunting and trapping, the Men of Arthedain also journey far into the Wash Tundra or eastward along the banks of the Everhir, alone or in patrols, to spy out the schemes that the Witch-king may be brewing. These often grim and silent Men are very seldom encountered, moving as they do in stealth and secrecy. If a meeting does take place, it is on the Dúnadan's terms and by his arrangement. If he is sure that a group of wanderers poses no threat to Arthedain, he may choose to reveal himself and exchange information about any dangers of the surrounding terrain.

Larger military patrols also range as far north beyond Rammas Forod as the Emyn Nimbrith. Well-armed and well-equipped, they gather news in force, probing weak points in the Angmarean defenses and bolstering Arthedain's exposed northern flank. They are familiar and on generally good terms with the Lumimiehet of the area. In the interests of Arthedain's security, they question any strangers they may find wandering the tundra as to their reasons for their being there and the nature of their expedition. While such detainment is sometimes taken amiss by the free-spirited, these patrols never attack wanderers without provocation (though mistaking the identity of a party might lead to a regrettable incident). Any prisoners taken are bound but otherwise left unharmed. (Dúnedain do not torture captives; though, being stern Men, they are not squeamish in dealing out death when the security of king and country are at stake.) The patrols help those in need, and can supply a good deal of protection, a small amount of equipment and supplies, and reliable information about the area.

There are also a few religious mystics among the Arthedain who wander the North. These men and women are known as Kaukonäköiset, the Long-sighted, by the Lumimiehet, because of the constant far away look in their eyes. The Arthedain call them Tiriath Forod, the Warders of the North. Their countrymen do not seek them out, but allow the mystics to wander where they will. These men and women possess some deep abiding affinity with the cold tundra and frigid winds, relishing isolation and solitude. Encounters with such recluses are very rare and



never hostile. They may appear suddenly out of the night with a warning concerning Orcs or Trolls or an oncoming storm, seldom staying for more than five or ten minutes. They might direct a lost or wandering group towards shelter and food; but, for the most part, they desire no companionship, wandering from the Rammas Forod as far as the Forsaken Sea or the Ered Rhívamar. The Ystävät Talven tell tales of laughing Kaukonäköiset running with the herds across the tundra, or calling a pack of timber wolves and then disappearing into a small forest of the Wash Tundra.

Angmarrim

Forodwaith cannot feed or shelter a large armed host on the march, and for this reason the Witch-king wisely sends out only small patrols into Talath Uichel (no more than a hundred men at a time). Orcs and Trolls he cannot send, except in winter-time, because of the lack of sufficient terrain cover from the baneful rays of the sun; hence, the Lord of the Nazgûl is forced to rely almost exclusively on Men to patrol his northern frontiers. The Urdor are ready at hand so long as snow covers the tundra, but for the remainder of the year the Sled-horde is immobile. For this reason, Angmarean patrols tend to be comprised of Easterling, Daen or Northman elements. All of the Angmarrim behave haughtily and disdainfully toward the Ystävät Talven, and are openly suspicious of any other Men. The loyalty of the Men of Angmar to their undead master is rarely absolute, and desertion from the Angmarean warhost is a common (though not quite endemic) occurrence. Both patrols and deserters may prove dangerous to adventurers, depending on the relative strength of the parties involved.

Deserters have nothing to lose (If caught and returned to Angmar, they face execution or worse.) and always steal what they can, when they can, without remorse. Patrols often behave little better than deserters-turned-bandits themselves, plundering goods and supplies from wanderers who can be bullied. If discovered within a hundred miles of Angmar, Angmarean soldiers may attempt to take prisoner any non-natives with the intention of delivering them to Angmar for interrogation. Such "trespassers" are often condemned to slavery. If the wanderers are obviously too strong to be attacked or are outside the patrol zone, but still within striking distance (200 miles), the patrols report any encounters to their superiors on their return. If more information is needed or the wandering party is perceived as a threat (which they almost always are), then a stronger force is sent to destroy them or take captives.

Rivermen

These bold Northmen ply the waters of the Lhûn and Baranduin rivers of Eriador. They journey into the North in their heavy canoes and are familiar with the Lumimiehet of the Wash Tundra, trading extensively. They lead solitary lives, traveling only alone or in pairs. They are a rough and rustic lot which, if treated unfairly, are quick to return an insult with the flash of a blade. They are also quick to return a favor or friendly word, and are often an excellent source of information and transport to those who are journeying through the Wash Tundra, knowing every rumor and current story from Caras Celairnen to the Everhir.

Rivermen get along well with the Lumimiehet, trading blankets and other goods for ivory and furs. The Rivermen are quick to take a Lumimies' side in any argument with strangers. This is partly for business reasons and partly (as a Riverman might say) because "I know this Snowboy is honest; I don't know *you* at all!" The Rivermen are loyal to their trading partners, but expect equal loyalty in return. Those with thin skins and those who are easily insulted may have a difficult time among the Rivermen. While they mean no more than humor, the Northmen love a good joke at someone else's expense, and can be unmerciful in their crude jibes and jests (especially if it is obviously upsetting the butt of the particular joke). They respect anyone who can give as good as they get, but quickly lose patience with "those as can dish it out but can't take it."

The Rivermen are few in number and lead a solitary, nomadic lifestyle, navigating the waters of the upper Lhûn and its many tributaries in sturdy, birchbark canoes. They roam northern Arthedain, traveling the Baranduin from Nenuial as far south as Sarn Ford, or crossing north into the Wash Tundra where they trade furs and ivory with the Lumimiehet. Their communities are small and mobile, consisting only of watch towers perched on strategic bluffs or high points, and dozens of lean-to's built along the river bank. Here they live free and unfettered, albeit often at the level of bare subsistence.

They always drive as hard a bargain as possible, doing nothing for free. They tend to be distrustful of strangers, bullying and rough, and fully capable of retaliating forcefully if they feel wronged or threatened. They are also men of their word, and can be a friendly enough people once a newcomer manages to penetrate their gruff and stern facade. While the Rivermen speak Westron (Rank 3 to 5, depending on the individual), it is so full of nautical, mercantile and scatological slang that it often seems a different language. It some cases, it takes a practiced ear to follow their speech. They are acidly sarcastic to anyone asking them to speak slower or to translate any of their slang.

Other Men

Cardolanian whalers are the commonest seasonal visitors to the Bay of Forochel, but many other nations (including Gondor and independents hired by Arthedain) fund voyages of exploration as well as hunts for whale and ivory. When not aboard ship, sailors lodge in well-maintained camps along the beaches and coastlines. Some mariners may range inland as far as twenty miles, in small hunting parties sent out to replenish their ship's stores. These parties are always armed and equipped, numbering from ten to fifty men (depending on whether they are on the hunt or back at camp). Friendly and outgoing, they are willing to share their campsite with others.

Eriadorian hunters also wander the tundra. Fur-trappers and ivory-hunters are notoriously suspicious of anyone entering their camps, fearing that, after all their long months of hard work, someone may come along and attempt to steal their goods. Some few individual travelers may be adventurers (with or without a treasure map) searching for fortune and excitement in the frozen wastes. Parties of thrill-seekers are generally smaller than the hunting expeditions sent out from whaling ships, numbering anywhere from a lone hunter to a group of twelve. Their reception to anyone discovering their camp or location might range from warm friendliness to open hostility, depending on the nature and disposition of the hunters encountered.

Bandit gangs and other outlaws also find the trackless wastes a convenient hiding place when things get a little too "hot" in the South. The outcome of any meetings with these outcasts depends on the numbers involved. Solitary footpads and cut-purses only steal from unprotected camps, while a mounted group of thieves and murderers contest with strong groups over trivial amounts of treasure.

GM Note: *As a general rule, if the bandits outnumber the adventurers by more than two to one, then an attack is certain (100%). If the bandit and PC party numbers are about equal, there is 50% chance of hostilities. If the PCs outnumber the bandits by two to one or more, then the bandits are very unlikely to attack (0%). The GM can extrapolate other probabilities for other numbers using the above as a guide.*

6.8.2 DWARVES

Dwarven adventurers are not uncommon on the frozen tundra, and may be encountered in small groups or in the company of Men. Such individuals always have some definite reason for journeying in the wastes, whether this be searching for minerals, treasure or one of their kin. (Of course, their purpose may not be made immediately apparent to wanderers these Dwarves meet on the trail.) The only permanent Dwarven settlements in the Northern Waste are the small mining communities of the northern Blue Mountains. The Dwarves explore the Bleak Mountains and the Ered Rhívamar from time to time, looking for likely sites to mine. However, the long trek required to return ore or metals to friendlier lands is daunting, and even rich veins of silver have been abandoned due to the impracticality of transporting it safely.

Dwarves are suspicious of strangers and, if encountered in a mineral rich area, they assume that any chance meetings are actually deliberate attempts to "jump a claim" or steal a mining site from them. This disposition evidences itself not in open hostility, but by a quiet aloofness that many travelers find quite unfriendly. The Dwarves have a warmer relationship with the Ystävät Talven, as the Snowmen are neither miners nor metalsmiths. Dwarven prospecting camps mix well with nearby Ystävä Talven villages, with which they trade and even help to defend in the face of a threat.

On the other hand, culture clashes can and do occur between the possessive Dwarves and more open and non-acquisitive lifestyle of the Ystävät Talven. Such clashes are usually a matter of misunderstanding and are not overly serious (revolving, for instance, around an unassuming Ystävä Talven making use of some Dwarven tools without asking their owner's permission). For their part, the Ystävät Talven have difficulty distinguishing Dwarves from Umli, referring to both races indiscriminately as Puolihmiset (La. "Half-men," sing. Puolihminen). This can be a source of irritation to Dwarves and Umli alike, who rightly wish to establish their own individual identities.

6.8.3 HOBBITS

Hobbits have never dwelt in the Northern Waste. On those rare occasions when a Hobbit does go wandering far afield, he has been known to travel into the Wash Tundra or even as far as the Lakeland and the Forsaken Sea. Wanderers in the North may come across an adventuresome Took or other Fallohide with a band of Men, a Harfoot marching with a group of Dwarves or (rarest of all) a small group of Stoors making their way across the tundra. The Ystävät Talven regard all Hobbits with favor because of their cheery disposition and unthreatening size. Hobbits can find a warm welcome in virtually any settlement from Talath Uichel to Lonely Bay. The Ystävät Talven call them Iloiset Lapset, the Merry Children.

7.0 SOCIETY AND CULTURE

Of all the Free Folk of the North, none better illustrates how a harsh and unforgiving environment can shape and mold the lifeways of a people than the Ystävät Talven. The Elves and other Mannish kindreds of Forodwaith all sprang from cultures originally foreign to the Northern Waste; with the partial exception of the Umli, only the culture of the Ystävät Talven came to maturity within the arctic lands themselves. The lore and customs of this folk seem strange and alien to others, yet those with patience may in time behold their eminent beauty and wisdom.

7.1 LANGUAGE AND LORE

For the most part, the Ystävät Talven preserve and transmit inherited wisdom and knowledge through oral tradition. However, while they possess no writing system as such, certain individuals among the Lumimies, Jäämies and Merimetsästäjä clans are guardians of a shared runic tradition. These revered pictographs are said to contain (or unlock) mystical energies of the Spirit World for the help or hurt of Men. It is also said by their custodians that the power of these runes can only be controlled and directed by commands uttered by a native speaker of Labba, the common tongue of the Ystävät Talven.

7.1.1. THE TONGUES OF THE NORTH

Few Arthadanian loremasters have remained unmoved who have listened to the flowing, musical language of the Lossoth. As one such scholar reported, "It was like discovering a complete wine-cellar filled with bottles of an amazing wine of a kind and flavour never tasted before. It quite intoxicated me (*Letters*, p. 214)." While many of their proud countrymen may scoff at what seems to their ears unintelligible mutterings of "Lesser Men," the wise among them know better, recognizing many similarities between the speech of the Ystävät Talven and the Elvish tongues. Indeed, the very name of this northern speech, Labba, can be naught but a borrowing from the primitive Eldarin root *lab* ("tongue, language")—a witness to the legends the Ystävät Talven tell of their ancient meeting with the benevolent Snow-elves.

Spoken or understood in some capacity by all of the Free Peoples of the North, Labba occupies much the same place in Forodwaith as Westron does in the South. Westron itself is not generally spoken in the far North, few of whose mortal denizens (save for those that dwell in the Wash Tundra and the lands adjoining Eriador) possess any facility with it. Of course, more newly-come arrivals to the Northern Waste, such as the Berninga of Talath Uichel, remember the western speech from its currency in their lost homeland of Rhovanion, as do any Dwarves who choose to sojourn in the mountains of Forochel for any length of time. The Lossidil and the Noldor of Evermist alike enjoy a native talent for the comprehension of languages of all kinds, making use of either Westron or Labba with equal ease (though they much prefer the latter, as it is more pleasing to their ears).

Lossidilrin, the Elven speech from which Labba derives much of its beauty, is generally spoken only by the Snow-elves, though the Noldor readily adopt it when conversing with their long-sundered Nandorin cousins. As is the custom of all Noldor in Middle-earth, the members of the Cuiviémar use the Grey-elven speech (Sindarin) in their daily affairs, reserving their ancestral tongue (Quenya) for magical or religious contexts. The only



sacred art in which the Noldor favor the use of Sindarin is in the carving of their spell-songs into the cliff-faces of Orod Certhas, but this is due mainly to tradition (the runic script of the *cirth* having been originally designed by the Grey-elf Daeron for the writing of Sindarin). When actually sung, these songs are always voiced in Quenya.

The other Free Peoples of Forodwaith for the most part speak dialects of the ancient Northman tongues of Eriador or Rhovanion. The Umli possess their own language, closely related to the secret Khuzdul of the Dwarves, but do not speak it in everyday life, using instead Labba. Whether these "Half-dwarves" would be willing to teach their Umitic tongue to outsiders is unknown, as no stranger has ever proposed the idea to them.

7.1.2 THE LABBIC RUNES

The *riimut* (La. "runes," sing. *riimu*), known and used by the wise ones and spirit-namers of the Ystävät Talven, are of unknown origin. Oral tradition first associates the strange pictographs with the mysterious "Beadmakers" and their enchantments; but since no one remembers who the Helmivalmistajat were or whence they came—even the patently mythical legends of the Ystävät Talven have nothing to report of their identity or origin—the *riimut* remain an enigma. Perhaps the answer lies hidden amid the Helmivalmistaja ruins dotting the coasts of Forochel, whose forsaken stones may still be seen, half-buried in the frozen ground.

A total of thirteen distinct glyphs comprise the *riimut*, though many spirit-namers hold that there are others, now unknown or forgotten, of which the Helmivalmistajat once had knowledge. According to tradition, the Beadmakers passed on such rune-lore as they were willing or able to the Tanssijat, who became the ancestors of the Jäämiehet and Merimetsästäjät of Forochel, and from them the knowledge gradually spread to the Lumimiehet of northernmost Eriador and the Talath Uichel. In theory, the power of the *riimut* is available to anyone willing to become attuned to them through a particular engraved focus; however, the actual efficacy of the runes lies not merely in their shapes, but in the secret knowledge of the one whose hand ritually carves them. Such knowledge is closely guarded by the wise, who reveal it only to initiates who have undergone long years of trial and proving. No single rune-master or rune-mistress possesses this kind of knowledge of all the *riimut*. (The typical spirit-namer or wise one knows only five or six runes, normally those which bear the strongest association with his or her lifepath, and allied rune-masters often share or exchange knowledge of their respective *riimut*.)

The most common objects for engraving the Labbic characters are the *riimuveitset* (La. "runeknives," sing. *riimuveitsi*), blades which the Ystävät Talven use for the ritual magic that draws its power from the runes. Once initiated into the secret names of the *riimut* and the spell-domains they represent, an individual may identify the range of powers governed by the glyph on its handle. The *riimut* are also sometimes carved into ice or their pattern set out in pebbles on a hunting trail. On rare occasions a spirit-namer may take a rune as her personal glyph, a unique "signature" identifying her within the Spirit World.

The Ystävät Talven divide the "outer names" of the *riimut* (as distinct from their secret names) into three groups: the *tarmot* or elemental runes, the runes of *terveys* (healing), and those of *metsästys* (the hunt). Two additional *riimut*—*kieli* (language) and *laulu* (song)—fall outside the three principal groups. The *tarmot* unlock the powers of the natural world, such as fire, wind and water; the runes of *terveys* channel the restorative powers of the healers among the Ystävät Talven; while the *riimut* of *metsästys* embody those things needful for a successful hunt.

TARMOT

(La. "Energies," sing. Tarmo)



Kylmyys (La. "Cold"). The circular *kylmyys* rune controls the spell-domains of Ice Law and Cold Law. Its design suggests the all-pervasiveness of cold in the North.



Tulipalo (La. "Fire"). The twin tongues of *tulipalo* govern the Fire Law and spells associated with fire, such as *Fire Starting* or *Resist Heat.*



Valo (La. "Light"). The stylized representation of the sun which *valo* projects extends the user's power over the Light Law, Sound/Light ways and Illusions lists, but may also include such spells as *Blinding* or a spell from the Nature's Guises list.



Kivi (La. "Stone"). The protruding *kivi* rune unlocks the Earth Law domain and other spells that deal with stone or earth, such as *Earthwall* or *Barrier Pit.*



Vesi (La. "Water"). The rolling wave of *vesi* embraces the Water Law or any spell dealing with water, such as *Water Production, Waterwall, Purify Food/Water,* or *Waterrunning.*

TERVEYS

(La. "Health")



Elämä (La. "Life"). Recalling the shape of a running man, *elämä* channels healing or restorative spells of the Direct Channeling, Blood Ways, Bone/Muscle Ways, Organ Ways and Purifications lists. It may also include spells that protect the health of the individual in an alternate environment, such as *Waterlungs* and *Gaslungs.*



Muuri (La. "Wall"). Rendered in the likeness of a wall of ice blocks, *muuri* focuses enchantments that offer protection from some danger, such as the Protections and Spell Defense lists, or individual spells such as *Resist Heat, Resist Cold* and *Shield.*

METSÄSTYS

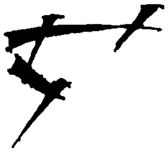
(La. "Hunt")



Eläin (La. "Animal"). Knives engraved with the *eläin* rune may contain spells from the Animal Mastery, Spirit Mastery, and Calm Spirits lists. This glyph, which resembles the head, neck and forelegs of an animal, is often used as a trail marker to show in which direction a hunting party has gone in search of game.



Ilma (La. "Weather"). The sweeping path of *ilma* inscribes the power of the Wind Law and Nature's Lore lists, as well as related individual spells, such as *Airwall* or *Windwalking.*



Polkun (La. "Path"). Path Mastery, Moving Ways and Nature's Ways are all governed by *polkun*, whose wandering etchings may also contain such spells as *Silent Moves, Run, Speed, Sprint* or *Haste*. The rune often distinguishes safe from dangerous paths. To warn of danger, a wise one or spirit-namer carves this *riimu* backwards.



Kasvi (La. "Plant"). The swelling *kasvi* glyph concerns plants and herbs, governing the Plant Mastery list, as well as spells such as *Woodwall* or *Plant Facade*. The rune is often used as a trail marker for denoting areas where healing herbs may be found.

KIELI JA LAULU

(La. "Language and Song")



Kieli (La. "Language"). Devised in the form of a tongue, *kieli* attunes the Lore and Item Lore lists, and is valued most highly by the wise ones and spirit-namers of the Ystävät Talven. The rune is also associated with spells of communication, such as *Animal Tongues* or *Plant Tongues*.



Laulu (La. "Song"). Taking the form of a spirit-namer's ritual drum, *laulu* governs the Controlling Songs or Sound Control lists. Few *laulu*-engraved knives exist, as it is rare for spirit-namers or wise ones to be attuned to such spells. The rune itself is, however, used as a trail marker to point the direction to a festival or celebration.

7.2 KINSHIP AND LOYALTY

To a people whose very existence depends upon unquestioning commitment to the day-to-day struggle for survival, but who nonetheless lack both the will and the means of compelling others to cooperate towards the common good, family bonds are everything. Perhaps more than any kindred of Men, the Ystävät Talven define themselves in terms of kinship and the sense of identity and allegiance nourished by it.

7.2.1 FAMILY, SEPT AND CLAN

The Ystävät Talven recognize three levels of kinship: the *perhe* (La. "family;" pl. *perheet*) the *suku* (La. "sept;" pl. *suut*) and the *heimo* (La. "clan;" pl. *heimot*). The clan and sept possess totemic animal names, such as Karhu (La. "Bear") or Merilintu (La. "Sea-bird"), signifying the *henkieläin* (La. "spirit animal") with which the group identifies and from which it draws its strength and wisdom. The members of a *heimo* mark their affiliation with an ivory or bone amulet, carved into the likeness of their totem.

An individual's birth determines his or her *heimo*, though women may change their affiliation through marriage. Thus, a woman born to the Merilintu *heimo* might marry into the Karhu *heimo*, but her children might be fathered by a member of an entirely different *heimo*. (See Section 7.2.2.) A stranger may also become a member of a *heimo* through *vaatimus*, the ritual of "claiming," as may an outcast from another *heimo*.

For most Ystävät Talven, such matters tend not to be a source of tension or conflict: the extended family is a pleasant affair, as taken for granted as the warm wind of summer. Due to their dispersion over vast expanses, there is not a great deal of rivalry or distinction (other than the difference in totems) between *heimot*, which seldom (if ever) gather together into one place. Knowledge of every *heimo* member is an impossibility, and one of the primary functions of *heimo* affiliation is to assure one's welcome among kinsfolk that do not know and have probably never seen one another.

For the Merimetsästäjät, on the other hand, bound together as they are into close-knit groups within their berg-delvings, *heimo* affiliation is a matter of rivalry and pride. Close proximity with other *heimot* makes it possible to know everyone in one's own *heimo* and often many members of other *heimot*. *Heimo* rivalry centers upon preeminence in hunting, fishing and whaling, while *suku* prestige lies in the number of *viisaat, jääsilmät,* and warriors it can raise up. (See Sections 7.3.3 and 8.2.)

Usually kept on a friendly basis, these rivalries are, in fact, conducive to the survival of the Merimetsästäjät. If the hunters of one *suku* have been lax in their performance, they face ridicule from other *heimot* and *suut*, and thus are spurred on so as not to be outdone by others. When rivalry does get out of hand, feuds over the best hunting grounds and whaling areas may erupt. Should the issue come to blows, it is settled by a song duel or some other nonviolent means. Yet hard feelings may last for years, requiring a series of song duels between the *heimot, suut,* and *perheet*, sometimes reaching an individual level before being finally settled. Strangers and outcasts who join themselves to a Merimetsästäjä *heimo* may unknowingly become involved in these feuds.



A clan totem

7.2.2 MARRIAGE, HOSPITALITY AND LINEAGE

The Ystävät Talven view the sexes as independent halves of a single whole: no man is complete without a woman, nor a woman without a man. They therefore consider marriage to be more than just a physical union of two individuals: it is a necessary step towards the health and well-being of each. Marriage invariably takes place before an individual's sixteenth year, and those still unmarried after reaching the age of twenty are regarded as spinsters and old bachelors. Couples may live together without the benefit of marriage rites, but this is seldom done. The marriage ceremony and accompanying feast are held in the early spring (late Lothron or early Nórui). It is usual for several couples in a village to wed in one large ceremony, and during this time the entire village enjoys a week-long festive atmosphere of dancing, feasting and story-telling.

A *viisas* presides over the event, taking care to consider any omens brought to light by the local *henkinimittäjä* that might affect the couple's future. On rare occasions, if the omens are inauspicious enough, the *viisas* may refuse to perform the marriage rite. Traditional portents include the threefold roar of a bear, or the consecutive sighting of four eagles on the day before a couple's marriage. Other signs, more difficult to interpret, may drive the *henkinimittäjä* to seek out their import upon the dark paths of the Spirit World. The Ystävät Talven tell many tragic legends of couples who ignored the omens, so such things are taken very seriously. A couple must be deeply and profoundly in love to defy the Spirit World.

The marriage ceremony itself is relatively simple. The couples plight their troth before the entire village, publicly announcing that they are now husband and wife. Next, the couples join their right hands, which the *viisas* ties together loosely with a colorful strip of braided leather, calling the Spirit World to witness as he (or she) chants the Yhdistyden Laulu and Hedelmällisyyden Laulu, the Songs of Joining and Fertility.

Though monogamous, the Ystävät Talven maintain a tradition called *vaimolahja*, "wife hospitality," in which a married woman shares herself sexually with visitors and guests. While this practice confers prestige and honor upon the husband, it would be a mistake to conclude that the Ystävät Talven regard their women as mere chattel; on the contrary, a woman is free to refuse anyone at anytime (including her husband). This, however, is seldom done; for the Ystävät Talven regard sexual union as an expression of hospitality on a par with eating and drinking: if you would eat and drink with someone, you would also sleep with them.

Vaimolahja is not to be confused with adultery. If a man or woman has sexual relations with another without the prior agreement of the husband or wife, *this* is considered adultery and can be grounds for abandoning the marriage. Yet such infidelity is hardly contemplated for sexual reasons (as physical union can be enjoyed without the risk of destroying marriages); rather, it is a gesture of rivalry and one-upmanship among prestige-conscious males.

Whatever its origin and social significance, *vaimolahja* performs a rather more vital biological service for the Ystävät Talven, saving them from the genetic suicide of inbreeding. The custom exercises less of a role in conceptions of kinship than one might expect: a "father" is not necessarily a biological parent, but refers always to the husband of the "mother," which by contrast refers exclusively to one's birth-mother. For this reason, the Ystävät Talven reckon descent through the female.

7.2.3 DIVISION OF LABOR

The Ystävät Talven apportion their daily tasks primarily along lines of age rather than gender. Older men and women may remain at the village or camp, acting as teachers and guardians for the children or hunting for herbs and edible plants nearby. No social stigma attaches to the reversal of traditional roles: anyone, male or female, who can keep up with the hunt is welcome, and anyone who prefers to stay in camp sewing garments or cooking meals is also welcome. Negligence is the only cause for censure. This is a very rare occurrence, and tasks left undone are almost always the side effect of some dispute between families or *heimot*. Such tensions are never allowed to harm the well-being or safety of the village at large.

Despite its subordination to age and ability, gender does play a traditional role in the division of labor. In the best of times, the women remain home rearing children, preparing meals and making garments. Women also comprise the majority of wise ones and spirit-namers; men fear the Spirit World, preferring to leave it to the braver women. However, due to the harsh climate, everyone pitches in with the daily tasks and knows how to perform all needful roles, from hunting to cooking to weapon and garment-making.

Gender is occasionally also marked by the different tools used by men and women engaged in the same endeavor. An example of this is the kind of knife used for the hunt. The male knife has only one sharpened side and is always pointed for stabbing or piercing. The female knife is always double-edged, narrowing to a broad end which can also be used as a tool for skinning and scraping. Male hunters who have lost their knives and are forced to use their wives' are derided and unmercifully made fun of by the other males. To avoid such embarrassment, older male hunters often make sure they have two or three knives handy, just in case they lose one.

7.2.4 NAMING

The Ystävät Talven's dealings with outsiders are more often troubled by cultural misunderstanding than actual enmity on the part of the groups involved. This is especially true with regard to an individual's name. Personal names are divided into two distinct varieties: the *sidenimi* or "binding name," given to an individual at birth, and the *näkynimi* or "vision name," which an individual usually answers to throughout life. The *sidenimi* establishes kinship ties, carries on traditional family names, or honors legendary heroes of the past. It is never changed and is, for the most part, used rarely and only for ceremonial purposes, such as marriages, rites of passage and other important occasions.

By contrast, the *näkynimi* attempts to capture some part of the totality of the individual, either giving a glimpse into the individual's personality or (in some cases) denoting an obvious or prominent physical feature or attribute. Thus, an Ystävä Talven who likes talking about his dreams may become known as Unipyydystäjä, "Dream-catcher," while one who obviously enjoys the beauty of the night sky and stars may be called Tähtivalo, "Starlight;" someone with fine, nimble hands may be called Pitkät Sormet, "Long Fingers."

Näkynimet change as the individual changes. Should Tähtivalo begin constantly wearing a bearskin robe, others may begin calling him Karhunahka, "Bearskin." Travelers in the region should take note of this and be prepared to undergo several name changes while there. More than one adventurer has been surprised to depart from his Ystävä Talven companions and find them calling their farewells to someone named "Eyes Skyward"

or "Big Nose," only then to realize that they are referring to himself. It is said in the North Farthing of the Shire of Brago Took of Greenfields (an excellent cook, who went on some mad outing into Forodwaith) that he returned from his adventure with the outlandish nickname Hyvä Ruoka. When asked, the young Took said the name meant "Good Food" in the language of the northern folk and was a compliment to his cooking. Brago answered to the nickname for the rest of his long life.

Occasionally, such names are misunderstood by the recipient. An example of how this can lead to near tragedy is described in a diary preserved in the Royal Library in Annúminas. An incident is recorded in the journal of a Arthadanian warrior's explorations in the far North.

The Journal of Caramir

15th Day of Nórui: *Caramir, his cartographer and journal-keeper, and five or six guards were separated from the main party of the expedition and became sorely lost in the Emyn Nimbrith. There, in a sudden, secretive manner appeared fur-clad hunters of the far North—"Lossoth," as we name them. Caramir, being both a proud and commanding figure, demanded assistance from the skulking figures. They, seeing no opportunity to hide or flee from the tall men, obeyed—if not enthusiastically, at least out of deference to the noble Caramir. There being in no wise chance for further progress that day, the Lossoth and Caramir's company shared campsite. As their fear of Caramir and his men subsided, the hunters of the North became less aloof. It was thus that the two groups shared the night apart, but without fear or suspicion.*

16th Day of Nórui: *Upon arising, all seemed most agreeable, the northern huntsmen appearing more than willing to guide Caramir and his fellows out of the rough terrain of the Hills. All went well until one of the Lossoth, speaking with Caramir, insisted on using the term "Pitkät Sääret" in referring to him. Thinking the name some noble compliment, Caramir was much desirous of learning its meaning. As Caramir's party spoke but few words of the language of the Lossoth and they, very limited Westron and no words of a more learned language, it was some time before an adequate translation was reached. Upon finding that the lowly hunters had insultingly named him "Long Legs," Caramir became most fey, hurling abuse at the wretch while the remaining hunters fled in panic before his wrath. He finally abated, commanding the cringing Snowman to begone, but it was many hours before he was calmed enough to break camp and begin the journey again."*

7.3 CYCLES AND SEASONS

The lives of the Ystävät Talven revolve around the rhythms of the natural world and the demands these impose. Whether of the Lumimiehet, the Jäämiehet or the berg-dwelling Merimetsästäjät, an Ystävä Talven moves with the winds and seasons, ever adapting daily routine to the changes of his or her environment. In the Northern Waste, Nature is the most powerful shaper of culture.

7.3.1 THE LUMIMIEHET

The daily life of the Lumimiehet changes with the seasons. In spring, the Lumimies villages come alive. The warming weather and cracking ice on the lakes, rivers and bays signal the time of foraging, hunting and fishing. The small, one-man boats called *pieni veneet* are constructed while waiting for the pack-ice to retreat from the shore; larger whaling boats, the *meriveneet* of the coastal Lumimiehet, are tended and repaired. As the ice clears, the wise ones perform ceremonies to protect the boats from evil and accident, and the Lumimiehet settle into a daily pattern of hunting and gathering which lasts throughout the spring and into the autumn months.

Spring is the time when the migrating herds and fowl return to the wetlands and grasslands of the tundra. The *pyöreä talo* or winter roundhouse is abandoned, and the spring and summer are spent on the move, up and down the many rivers or following the migrating herds. These Lumimies camps often seem primitive and rustic to those from the more settled, civilized, urban South; but to the Lumimiehet, after the endless, close winter days spent in the roundhouse, they are luxuriant with openness and freedom of movement. The camp contains any number of tent-like abodes and a single large communal structure known as the *kylätalo*. This may be simply a large sealskin tent or a sturdier construction of rock and wood, depending on the building materials available and how long the camp is intended to remain in one place. Spring is also the time for marriage and festival.

In summer, with the game plentiful and the waters abundant with fish, the Lumimiehet have, for a brief moment, a time of plenty—a time when bellies are full and the sunny, lazy days on the tundra seem but a warm dream in the long winter sleep. This is the time of seal hunts, a time when all the rivers run, a time of savory stews of venison, fresh herbs and rare delicacies like birds' eggs and fresh vegetables. Summer is also a time of barter and trade. The whalers and seal-hunters from the South, as well as those seeking exotic herbs of the tundra, come north, seeking out the Lumimiehet for local geographical knowledge or guides.

However, not even summer is without its banes. Huge swarms of tundra-hatched mosquitoes can make life miserable, and the Witch-king's minions are no longer held at bay by the cold. Like the whalers and migrating birds, they too come north with the warming of the weather. Orcs and Trolls venture from their lairs in Angmar, and evil Men from Carn Dûm wander the Talath Uichel; some on missions for the Witch-king, some for evil's sake alone. The Lumimiehet attempt to avoid such emissaries out of Angmar when possible, otherwise they are endured or dealt with as seems wisest at the time.





Building an ice-house

In autumn, the real work begins. Chores left undone now can mean terrible hardship or even death in the coming months of cold. All winter clothes must be cut, fitted and sewn before the cold weather actually arrives. Maturing berries must be picked, dried and made ready for winter. Fish must be dried and smoked, seal meat and venison jerked, and herbs, curatives and seasonings gathered, dried and properly stored. Most importantly, camp life is abandoned and the traditional wintering sites, the *talvikylät*, are occupied. When a foreigner is speaking of the "villages" of the Lossoth, it is these winter dwellings that are meant; but to the Ystävät Talven, a "village" is any place where family, sept or clan may happen to be sojourning at the moment.

The roundhouses of the winter sites are built in late autumn when the weather turns truly cold. The *pyöreä talo* is constructed entirely of ice blocks welded together by thin layers of snow and ice shavings—essentially a large, single-roomed, dome-shaped shelter. The entrance is close to the ground, forcing Men and Elves to get down on their hands and knees to enter. The seemingly endless days of the long winter are spent in the sturdy *pyöreä talo*, with sleeping, eating, visiting others in the village when possible, and story-telling being the main activities. Many hours are also spent in song and slow, stately dances round and round the interior of the *pyöreä talo*. Songs are accompanied by the beating of drums, the primary musical instrument of the Ystävät Talven.

The construction of a roundhouse is a deadly serious matter, as the structure must endure the entire winter through storm and blizzard. The making requires a good eye for detail and a patient hand with ice. If too large, the roundhouse sags and falls in on itself. This usually occurs at the worst possible time, such as in a blizzard. Every Lumimies village knows the sadness of finding that a *pyöreä talo* has collapsed in the fury of a violent storm, leaving an entire family dead under the fallen blocks of ice. If built too small, the claustrophobic atmosphere can be maddening should the weather require several days spent inside. More than one tragedy has occurred when an individual, succumbing to the "cabin fever" and seeing the walls closing in, flees outside. If not caught immediately, the individual runs in a random direction for the sheer joy of being outside and running. Usually they are never seen again; but occasionally in the spring, a lifeless, frozen body is found several miles from the village.

Occasionally, to supplement the winter stores, small expeditions go ice fishing on the frozen inland lakes or coastal bays. Hunting in winter is confined to trapping snow hares and quick raids on the coastal bays where walrus and snow bears can be found. However, most sizable game has migrated out of the region in winter and the deadly cold weather makes hunting a risky and problematical venture at best.

7.3.2 THE JÄÄMIEHET

The daily lifestyle of the Jäämiehet is very similar to their Lumimies neighbors. Their lives are ruled by the seasons and the migrations of the animals. In summer, the warmer weather allows them to engage in hunting, fishing and whaling. The seasonal changes differ only slightly from those experienced by the Lumimiehet, spring arriving one or two weeks later, autumn one or two weeks earlier (though in the cold regions of the North, one or two weeks of hunting may be the difference between survival and starvation).

The Jäämiehet spend the warmer months in nomadic camps of seal or elk-skin tents. All their activities focus on the coming winter as they intensely hunt and forage over the tundra. Summer is both an easier and a harder time for the Jäämiehet. On the one hand, the herds of game are smaller, forcing them to make longer and less successful hunts than their neighbors; on the other hand, being further removed from Angmar and Arthedain, warfare between those realms and the evil whims of the Witch-king affect them little.

Again, autumn brings the crucial work of surviving the winter. All food-stores must be prepared to last the winter months and stored so as not to attract hungry bears or other predators or scavengers. The nomadic life is abandoned, the wintering site chosen, and the *pyöreä talo* constructed. The winter days and nights are spent in little houses of ice, telling stories and visiting with kinsmen when possible. As with the Lumimiehet, most of these stories are tales of old heroes and legendary hunters, many containing myths concerning the ways of men and animals. With the coming of spring the cycle begins again and the Jäämiehet resume their hunting and fishing.

7.3.3 THE MERIMETSÄSTÄJÄT

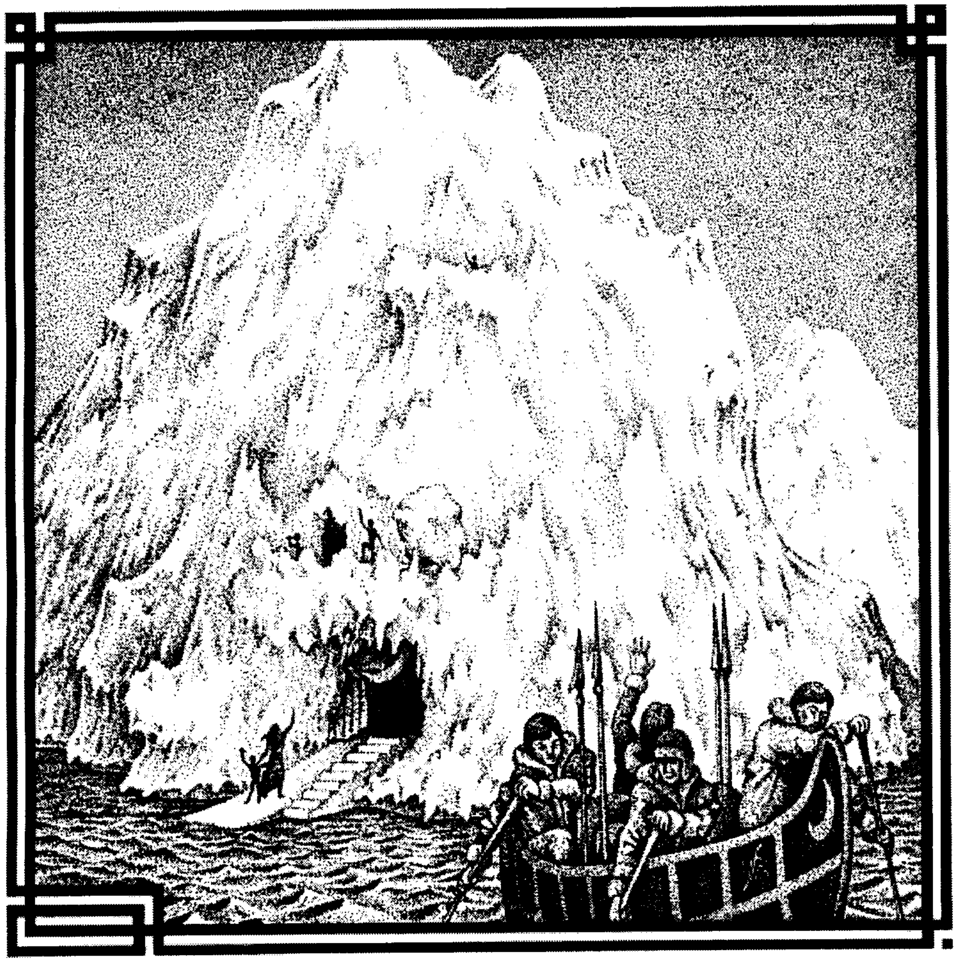
The Merimetsästäjät have delved their way in and around the great icebergs, transforming them into floating fortresses. While the bergs of the Merimetsästäjät do not necessarily differ in size, the number of inhabitants dwelling within them may vary considerably. In general, two or three smaller delvings accompany a great berg. The Merimetsästäjät recognize three classes of icebergs: *jääkylät* (colonized "ice-villages"), *jäävuoret* (potentially habitable, but not yet occupied "ice-mountains"), and *huolijää* ("troubled ice," unsuitable for habitation).

Often a *huolijää* is merely too small for Merimetsästäjä purposes, but other problems (such as too many cracks and fissures, or an unbalanced shape, making the berg susceptible to unexpected rolls) may relegate an otherwise perfect *jäävuori* to *huolijää* status. Having an eye for this is prized among the Merimetsästäjät. Indeed, as such things are a matter of life and death (not just for the individual, but for the entire community), having a good and knowledgeable *jääsilmä* or "ice-eye" grants a certain amount of status and prestige to an individual and his or her family.

GM Note: *Icebergs naturally last up to ten years or more before melting. The bergs which the Merimetsästäjät inhabit last much longer, for its occupants labor ceaselessly to maintain and preserve their shape. Living on and with the ice gives the Merimetsästäjät an innate understanding of Ice Law that others do not possess.*

The Merimetsästäjät dwell in Spouting Bay and Berg Cradle Bay, both of which foster several large bergs year-round. The bergs break free from the northern glaciers and are slowly herded out to sea by the ocean's current. Some drift far out into Belegaer where they eventually melt; a few drift southward where they become a hazard to ships off the coast of Forlindon. However, the prevailing current pushes many icebergs back into the small bays and inlets on the northern shores of the Bay of Forochel. Manned vessels have little to fear from the prevailing current, whereas the sea is able to have its way with the ponderously slow icebergs.

In summer, the bergs come into their own natural beauty, wandering free like majestic, floating towers and palaces. On windy days, the bay is covered with somber waves whose currents move the bergs about slowly and gracefully. On calmer days, the mirrored surface of the dark water casts back images of berg and sky. The reflections of the white bergs against the high, deep blue dome of heaven are surreal and otherworldly. One of the Noldor of Evermist once described this wonder in verse:



A berg-delving

Whales arrive to feed in the deep bay, frolicking playfully about the bergs. All too soon, the wind turns and the icy blasts return from the north, the whales depart, and the bergs slow to a mere crawl once again. The bay slowly freezes and is covered with thick pack-ice. As the winter deepens and the cold increases, the bergs cease to move at all, locked in a motionless stance while the bitter north wind holds dominion.

Spring is the most dangerous and difficult time for the Merimetsästäjät. For their food-stores may be running low after a long, hard winter and with the return of the whales in spring, many are eager for the hunt. This is also a time when the voices of humpback and other whales can be heard through the berg-walls like a siren song drawing the whalers forth. The whale-song can sometimes be very loud and echo down the passages within the berg as the whale passes near to it. Ice in this season is still breaking and reforming, and may catch a whaleboat unawares. Those so caught must make the difficult choice of whether to stay with the boat and hope it is not crushed in the ice, or make the harrowing journey on foot to land or berg.

i olollindë lirin, an cenin
i ninqui mindoni oloreva

The dream-song I sing, for I behold
The white towers of dream

As spectacular as they are by day, the Merimetsästäjä berg-delvings are even more so at night. Their inhabitants light small, whale-oil lamps, sometimes covering the flickering yellow flames with shades of thin animal skin, dyed or coated with colorful pigments. The colored lights shine through the walls, illuminating the berg in a dazzling display of multicolored tiers of shimmering splendor. The diffuse light can be especially bedazzling on calm nights, as the lamps below the waterline merge and blend with the lights shining above and reflecting off the sea, completely bewildering the eye. While the Merimetsästäjät find them delightful, more than one whaling vessel from the South has run aground because its watchmen and navigator were distracted by the magnificent display.

GM Note: *Non-Merimetsästäjät must make a 10th level RR or be entranced by these lights for 2-20 rounds. During this time they fail to keep proper watch on what they are doing and all Static and Moving maneuvers suffer a -20 penalty. At each nightly viewing of the spectacular light show, the RR is reduced by one level.*

The bergs weave an enigmatic pattern amid wave, wind and ice. In spring and autumn, when the bay is just freezing over or the winter pack-ice has begun to break or form, the bergs move less gracefully as they stagger free uneasily of one ice-floe only to become entangled in another. As the bay thaws during the short summer, the bergs bob and dance lazily about one another.

In the warm summer months the Merimetsästäjät whale and fish the bays. They also come ashore to hunt the bear, elk, reindeer, seal and many smaller mammals as well, such as rabbit and mink. They also forage along the coasts, gathering herbs and berries. While a southern sailor would have difficulty finding a particular berg that may have drifted many miles in the weeks he was away hunting or fishing, the Merimetsästäjät know the currents and bays, and can approximate how far or fast a berg might drift.

GM Note: *It requires a Routine (+30) Perception and Track maneuver for a Merimetsästäjä to find his home berg. Others may need a Very Hard (-20) Perception and Track maneuver as a baseline, using other variables such as familiarity with the berg and how many weeks the character is gone to add bonuses or penalties on relocating it.*

The whales depart in Urui or Ivanneth. As the weather gets colder, the ice-sheet on the bay spreads southward, trapping and anchoring the bergs. In this season, the Merimetsästäjät haul their whaling boats into the bergs. Passages to the outside are sealed to prevent the cold wind from entering. There is a pause as the ice-sheet grows and captures the berg, then the last hunts can begin for any remaining seal, walrus and bear.

Once winter arrives, there is little for the Merimetsästäjät to do but seal off their dwellings and ride out the storms and blizzards. So long as the summer has brought many successful whaling expeditions and seal hunts, the bergs offer a cold but comfortable

existence. If the hunting has been poor, it can be a miserable and hungry time for all. Unless starvation is imminent, the winter days are spent in song and dance with the tale-tellers endlessly busy recounting stories and legends.

7.4 AUTHORITY AND SOCIAL ORDER

The biggest adjustment most southerners have to make when dealing with the Ystävät Talven is the lack of any central authority figure. There are no kings or chieftains among the Ystävät Talven, and there is no guarantee that direct orders from any individual will be carried out by others, who look upon such demands as rudely phrased suggestions. This does not mean the Ystävät Talven are a completely anarchic people. On the contrary, if anything, they are conservative and traditional. The young defer to the older members of a group, be it a hunting party or village, though there is no obligation for them to do so—it is merely customary. In the harsh northern climate, the young soon learn that elders have reached their aged status by making many correct decisions in the past and are therefore worth listening to.

Yet in every village there is always a *tietäjä*, "one who knows," a kind of tacitly agreed upon leader to whom the people turn in times of trouble or doubt. Even so, a *tietäjä* advises and suggests, but never gives orders or makes demands. In difficult situations, the *tietäjä* would certainly seek advice from any elders or wise ones in the village. Should the individual be wrong on a number of occasions, the villagers simply turn to some other person as a new *tietäjä*.

The Ystävät Talven adhere to a rigid body of custom, informally instilled in the young as they grow. There are no courts or judges, and in many cases the Spirit World is consulted in the search for justice. A village or *heimo* as a whole decides what is proper or improper in proving guilt or innocence. Laws and punishments for breaking them are communicated through stories and folk-tales. Metaphor and allegory are strong components in these narratives, and the people refer to them when judging a situation.

The Ystävät Talven cannot afford to support non-productive members of their society. There are thus only two forms of punishment: ostracism and death. In the close, interdependent social life of the village, ostracism is a powerful deterrent. If one's neighbors act as if one does not exist, refusing to converse or help in any way, it can be a death sentence. Total ostracism means the individual must leave the village, but usually ostracism is only for a set amount of time (e.g., for two full moons, until the return of the elk, and so on). Death sentences are carried out by throwing the condemned into the cold sea. In the case of the inland tribes, the Spirit World is allowed to judge. The individual is stripped of protective clothing and abandoned far out in the wild. If the individual survives (which is very, very rare) and returns to the village, it proves the judgment was wrong and he is allowed to reclaim his place among the villagers.

7.4.1 OWNERSHIP AND THEFT

Theft is all but unknown among the Ystävät Talven. Since neighbors generously give and freely borrow from one another, there is little or no reason to steal anything. This "free borrowing" often causes conflict with people of other cultures who have strong ties to their material possessions. The Ystävät Talven regard most things as "village property," that is, accessible to any member of the village (including visitors). This means that guests of the village must also surrender their own belongings to a villager in need. Villagers who take items from a traveler's pack do not intend to *keep* but merely to *use* them, returning them when not needed. More than one adventuring band has misunderstood these actions and gotten themselves into hot water as a result. (This is especially true with food-stores, as the Ystävät Talven eat all the dried fruit they come across.) In return, they are more than happy to share their dried fish and smoked seal meat with visitors.

GM Note: *The GM can have a good deal of fun with the Ystävät Talven constantly getting into PCs supplies and using their equipment. The PCs may end up alienating everyone in one or two villages before they catch on to what is happening.*

Should a dispute over ownership arise, it is often handled by simple contests of skill or mental prowess. Goods usually argued over include runeknives, village-owned magical artifacts and small ivory tokens. Races over snow, whether on foot, skis or snowshoes, are a typical method of conflict resolution. Alternatively, the contestants may be forced to tell a traditional tale or create a new one (the villagers sitting in judgment on memory or originality). Judgment is final, and the winner keeps the contested item. Since theft is so rare, there is no set or commonly prescribed punishment for such offenses.

There is a unique Ystävä Talven tradition concerning nonmaterial or abstract possessions of an individual (e.g., the personal songs sung by the members of the Cult of the Whale, or the totems and medicine items worn or carried by an individual). Should these strictly personal possessions be handled, marred or stolen by another, the deed is punishable as though it were a physical attack upon the owner. In the eyes of the other villagers, the victim has every right to even kill the person who has instigated such an injury.

7.4.2 BLOOD FEUDS AND SONG DUELS

One very unusual custom of the Ystävät Talven is the *laulutaistelu* (La. "song duel," pl. *laulutaistelut*). Song duels are used almost exclusively to settle blood feuds or arguments that might escalate into one. Most feuds are caused by the same passions that move all Men: jealousy, lust and hatred. The lack of formal trials often leads to an impromptu and wrongful death. In such cases, the relatives of the wrongfully executed may seek vengeance on the executioners. Such feuds are bad for villages in that many of the best hunters or fishermen may be killed, leaving many hungry mouths behind.

Blood feuds perpetuate themselves with one act of vengeance forever following another so that, to end the feud without becoming enmeshed in its bloodletting, one of the parties or its allies may challenge the other side to a song duel. The chosen singers stand forth, surrounded by the entire village, and perform specially prepared songs. They may spend several days working on their individual songs. The purpose of the song is to belittle and berate the other with sarcastic and scurrilous remarks. The winner is the one who receives the most applause from the villagers. The songs are judged on wit, clever metaphors and analogies, and how tuneful they are. Many are set to older

traditional songs into which the singer merely inserts new lyrics. Simply using long strings of invectives and coarse epithets is frowned upon. The purpose of the duel is to be clever, not merely to shout vulgar expletives at one's opponent.

The following is an excerpt from the diary of Aerechnir, harpoonist mate aboard the Cardolanian whaler Courageous Lady, who witnessed such a song duel:

I was surprised to see that every villager of Ivory Hill (or "Norsunluinen Mäki," as they calls it) gathered in a great circle about the fire at the center of their little village. I was curious and went to see what was happening, for it looked as though a fight was about to take place. Then, on one side of the circle, amid cheers and jeers from the crowd, a young man stepped forth; from the other side, to more cheers and jeers, another man stepped into the light. They bore no weapons, but the looks on their faces told the tale—looked as like to stick a knife in one another if they had the chance.

What happened next took me so off guard I didn't know what to do. One of the men sat down near the fire and the other started singing at him. And I mean singing! I know enough of their language that I could hardly believe my ears. What follows is but a small part of the song and only what I remembered surely:

I sing a song of sorrow for my brother,
For he lies dead in the snow;
And this dog who cries in the night
Like a whipped cur or a sick pup
Is the one responsible.
This dog who would piss
On his master's food,
And bite his master's hand;
He is at fault for my brother's death.

This miserable wretch
Who eats Mannish flesh
Like the twisted ones
That roam the tundra,
Felled him from behind,
Felled him with his knife,
Felled him from behind,
Because he is a coward
Who would not face his enemy.

There was a good deal more before he finally quieted down and took a seat by the fire. What's more, the crowd just goes wild cheering and hooting and clapping when he finished. Then, lo and behold, if the other fellow who sat there taking all that abuse, gets up and gives the first singer what for, singing about the same thing to the first fellow and telling him off something awful. When he's done, the crowd really cuts loose with the cheering and clapping.

That was it, I thought: surely there would be a fight after the two got through calling one another all them names. But no, the crowd just wandered off and there was neither fight nor wrestle. I asked a man near me what it was all about, he told me they was settling an argument! I could hardly believe my ears, having two men call one another all kind of names to settle a score was a new one on me. In the taverns and ale-halls of Tharbad, the furniture and bottles would have been flying before the first song was half over! He said it was their way, though, and the last singer had been the winner. The bad blood between the two of them was over.

If it works for them it's none of my business, but I still think it was the daftest thing I've ever seen or heard.

7.4.3 SPIRIT CRIMES

Henkirikokset (La. "spirit crimes," sing. *henkirikos*) include any deliberate summoning of evil or baneful spirits to harm a village, placing a curse upon someone, or any action that deliberately upsets the balance of Nature—slaughtering animals unnecessarily, chopping down trees and letting them rot, or deliberately setting fire to a forest. To the Jäämiehet, plundering burial cairns is a spirit crime. In the case of the Merimetsästäjät, speaking or singing in Äänettön Meri, the Sea of Silence that surrounds their great burial bergs, is also a spirit crime (though a minor one: violators are immediately hushed and are killed only if they refuse to be silent). Witnesses punish spirit crimes with immediate and forceful action. Ostracism is the *minimal* sentence for a crime discovered after the fact, and an immediate death sentence is the most likely outcome.

GM Note: *ICE's* **Palantír Quest** *involves the seeing-stones lost by Arvedui, Last-king of Arthedain and later recovered by the Lumimiehet. The Lumimiehet cannot use the* palantíri, *but revere them as sacred. Should PCs take the* palantíri *for King Elessar, they would be guilty of a spirit crime in the eyes of the Lumimiehet.*



A seal hunt



7.5 BARTER AND EXCHANGE

The Ystävät Talven do not use coins as a medium of exchange, relying instead almost exclusively on barter. Indeed, in the most distant villages beside Lonely Bay, the inhabitants scarcely know the difference between a copper and a gold piece. Only the Lumimiehet of the Wash Tundra are amenable to coins as a barter item, and even then they take them only in the spring so they may exchange them with Rivermen or other wanderers from the South for something useful.

Among themselves, the Ystävät Talven trade furs, herbs, ivory carvings, jewelry and domesticated animals (primarily sled-dogs). They seldom trade weapons, armor or clothing, since every family is adept at supplying these things for themselves (though specially decorative, unusual or well-made items can always be traded). Virtually self-sufficient, the Ystävät Talven need very little from outsiders, and barter is practiced more as a social gesture than out of any utilitarian need. No commodity possesses inherent value, this being dependent rather on need, friendship or family ties.

The closest equivalent the Ystävät Talven have to coins are small ivory carvings (usually well-sculpted animals or landscapes engraved or etched into ivory disks). These are called *sijaiset,* "instead of's," and function less as money than as promissory notes. By exchanging one of these tokens for another item, the individual offering the *sijaisi* promises to return with an item of equal value. However, this is usually conducted only among friends, kinsmen or other "known" individuals; *sijaiset* are not accepted from strangers. A time limit is usually set for the completion of the exchange, and a great deal of honor can be lost should an individual fail to return with the promised item.

In trading with Rivermen and others from the South, the Ystävät Talven have only a few select items they are always interested in. They are fond of the thick woolen blankets from Arthedain, as well as thick, warm, leather boots with rugged soles. They are also fond of the sweet foreign foods. Dried apples, apricots and jars of honey are prized among the Ystävät Talven whose diet is low in sugars save for the berries they gather in summer and autumn. They are also interested in medicinal herbs from the South.

They tend to be uninterested in metal implements, weapons or armor. Metal armor is deadly in the cold climate and can suck the heat out of a man's body in winter. The Ystävä Talven whalers remain unimpressed by the great iron-headed harpoons used by the Cardolanian whalers. Unlike ivory or bone harpoons, the iron-heads are easily corroded by the saltwater, requiring constant care and maintenance. As the Ystävät Talven fight no wars, the long swords and huge battle-axes carried by southerners seem absurd. While they appreciate the metal arrowhead and spear-head, they are masters of making such things of bone and ivory and see little sense in paying for them. Also, being nomadic, large iron cooking utensils are too heavy to carry from camp to camp. More than one trader from the South with dreams of ivory has thought to impress the Lumimiehet with a mule train of heavy, iron cooking pots and cauldrons, only to find at the end of his wearying journey that the people are interested in only blankets and light, mobile objects. The only metal items they are truly interested in are fishhooks and small knives.

They are also fond of jewelry, but have little concept of the value of metals or gems. Thus, a small, intricately-crafted, copper ring can be traded for more than a large simple gold band set with a diamond. They also retain an interest in those magical items they have use for, but enchanted weapons and items that deal with lore or language are of little use to the majority of Ystävät Talven. By virtue of their dwelling in icebergs, the Merimetsästäjät are always interested in any item that allows the casting of an Ice Law spell.

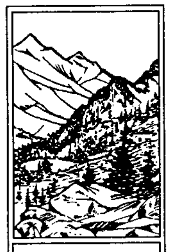
7.5.1 FESTIVALS

The Ystävät Talven gather for two large celebrations in spring and summer. The locations vary and are chosen almost spontaneously to suit the maximum number of participants—usually somewhere on the northern shores of Sheltered Bay. This location allows most of the Lumimiehet and Jäämiehet to travel by land, while the Merimetsästäjät can make the journey by boat.

The spring festival lasts for several weeks, and there is a good deal of coming and going during the last two weeks of Nórui and first weeks of Cerveth as Lumimies, Jäämies and Merimetsästäjä mix and mingle. The inlanders trade venison and hides with the Merimetsästäjät, while coastal villages proffer whalebone and ivory. Having crafted various trinkets through the winter, the people gather to sing, dance and offer one another such hospitality as they can. This includes the sharing of husbands and wives with new friends. (See Section 7.2.2.) It is also a time when Cardolanian whalers and others visit and trade such things as the Ystävät Talven covet.

The spring gathering is truly festive, for the Ystävät Talven are celebrating their survival of yet another winter. There is feasting and story-telling, the *muistajat* vying through the night with stories and tales until the stars fade and none but they are awake to hear the telling. There are also many games and contests involving feats of skill and mental prowess, everything from archery contests to foot races. Archery contests are held on land and harpooning contests are held on the water. The harpoon contests involve a small piece of driftwood, which is towed behind a boat while the harpooner in another boat attempts to skewer it. The whaling Merimetsästäjät are the inevitable winners of these contests, though their prize is nothing other than the admiration of the crowd and the pride of achievement. One unusual competition where the winner actually gains something material are sled-dog contests. The dogs are harnessed to weighted sleds to see which are the strongest; the owner of the winner is paid handsomely in food for stud service fees.

A second festival period heralds the end of summer. Whereas the spring festival focuses on trade and reestablishing distant relationships, the summer festival is more localized and serves those who live and work together to celebrate the summer's hunt and the bounty of the tundra. This festival is always held on the week of the full moon in the month of Ivanneth or of Narbeleth (depending on whether the full moon is early or late in Ivanneth). This is also a good time for traders from the South to come and barter for furs, ivory, whalebone and the oil-rich skins of whale and walrus. The summer festivals are centered around the largest village within a hundred mile radius. Small, distant villages may have their own festival, rather than make a long trek to another. For the Merimetsästäjät, the summer festivals are held in the great berg-delvings, but they may come ashore and celebrate with Jäämies villagers as well.



8.0 RELIGION AND WORLDVIEW

In the eyes of the Ystävät Talven, the world in which they currently reside is but part of a greater whole, loosely defined as Henkimaailma, the Spirit World, which in its turn is encompassed by Ympyrä, the eternal Order of Nature. Within Ympyrä, Man is neither of greater nor of lesser importance than the river, the bear or the grass-covered tundra. One of the most fundamental beliefs of the Ystävät Talven is that Ympyrä should be kept in *tasapaino*, perfect balance. All things—cold and heat, good and evil, sea and land—are locked in an ever-changing balancing act. Good and evil are thus defined in terms of how *tasapaino* is affected, rather than in terms of a rigidly defined code of conduct. This is not to say that anything is permissible. The average Ystävä Talven would no more deliberately offend the spirits as he would stab himself in the foot with a knife. Respecting powerful spirits is considered mere common sense.

Travelers in the Northern Waste are often baffled by an Ystävä Talven's willingness to overindulge in one thing while remaining placid and uninvolved in another. It is often the guiding force of *tasapaino* that dictates their behavior. Gorging oneself at a feast is considered natural and proper; it redresses the times of hunger (a common experience in the frozen North). In summer, the Ystävät Talven dance, run and play games to the point of near exhaustion, compensating for the forced idleness of the long winter days, when weeks at a time must be spent huddled against the cold.

The Ystävät Talven consider all things embraced by Ympyrä (whether animate or inanimate) to have their own *tarmo*, the unseen force which binds a thing to its physical form. All things eventually surrender their *tarmo* back to Ympyrä. If a man splits a rock to make a stone dagger or axe, the Ystävät Talven say that he has used the rock's *tarmo*. When a hunter kills a bear, eating its meat to stave off hunger or donning its fur to keep warm, the hunter is using the bear's *tarmo* to further his own existence. When a wise one chants a song of healing to heal an injury, she draws upon the *tarmo* of the Spirit World.

GM Note: *Regardless of what realm of magic a spell-caster may draw upon (Channeling or Essence), the Ystävät Talven believe its tarmo to derive ultimately from the Spirit World.*

The Ystävät Talven consider Orcs, Trolls, dragons and other unnatural creatures to be *Ulkopuolesta*, "from outside" (that is, outside Ympyrä). These creatures possess *kuoleman tarmo*, a term usually applied to such things as a stillborn baby, rigor mortis, or the death grip of a warrior on his weapon. Thus, these creatures exist without a proper place within Ympyrä. They are to be killed if possible, so that their *tarmo* can be released and returned to Ympyrä for more useful purposes. If killing seems impossible or unwise, they are to be avoided. This attitude accounts for the Witch-king's failure to convert most of the Ystävät Talven to his cause. While they fear the Witch-king and submit under threat of the lash, few Ystävät Talven serve Angmar willingly. As one Dúnadan put it, "In their innocence lies their strength."

The Ystävät Talven know nothing of Eru or the Valar, and would recognize them only as the greatest spirits within the Henkimaailma. The peoples of the North have reshaped and retold the creation myths and legends of Arda to fit their own cultural assumptions, perceiving the world through a uniquely egalitarian lens. While denizens of the Spirit World vary in power, the Ystävät Talven regard them as equal in importance. The bear may be more powerful than the reindeer, but this fact does not make the former "higher" than the latter; rather, the bear fulfills its function in Ympyrä, just as the reindeer does. The two are different but equal parts of the same whole.

Philosophers and theologians among the Dúnedain have often pondered the place of the Ystävät Talven within the Providence of Eru Ilúvatar. Often their arguments run along these lines: being the outcome of the Music of the Ainur, the created world contains both the harmonies of the Valar and the dissonant notes of Morgoth. Within this scheme, the Valar view the Ystävät Talven as unlearned in the Music. Yet, as this ignorance stems neither from evil intent nor from a desire to corrupt the harmonies, but rather is oriented towards a conception of natural order (Ympyrä), Channeling spells (which draw their power directly from the Valar) are apparently accessible to the Ystävät Talven. If Ilúvatar can assimilate even the Discord of Melkor, the rough and unpolished notes bodied forth in the lives and actions of the Ystävät Talven surely have a claim to participation in the working of the Valar's will, even if they do not know it.

Wise one and spirit-namer



8.1 GOOD AND EVIL

The precarious nature of existence in the North requires the Ystävät Talven to adopt what, to those from warmer and friendlier climates of the South, consider extremely cruel measures to ensure the continued existence of the community as a whole—to the Ystävät Talven, necessity is the prime moral consideration. The Ystävät Talven believe survival should be limited only to those who are (or will one day be) able to contribute to the subsistence of the group. Infants and sucklings, while helpless and contributing nothing physical to the group, are raised with much tenderness and care because they will grow to become hunters and providers. An injured hunter is not simply left to his fate, but nursed back to health so that he may once again contribute to his people's survival. On the other hand, the elderly (or the permanently infirm of any age) who can no longer hunt, gather or provide the group with useful wisdom are left to die.

Invalids and the infirm are taken far out onto ice-floes and abandoned. The elderly often take this imperative into their own hands through a form of suicide. Elders who elect to "go for a walk" invariably intend to walk away from the village until they die of cold and exposure. The record of one such incident is preserved in the log of the West Light, a Cardolanian whaling ship:

Log of the Good Ship West Light

Tonight my blood flows cold and my heart is frozen. I have traveled in many waters and seen many wonders, both fair and foul, but tonight I have witnessed an evil to darken the heart of any sane man. We were attending a small festival in the Lossothren village of Lintuluu. Many villagers were there making merry and dancing the slow steps to the Drum Song. At the end of the dance, a feast was to begin in the large communal house. Once inside and gathered about the firepit in the center, a somewhat weak and feeble old man and an old but hale woman stood solemnly forth and said what to my limited understanding of their speech amounted to: "We shall go for a walk now."

At first, I little understood what this meant and was surprised to see nodding acceptance on some of the villager's faces, consternation and concern on others. The troubled ones gathered round the couple and seemed most urgently attempting to dissuade the woman, at least, from taking what in my naiveté I took to be a mere stroll around the village. When I asked my friend and guide, Kuunkoira, what was happening, he explained that the man and woman intended to walk out on the ice of the bay and put an end to themselves, but that the villagers were concerned because, while the man had long since ceased to be of real service to the village, his wife had a great store of knowledge concerning healing herbs and they were not yet sure she had imparted all her wisdom to the village.

I was nauseated at the knowledge that the Lossoth were contemplating such an evil: a harmless old man who had done no one harm was to be sacrificed with such indifference while his friends virtually ignored him and were endeavoring to prevent his wife from the same fate—and all because she had some small store of knowledge they might need and he did not!? In the end, the villagers won. The woman cupped her husband's face in her hands and rubbed her nose back and forth against his (the common Lossothren custom for a kiss) and bade him farewell. Without further adieu, the old man turned and departed the house to meet his fate on the breaking ice of the bay.

I was so appalled at the situation that I returned immediately to my ship and have no plans to set foot ashore or mingle with these evil people again. Kuunkoira was surprised at my reaction and said it was common among his people for such things to take place. I must keep Kuunkoira near me because he is my translator and guide, but I now feel no friendliness toward him or his people.

8.2 WISE ONES AND SPIRIT-NAMERS

Two shamanic figures form the center of spiritual life among the Ystävät Talven. These are the *viisas* (La. "wise one," pl. *viisaat*) and *henkinimittäjä* (La. "spirit-namer," pl. *henkinimittäjät*). The *viisaat* are primarily healers of the sick and menders of the injured, armed with such herbs and curatives as grow in the frigid North. The *henkinimittäjät*, on the other hand, possess the gift of mediating between their people and the Spirit World. All *henkinimittäjät* and most *viisaat* are women, though men may also pursue the path of a *viisas*.

The ways and whims of spirits are dangerous for mortals to meddle with, and harm is often the result. Thus, depending on her own inclination towards good and evil, a *henkinimittäjä* is capable of bringing great good or great harm to her fellow villagers. There are tales of entire *heimot* destroyed by a *henkinimittäjä* seduced by demons in the guise of benevolent spirits. There are also other legends that tell of marauding Orc-hordes slaughtered to the last warrior when they troubled a village where dwelt a *henkinimittäjä* on friendly terms with unseen powers.

When a *viisas* or *henkinimittäjä* discovers such a gift or power in another, the individual is taken under the wing of the village's eldest *viisas* for instruction. This is a double-edged sword. Should the initiate prove irresponsible or corrupt, she may do greater damage than if she had been left ignorant of the spiritual path. On the other hand, if left ignorant, a good and thoughtful individual might inadvertently unleash some great evil upon her neighbors; and so the Ystävät Talven believe that the path of wisdom, whatever its dangers, is better than the path of ignorance.

To outsiders, the religious observances of the Ystävät Talven seem almost spontaneous or practiced on a whim. In fact, ritual is taken extremely seriously in a world of ice and snow. Certain rites are performed as necessary, such as marriages, boat launching ceremonies, memorials for the death and so forth. In addition, the *henkinimittäjät* must also keep careful watch for any signs and omens that might disclose the current mood and disposition of the Spirit World, lest some powerful spirit inadvertently be offended by some action or neglect.

While there are no special days for religious observance, many rituals are performed only when ordained by the portents. While the Ystävät Talven retain no memories of Eru, the Valar or the Maiar, they do retain an echo of them in their own beliefs about Ympyrä, passed down from generation to generation through ancient songs. One such song, probably learned from the Elves, and then recast by the Ystävät Talven in a naturalistic light, tells of a battle between spirits:

And a Spirit of the Wind
And a Spirit of the Sea
Sang a contest to the Ice;
But the Ice in mighty voice
Sang back the louder,
And turned the Spirit of the Wind
And chased him over the sea,
Until Ice covered the waves
And quieted the Spirit of the Sea's voice.
But the Spirit of the Wind turned again
And drove the Ice from the Waters;
And so the Spirit of the Sea's voice
Shouted forth again,
But the Ice in mighty voice
Sang back the louder;
And in the contest unending
The years like snowflakes fall.



A funeral raft

8.3 DEATH AND FUNERARY CUSTOMS

Elders who leave their village to die are either buried by the ice and snow of a storm, or eaten by passing animals. In either case, their bodies are never found, and there is no need for a burial. However, accident, disease and predators exist in plentiful supply in the North. When a burial is necessary, the Lumimiehet, Jäämiehet and Merimetsästäjät each have differing customs. As the ground is perpetually rock-hard from repeatedly being frozen, burial or interment in the ground is unknown to the Ystävät Talven. In winter, when it is impossible to perform burial rites, it is customary when an individual dies that the body be preserved in an ice-tomb near the village until the spring thaw when they can be given a proper send off.

LUMIMIEHET

The Lumimiehet give their dead to rivers. Upon the death of an individual, a small raft is constructed (depending on the immediately available materials, of wood and interlaced branches, or of bone and animal skins). The deceased is stripped of anything particularly useful (e.g., a runeknife, a spear, a pair of new boots, etc.) and is surrendered to the waters without much ceremony or fanfare. Lumimiehet of the Lakeland prefer to give their dead to the bogs and marshes rather than the lakes. The bodies take a good deal of time to decompose in the cold water and can cause unpleasant surprises should they come bobbing up in the spring fishing season. Those Lumimiehet living directly on the seacoasts do not make boats, but instead use large pieces of ice as platforms for the corpses. The body is placed on the ice and led out to sea. While all useful items are taken from the body, the dead are sent to their rest with any personal (non-magical) jewelry they owned, such as ivory amulets and rings.

JÄÄMIEHET

The coastal Jäämiehet strip a corpse of everything, wrapping it in sealskins. The body is then weighted with stones, put aboard a boat and taken out to sea. There, while a *viisas* sings the Songs of Death and Passing, the body is given to the deep. The inland Jäämiehet do not make the trek to the sea with their dead but instead build rock cairns over the deceased. The body is again stripped naked, wrapped in sealskin and simply laid upon the earth, while family and friends cover the departed with stones. To honor the dead and denote who has died, cairns are always capped with some item of which the individual was fond or for which he or she was noted in life. In the case of children, topping a little pile of stones with a ragged doll or a child-sized bow can be a heart-rending scene. Crude individuals from the South have been known to rob such cairns of the ivory trinkets or other valuable objects found there. Should the Jäämiehet recognize such an object as stolen from the graves, the individual in possession of it will meet a sudden death at their hands.

MERIMETSÄSTÄJÄT

The most elaborate burial customs among the Ystävät Talven are practiced by the Merimetsästäjät, who inter their dead in icebergs delved exclusively for that purpose. These *hautauskummut* (La. "burial bergs," sing. *hautauskumpu*) are delved with equal or greater care than those which house the living. Each interior chamber of a burial berg acts as a mausoleum for a specific *heimo* or *suku*.

Merimetsästäjä funerary ritual is intricate and complicated. The deceased is entombed according to clan, gender or age. The proper rites must be performed by the *viisas* for each individual. The body is first prepared in special rooms where the rituals are performed, and then placed within a tomb carved from the ice of the berg. Merimetsästäjä dead are seldom stripped of their valuables and are entombed in their icy graves with many rare and valuable objects. While this may seem wasteful to other Ystävät Talven, the Merimetsästäjät regard it is the surest way to avoid offending the spirits of the dead. Anyone caught stealing from a *hautauskumpu* is put to death in a special ceremony performed within the berg.

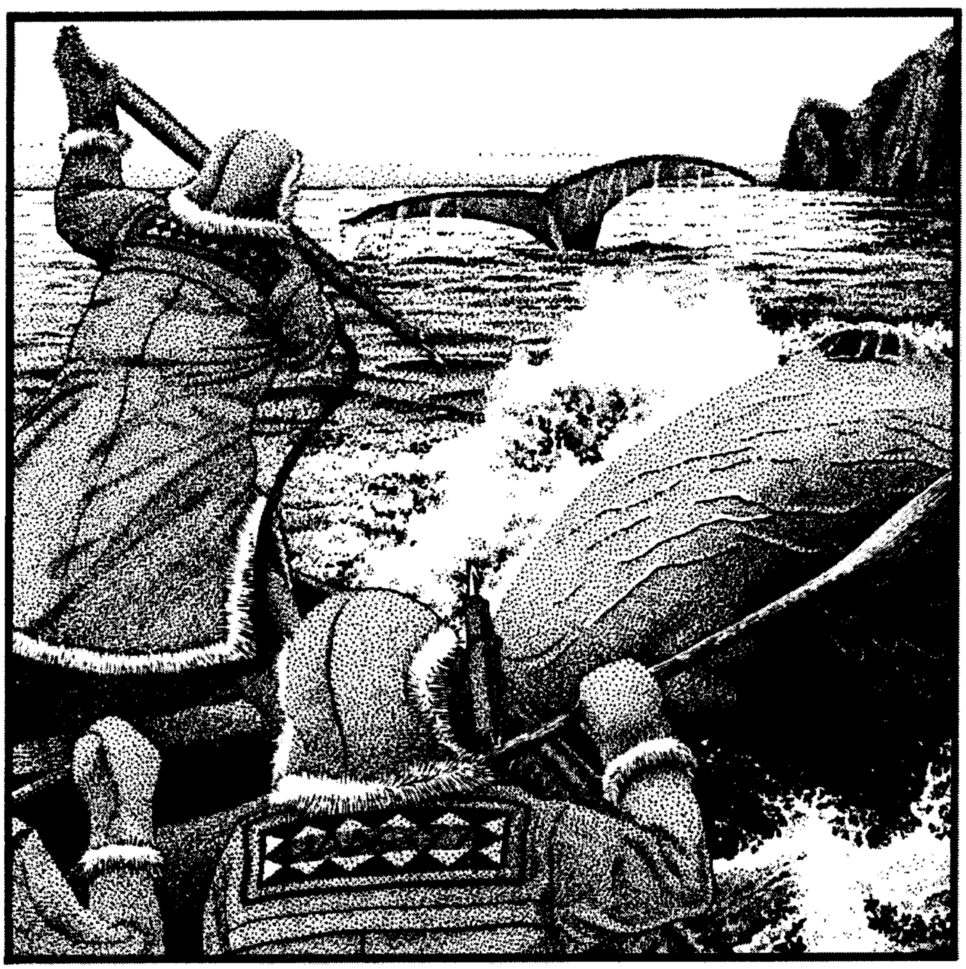


9.0 FIGURES OF NOTE

The wayfarer will never want for exotic encounters in the lands that march upon the edge of the world. Beings mighty and humble, good and evil, tread the Northern Waste—deathless spirits, keen-eyed hunters, dreaming mystics and watchful spies. The following section catalogues several interesting personalities as these might be encountered in T.A. 1640 (though in most cases the time-frame is inessential, and may be adapted to other periods with little effort). Other personalities are presented in the adventures of Section 13.0.

GM Note: *Since many cultures cohabit the far North, it is not surprising that some individuals should be known by a number of different names. The characters assembled below have been arranged alphabetically according to their "indigenous" names (or the names by which PCs would most likely hear of them). Because Ystävä Talven names always convey a deliberate, descriptive meaning, these have been translated into English at the beginning of each entry. Likewise, since legends about the Snow-elves generally filter down into the South by way of Sindarin-speaking Noldor or Dúnedain, Sindarin forms have been provided alongside the "native" forms for the Snow-elven characters appearing here.*

A whale hunt



AAMUMEREN ISÄ

Aamumeren Isä (La. "Father of the Morning Sea") is a neutral Maia who dwells in the Bay of Forochel, but also wanders into Belegaer and the Encircling Sea. The Elves name him Aeradar Iaur, Old Sea-father, but know little of his ways. Aamumeren Isä usually travels in the form of a gigantic humpback whale—twice the size of a normal adult of that species—but may also appear as a large wave. In water-form, the Maia has total control over the temperature of his body, capable of transforming himself into anything from a block of ice to a steamy vapor. He exercises equal control over his whale-*fana*, appearing much smaller than is his wont if need asks.

The Maia has wandered the sea ever since the Elder Days, witnessing both the sinking of Beleriand and the drowning of Númenor from his unique vantage point. Aamumeren Isä now roams where and when he wills, meddling not with the ways and woes of the land or its people, with whom he may deal sternly and strictly, or with gentleness and caring, according to his pleasure. In wave-form, Aamumeren Isä has on rare occasions saved whalers from the icy sea, surrounding a drowning man with warm water and lifting him upward to safety. On other occasions, in whale-*fana*, he has rammed and overturned whaling boats.

It is believed among the Valaskalan Palvonta that the virtuous may summon Aamumeren Isä to their aid, and that the great spirit rewards bravery but frowns upon those who hunt his whale-brethren beyond their own need. A mysterious power of the deep, even the Elves are unsure as to his motives. In truth, being wholly neutral, the Maia sometimes may act out of rather trivial considerations—saving a whaler simply because he likes his singing, or attacking a vessel because it hunts a friend of his.

Aamumeren Isä

Level: 35.
Race: Maia.
Home: Bay of Forochel.

Aamumeren Isä in MERP

Hits: 360 **Melee OB:** 90HBa **Missile OB:** N/A **AT (DB):** Pl (90).

MERP Profession: Animist.

MERP Stats: ST 130, AG 120, CO 106, IG 100, IT 120, PR 110.

MERP Skills: Perception 125, Stalk/Hide 200, Athletic: Swimming 300, Lore: Whale Lore 217.

MERP Spells (140 PPs): Knows all Open Channeling and Animist spell lists to 10th level.

Aamumeren Isä in Rolemaster

Hits: 360 **Melee OB:** 90HBa **Missile OB:** N/A **AT (DB):** 20 (90).

RM Profession: Animist.

RM Stats: Ag 120, Co 106, Me 98, Re 100, SD 105, Em 97, In 120, Pr 110, Qu 118, St 130.

RM Skills: Athletic (Endurance): Swimming 300. Awareness (Searching): Observation 125. Lore (General): Whale Lore 217. Subterfuge (Stealth): Hide 200, Stalk 200.

RM Spells (315 PPs): Knows all open and closed Channeling and Animist Base Spell lists to 25th level.



CANADRAS

Canadras (S. "Four-horn") is a thirty-five foot long ice-drake of greyish hue and pale, mesmerizing, blue-green eyes. He gets his name from the four great protrusions crowning his head—two large horns, of brownish-yellow shade, curling back and around like a ram's; two needle-sharp, of ivory white, jutting out like a bull's, just below and to the side. With these dread weapons, wielded with expert skill, Canadras butts and gores his opponents.

The dragon's origins are unclear. Some claim that he was spawned in the Grey Mountains, far to the east; others, that his birthplace lay among the long-destroyed Iron Mountains. (The curious may, of course, go and ask the dragon himself to confirm or refute these rumors—the trick is living to tell the tale!) Evil, old and wise, Canadras lairs in an abandoned palace of ice, carved ages ago by the Snow-elves on the tip of the peninsula dividing the Bay of Desolation from the Forsaken Sea. Unlike so many sad tales of dragons, Canadras did not, in fact, route the Elves from their home, but merely occupied the dwelling some decades after its abandonment.

While not a particularly shy creature, Canadras seldom troubles Men or Elves, thanks to the scant population in the region (though, when bored, he occasionally goes looking for trouble). His diet consists primarily of fish from the Bay of Desolation and seals that come to breed on its shores, occasionally supplementing this fare with bigger game, such as bear or whale. While foraging, Canadras endeavors to capture any folk he may encounter. If disturbed in his dwelling, Canadras does not immediately seek to destroy his victims; instead, he attempts to enslave them with his hypnotic eyes, sending them to spy out the doings of the Orcs in the nearby Bleak Mountains. When not asleep or in search of food, Canadras passes his idleness glacading or skiing near to his lair (guiding his descent with the spurs of his rear feet).

For a dragon, Canadras has but a small hoard. Anyone entering his palace may find 3,000 gp worth of gems and jewelry looted from the Umli on his rare raids, and another 1,000 gp worth of ivory taken from the Ystävät Talven. Searchers may also find any number of good quality (but non-magical) weapons taken from victims. Amid the treasure is Galgrin's Hammer, an object much desired by Galgrinic of Vasaran Ahjo. (See Section 10.0.)

GM Note: *There is a 75% chance of finding Canadras sleeping in his palace.*

CANADRAS

Level: 30.

Race: Ice-drake.

Home: Peninsula separating Hûb Lostas from Thorenaer.

Canadras in MERP

Hits: 450 **Melee OB:** 110HBi/110HCl/110HBa/120HHo **Missile OB:** 90IBr **AT (DB):** Pl (55).

MERP Skills: Lore: Ancient Forodwaith History 134, Lore: Bleak Mountain Region Lore 98, Lore: Creatures of Morgoth Lore 92, Lore: Forsaken Sea Region Lore 101, Read Rune 96, Use Items 76.

MERP Spells: Canadras can utilize the Calm Spirits and Detection Mastery lists at no power point cost (up to 10th level). Canadras' great knowledge also gives him the equivalent of the Lore and Item Lore lists at no power point cost (up to 10th level). Canadras can hypnotize and charm lesser beings with his eyes, equivalent to the Spirit Mastery list (up to his level, at no power point cost). The duration of the *Charm* spells from this list is 1 day for every point by which the RR failed.

Canadras in Rolemaster

Hits: 450 **Melee OB:** 110HBi/110HCl/110HBa/120HHo **Missile OB:** 90IBr **AT (DB):** 20 (55).

RM Skills: Power Awareness: Attunement 76, Read Runes 96. Lore (General): Ancient Forodwaith History 134, Bleak Mountain Region Lore 98, Forsaken Sea Region Lore 101. Lore (Obscure): Creatures of Morgoth Lore 92.

RM Spells: Canadras can utilize the Calm Spirits and Detection Mastery lists at no power point cost (up to 15th level). Canadras' great knowledge also gives him the equivalent of the Lore and Item Lore lists at no power point cost (up to 20th level). Canadras can hypnotize and charm lesser beings with his eyes, equivalent to the Spirit Mastery list (up to his level, at no power point cost). The duration of the *Charm* spells from this list is 1 day for every point by which the RR failed.

DURLACH

Next to Jäänainen, Durlach is the mightiest being to inhabit the Northern Waste. A Balrog of Angband, Durlach was imprisoned within the seething caldera of Morgoth's Well during the War of Wrath. A mile beneath the surface of the living earth, Durlach writhes and coils about his fiery lake in the form of a vast serpent, consumed with an insatiable lust for destruction. Fettered to the lake by an ancient spell of binding, Durlach assails any who intrude upon his domain by the force of his will alone, draining power from all who wield magic and spellcraft.

Unless summoned by dark sorcery, Durlach is confined to his prison and can only leave for short periods of time, wandering the subterranean tunnels of Morgoth's Well for no more than two hours before being forced to return to the warmth of his lava pool, and being forced to rejuvenate his sapped strength for at least two days before venturing out again. Of late (that is to say, the past few centuries), the magma of Morgoth's Well has been slowly rising. While this gradual increase is only an inch or two a year, time means nothing to the trapped, immortal spirit, and the centuries only bring Durlach closer to freedom. Should the lake of lava at the bottom of the Well ever completely fill the caldera and overflow onto the Fire Tundra, then the bonds on Durlach would be broken and he would be free to terrorize Middle-earth once again.

DURLACH

Level: 80.

Race: Balrog (Fire Spirit).

Home: Morgoth's Well.

Durlach in MERP

Hits: 290 **Melee OB:** 150HGr or 120HBi or 140HBa (as Serpent)/120HBa (as Demon) **Missile OB:** 140 Fire Bolt/135HBa (as Demon) **AT (DB):** Pl (90) (as Serpent) Pl (70) (as Demon).

MERP Profession: Mage.

MERP Stats: ST 115, AG 87, CO 108, IG 99, IT 103, PR 110.

MERP Skills: Lore: Arcane Lore 95, Lore: First Age History 120, Perception 165, Use Items 115.

MERP Spells (90 PPs + those drained): Durlach knows Essence's Ways, Unbarring Ways, Essence Hand, Spell Ways, Essence Perceptions, Fire Law, Earth Law, Light Law, Wind Law (all to 10th level).

Durlach in Rolemaster

Hits: 290 **Melee OB:** 150HGr or 120HBi or 140HBa (as Serpent)/120HBa (as Demon) **Missile OB:** 140 Fire Bolt/135HBa (as Demon) **AT (DB):** Pl (90) (as Serpent) Pl (70) (as Demon).

RM Profession: Mage.

RM Stats: Ag 87, Co 108, Me 103, Re 92, SD 88, Em 99, In 103, Pr 110, Qu varies, St 115.

RM Skills: Awareness (Perceptions): Alertness 65. Awareness (Searching): Observation 165. Lore (General): First Age History 120. Lore (Magical): Artifact Lore 85, Spell Lore (Fire Law) 110. Power Awareness: Attunement 115.

RM Spells (250 PPs + those drained): Durlach knows Fire Law to 30th level, Earth Law, Light Law, Wind Law to 15th level, Essence Hand, Spell Wall, Detecting Ways, Unbarring Ways, Dispelling Ways to 10th level.

Durlach's Special Powers

Durlach delivers a "D" (+10) Heat critical with each successful attack. Spellcraft is by far Durlach's favored offensive weapon, draining PPs even from those who use magic merely to defend themselves. The Balrog fears anyone using Ice Law or Water Law spells, and concentrates his attacks on these above all others. Ice Law spells do triple damage against Durlach, while Water Law spells do double damage. (Fire Law spells are ineffective.)

Any metal weapon striking Durlach must make a RR vs. 10th level or become so heated as to be immediately dropped by its wielder. Weapons of wood construction, including spear and arrow-shafts, must make the same RR (but vs. 15th level) or burst into flames. All weapons are considered 1st level, but the following modifiers may apply: OBs double the RR modifier (+10 adds 20 to the RR); special powers (sheds light, detects Orcs, etc.) each add +10 to the RR; Elvish or Númenórean forging adds another +20; and any Holy weapon gains +30.

Durlach bends his will upon any who descend into Morgoth's Well, continually urging them to cast spells. A RR vs. 10th level must be made to resist this powerful suggestion; failure indicates that the individual gives in to the Balrog's command. In addition, there is a 10% chance that Durlach answers any summoning spell cast within the Well, regardless of what is actually being summoned. He returns to his lava pool after 2-20 rounds if he finds no prey or if no opportunity to escape the caldera presents itself.

Durlach's movement rate depends on his degree of wakefulness. Normally, while trapped in the lava, the Balrog's speed is Slow (See Speed Chart on ST-2, Creature Summary Table in *Middle-earth Role Playing*.); when raging at his imprisonment, Durlach moves Moderately Fast, but quickly returns to his more torpid movements as his anger cools. If Durlach has drained 1-25 PPs from victims, his speed increases to Medium; thereafter, he gains one position on the Speed Chart for every 25 PPs drained (that is, at 26-50, Durlach's movement increases from Medium to Moderately Fast, and so on). After draining 100 PPs or more, the Balrog reaches a maximum speed of Very Fast.

ELOEKLO

Known to the Ystävät Talven as Tuulipahauus (La. "Wind-evil"), Eloeklo is the Demon of the North Wind, Master of the Wind-horde and immortal tyrant of the Northern Waste. During the First Age of the world, Eloeklo served as Morgoth's guardian of the Iron Mountains. In the War of Wrath, a Noldorin hero bound Eloeklo to the northernmost extremities of Morgoth's shattered realm so that he could never pass into the South and wreak cold desolation upon the inhabited lands. Thus, since Morgoth's fall, Eloeklo has been caged in the upper airs, forced to remain merged with winds of a certain degree of coldness. He can regain only a partial semblance of his former self when summoned by some magical means or where concentrations of natural Essence (as occur in severe blizzards or magical battles) allow his drifting, far-flung *fana* to coalesce into one location.

Eloeklo is no longer able to assume a fully corporeal shape in Middle-earth. He appears either as a shapeless, cloud-like mass of wind and snow the size of a small hill, or as a semi-transparent horned and fanged demon some three times larger than a Man. In cloud-form, Eloeklo is unable to use weapons and endeavors rather to unbalance his opponents. In demon-form, his features are grotesque, snarling as he wields a whip of barbed ice. Immensely powerful in either form, Eloeklo is in fact almost completely blind to everything around him, and is compelled to rely on other senses to seek and destroy his prey. The limitations imposed on Eloeklo by this constraint are illustrated by the Lumimies tale, *Yrttitee ja Kylmä Tuuli* (La. "Herb Tea and Cold Wind"):

Yrttitee ja Kylmä Tuuli

Seeing a storm approach, some hunters built for themselves a strong shelter of ice blocks. As they let their tea steep a while so that the water would cool and the flavor become stronger, the viisas *among them stood apart, sniffing the air. The winds howled and blew in a fury against the little* pyöreä talo, *but the hunters were safe and warm inside.*

When the blizzard began to slowly blow itself out, the viisas *sang a spell to summon their sled-dogs, for these had scattered to find warm spots out of the wind; but what appeared then out of the storm was not the sled-dogs but a monster of great size. It lashed the* viisas *with a whip of ice, slaying her on the spot.*

The hunters came forth from the shelter to see what was happening. One screamed and ran; another, startled, spilled his tea down the front of his coat; a third was so terror-stricken that he fell on his face and did not move. The Wind-evil caught and crushed the hunter who took flight. Then, sniffing, the beast lashed out with its whip at the hunter who smelled of herb tea, until he lay dead in the snow.

But the Wind-evil could not find the frightened hunter, since he made neither movement nor sound "You are there!!" it roared, lashing the snow; then it paused, listening. Again the fearsome Wind-evil bellowed "You are here!!" lashing the snow in a different place; then pausing and listening intently. But hearing no sound and perceiving no movement, the spirit of cold spread its arms and disappeared on the winds of the passing storm.

Eloeklo

Level: 40.

Race: Maia (Wind Spirit).

Home: Upper airs of Forodwaith.

Eloeklo in MERP

Hits: 400 **Melee OB:** 275th **Missile OB:** 175wh **AT (DB):** Pl (90).

MERP Profession: Warrior.

MERP Stats: ST 120, AG 112, CO 99, IG 99, IT 90, PR 112.

MERP Skills: Ambush 24 (is dependent on when Eloeklo can see).

MERP Spells (300 PPs): Knows all Open Channeling lists to 10th level.

Eloeklo in Rolemaster

Hits: 400 **Melee OB:** 275th **Missile OB:** 175wh **AT (DB):** 20 (90).

RM Profession: Fighter.

RM Stats: Ag 112, Co 99, Me 98, Re 99, SD 110, Em 94, In 90, Pr 112, Qu 111, St 120.

RM Skills: Subterfuge (Attack): Ambush 120 (is dependent on when Eloeklo can see).

RM Spells (749 PPs): Knows all open and closed Channeling lists to 20th level.

Eloeklo's Special Powers

Eloeklo constantly seeks to regain an enduring *fana* within Middle-earth, but needs a focus or familiar to do so. There is a 1% chance that the creature hears any definite or angry utterance of his name in a storm or blizzard, and a 5% chance he answers any summoning spell (regardless of what is being summoned) cast during a winter storm. The demon leaves after 2- 20 rounds if no prey or opportunity presents itself. In all attacks, Eloeklo must make a Perception check to "see" what is happening near him. This is done at +30 in demon-form and at +10 in his cloud-form. In addition, he must make another Perception check if anything breaks his concentration (such as an utterance of the name "Elbereth" or contact with a lighted torch).

Eloeklo's Principal Items

Whip of the North Wind. This weapon is made entirely of cold airs, and Eloeklo can use it to freeze opponents to death. The weapon is +50 OB and delivers a "E" Cold critical per strike.

GALGRINIC

Galgrinic is lord of Vasaran Ahjo on the shores of the Forsaken Sea, having become master of this Umitic stronghold as a consequence of his father Galgrin's untimely death at the hands of the ice-drake Canadras. Since that time, Galgrinic has become the friend of all who name dragons their enemies. Galgrinic has yet to marry or sire an heir, and there is rumor in Vasaran Ahjo that he will not wed until Galgrin's Hammer is recovered from Canadras' hoard. (See Section 10.0.)

A benevolent ruler, Galgrinic is, in fact, much more interested in the forge and anvil than in public affairs. He delegates a good deal of authority to underlings and advisors, trusting to family ties and friendship rather than experience or true merit (a policy with varying consequences for the settlement—some advantageous, others less so). At all events, Galgrinic demands fair dealings for all who come to trade in Vasaran Ahjo. He can be short-tempered and spiteful towards any who demand a high price for ill-made goods, and towards those who knowingly take advantage of another's dire situation to turn a profit.

Galgrinic is short by Umitic standards (standing only 4'4") and is fair-haired, unusual for people of his race.

Galgrinic

Level: 8.

Race: Umit.

Home: Vasaran Ahjo.

Galgrinic in MERP

Hits: 132 **Melee OB:** 30wh **Missile OB:** N/A **AT (DB):** No (15).

MERP Profession: Mage.

MERP Stats: ST 94, AG 53, CO 102, IG 81, IT 53, PR 68.

MERP Skills: Appraisal 110, Caving 78, Craft: Jeweler 97, Craft: Smithing 157, Craft: Stone-crafts 99, Directed Spells 78, Read Rune 70, Use Item 75, Perception 55, Influence: Trading 56, Influence: Leadership 82, Gambling 91.

MERP Spells (8 PPs): Fire Law (8th), Ice Law (8th), Earth Law (8th), Spell Ways (8th), and Physical Enhancements (8th). Galgrinic's primary application for spellcraft is the forging of marvelous and well-crafted items.

Galgrinic in Rolemaster

Hits: 132 **Melee OB:** 30wh **Missile OB:** N/A **AT (DB):** 1 (15).

RM Profession: Magician.

Galgrinic



RM Stats: Ag 66, Co 102, Me 87, Re 80, SD 67, Em 83, In 53, Pr 68, Qu 51, St 94.

RM Skills: Awareness (Searching): Observation 55. Crafts: Jeweler 97, Smithing 157, Stone-crafts 99. Directed Spells: Fire Bolt 76, Ice Bolt 80. Influence: Trading 56, Leadership 82. Outdoor Environmental: Caving 78. Power Awareness: Attunement 75, Read Runes 70. Technical/ Trade (General): Gambling 91. Technical/Trade (Vocational): Appraisal 110.

RM Spells (26 PPs): Fire Law (8th), Ice Law (8th), Earth Law (8th), Spell Ways (8th), and Physical Enhancements (8th). Galgrinic's primary use for spellcraft is in his forge-work and such energies are focused into the creation of marvelous and well-crafted items.

Galgrinic's Principal Items

Anvil of Smithing. +20 to all metal-crafting skills.

Gauntlets of Heat Resistance. These gauntlets perform as the spell of the same name, but protect the hands only.

Jeweler's Glass. User can assess the values of jewels and metals as with *Jewel/Metal Assessment.*

INHAEL EKETYA

At two hundred and twenty years of age, Inhael is somewhat old to be wandering the wilds. Once a settled gentleman-farmer, Inhael began his wandering after political intrigue in Arthedain became too intense. He can now be found in the cold North, wandering from the Forsaken Sea to Lonely Bay, or from the Wash Tundra to Talath Uichel. Inhael cannot be mistaken for an Ystävä Talven: he stands well over 6' tall and his fair skin, dark hair, and clear, grey eyes mark him as a Dúnadan.

Weary of the tumultuous internal politics of House Eketya and its intrigues with the other great houses of that kingdom, Inhael has grown to love the silence and simplicity of the frozen North. In Forodwaith, he feels himself to be of greater service to his king than the petty, egocentric squabblings of his family. This is not to say that Inhael has abandoned his family ties. He often sends fur-traders and trappers he encounters in Forodwaith to the Eketya estates to trade their wares, so that his own household receives first pick of the best furs.

Inhael can often be found with young rangers-in-training. On his rare sojourns in Arthedain, he sometimes selects one or two promising youths to accompany him back to the North. Inhael is an excellent teacher, being patient, understanding and extremely articulate in explaining the whys and wherefores of a particular subject. When he feels his pupils have mastered skills sufficient to keep them alive in the wild, Inhael sends them back to Arthedain. Many of the rangers who scout the No-man's Lands between Arthedain and Angmar were trained by him.

Inhael combines the best qualities of the Dúnedain with the simple, shrewd, common-sensical attitudes of the Ystävät Talven. While proud and noble, he is never haughty. Inhael is supremely skilled and self-confident, but is seldom impatient with those less so. He is pragmatic and utilitarian in the extreme, but has not lost his eye for beauty or ornament. Inhael brooks no evil or cowardly deed for any reason, but is almost equally appalled by the pointlessly or foolishly brave.

Inhael has friends in almost all the Lumimies villages of the Herd Tundra and Lakeland, but is less well known among the Jäämiehet. In all his travels, Inhael has yet to visit the Merimetsästäjät in their berg-delvings. He has heard of these, but regards the stories as mere fables and informs others of his opinion if they ask concerning the berg-dwellers. The Dúnadan helps anyone in need and, if encountered in the wild, is an excellent source of information concerning the local geography and hazards.

INHAEL EKETYA

Level: 7.

Race: Dúnadan.

Home: The village of Rood in Arthedain. Wanders Forodwaith.

Inhael in MERP

Hits: 91 **Melee OB:** 40bs **Missile OB:** 45cp **AT (DB):** Ch (30).

MERP Profession: Ranger.

MERP Stats: ST 91, AG 82, CO 99, IG 77, IT 88, PR 90.

MERP Skills: Animal Handling 65, Artistic: Tale-telling 81, Crafts: Trap-building 93, First Aid 89, Foraging 102, Influence: Diplomacy 87, Influence: Teaching 104, Perception 67, Rope-mastery 74, Signaling 88, Sky-watching 91, Stalk/Hide 90, Track 98.

MERP Spells (28 PPs): Knows all Ranger spell lists to 10th level and all Open Channeling lists to 5th level.

Inhael in Rolemaster

Hits: 91 **Melee OB:** 40bs **Missile OB:** 45cp **AT (DB):** 14 (30).

RM Profession: Ranger.

RM Stats: Ag 82, Co 99, Me 74, Re 80, SD 90, Em 85, In 88, Pr 90, Qu 84, St 91.

RM Skills: Artistic (Active): Tale Telling 81. Awareness (Searching): Observation 67, Tracking 98. Communication: Signaling 88. Crafts: Rope-mastery 74. Influence: Diplomacy 87, Teaching 104. Outdoor (Animal): Animal Handling 65. Outdoor (Environmental): Foraging 102, Weather Watching 91. Subterfuge (Mechanics): Trap-building 93. Subterfuge (Stealth): Hide 90, Stalk 90.Technical/Trade (General): First Aid 89.

RM Spells (68 PPs): Knows all Ranger spell lists to 8th level and all Open Channeling lists to 7th level.

Inhael's Principal Items

Silver Signet Ring. x 2 PP multiplier, fashioned in the Eketya family crest, identifying Inhael as a member of that house.

+10 magical knife. Allows the wielder to cast *Sudden Light* 3 x/day.

+20 magical bow. Provides the wielder with an *Aiming* spell 2 x/day.

Boots of Moving Ways. Enable the wearer to use any spell of the Ranger list Moving Ways 2 x/day (up to 10th level).

Cloak of Nature's Guises. Allows the wearer unlimited use of any spell on the Ranger list Nature's Guises (up to 10th level). Only one spell from the list may be used at a time, but these can be combined with other Nature's Guises spells cast by the wearer.



JÄÄNAINEN

Also known as the Lady of the Cold and the Siren of the Ice, Jäänainen is an evil Maia whose home is the ice-floes on the Bay of Cracking Ice. A mistress of deceit and guile, Jäänainen is well-practiced in the languages, mannerisms and folkways of the Umli and Ystävät Talven who dwell near the shores of her home, and can easily walk among either group undetected when she so desires. This she sometimes does in order to learn the names and domiciles of those unfortunate individuals whom she wishes to victimize—or, just as often, to spread strife and ignite feuds between or among clans; though, being as ancient as the ice itself, she soon tires of such games, and is just as likely to wander away without bothering to view the end result of the sometimes bloody events she sets in motion.

Jäänainen assumes the shape of a beautiful young woman, the steady, piercing gaze of whose ice-blue eyes none of mortal race can long endure. She normally wears her long, silver-golden hair in a complicated braid, and invariably dresses—no matter what the season or the weather—in whisper-thin silks and laces of white and blue. To the touch, Jäänainen's skin may assume whatever degree of cold she pleases. Those who behold her seldom live to tell the tale.

In the First Age, Jäänainen was allied with Morgoth. After his downfall, she fled far north, deep into the Encircling Sea and so escaped the destructive reshaping of Endor. She now bides her time, doing such evil as she can in her small way. For the past few centuries she has resided in and around the shores of the Bay of Cracking Ice. Her main joy is to use her beauty to entice males out into the winter cold and keep them by her side until they die of exposure or starvation. In the library at Annúminas is a parchment penned by Arverethiel Formenya in the twelfth century of the Third Age. Unfortunately, few other details are recorded and little else is known for certain:

> *"Late and sad it was that I learned this caution of the Homela Lossoth: no male ventures outside in snow weather in this season. All of our company are now lost to the ice-woman, save my husband. I have seen them standing uncloaked in the snow—pale, tormented, guarding their new mistress with her lace gowns and her fine white teeth. By the grace and guile of my ancestors, she will not have Thorluin while I breathe."*

Jäänainen sometimes leads her victims out onto the bay, where they fall prey to the unsteady ice, suffering either a quick death as they plunge into the icy waters, or a prolonged one as they die of exposure. More often, the evil spirit of cold keeps her victim standing near her as a protector. The unfortunate individual, as related in the parchment of Arverethiel Formenya, stands suffering in the cold, unable to leave the side of his newfound love. By this stratagem, Jäänainen seeks to lure more victims out into the cold, enjoying the fear and loathing which the spectacle creates as the victim's companions watch him slowly wither and die like a flower in the frost.

This information may be gleaned from the lore of the Homela villagers, who tell the cautionary tale of Kaksi Veistä and his encounter with Jäänainen. The following is but an abbreviated account of the much longer tale:

Kaksi Veistä and the Ice-woman

In the time when the people first came to the bay and the village was built and the people were just getting to know their land, there lived the brave hunter, Kaksi Veistä. He fished and hunted far and wide. Wherever he walked, the game ran to his snares and jumped to be first before his spear; and the fish leaped from the bay, and vied to be the first in his net and join him in his boat. So, in the first winter of the village there was food and plenty for all. But then came the snow and wind from the north. The ice in the bay came thick to the shores and endless seemed the snowfall, though all were safe and fed in the round-houses, and none had fear.

Then outside someone called. It was heard throughout the village: a woman's voice, so beautiful, so calm. "Kaksi Veistä" she called, but all the people looked at one another in amazement. "Who is out in such weather?" they asked, and many went to see.

Now Kaksi Veistä was no fool, being brave and stout of heart; but he was curious to see who was fool or strong enough to be calling his name while the wind howled and the snow blinded. But as he went to investigate, his wife grabbed his arm and pleaded with him not to go. "My husband, I fear this woman in the storm. There is danger in her call." But Kaksi Veistä merely smiled and said to her, "What danger can this fool without sense to come in out of a storm be to me?" With that, Kaksi Veistä went out to see who was calling.

There in the midst of the storm stood a woman of such beauty that many could do no more than stand and gaze upon her. She was dressed only in thin garments, and seemed not to notice the stinging cold wind in her face. Behind her, her braided hair swung and danced in the wind like the tail of a playful fox. She spoke no word, but waited patiently. When she saw Kaksi Veistä approach, she stretched out her arm, offering her hand. With this gesture, Kaksi Veistä seemed lost. He stopped in his tracks and gazed at the woman as if stricken dumb. Then he smiled and took her hand, and the two departed toward the bay.

As they turned away, many tongues were suddenly loosed from silence, and many voices rose in warning to Kaksi Veistä: "Do not go with this woman! There is danger on the ice!" But Kaksi Veistä would not listen. "What of your wife and children?" they called. But Kaksi Veistä answered only, "Who?"

Then many followed to stop Kaksi Veistä from this foolishness. They would force him to return; but when they moved to attack the woman, Kaksi Veistä became enraged and fought them with the fury of the trapped bear, and many were hurt. Then the woman sang up the wind, and the snow and ice blinded the villagers. When the wind settled and the men could see again, the woman and Kaksi Veistä were gone. In the following spring, they found the body of Kaksi Veistä washed up on the shore. He had no mark of injury upon his body, but his face was set and grim.



66

Jäänainen

Level: 100.

Race: Maia (Ice Spirit).

Home: Ice-floes on the Bay of Cracking Ice.

Jäänainen in MERP

Hits: 325 **Melee OB:** 80LBa **Missile OB:** 90 ice shards **AT (DB):** Pl (80).

MERP Profession: Mage.

MERP Stats: ST 100, AG 110, CO 103, IG 90, IT 76, PR 125.

MERP Skills: Acting 200, Ambush 50, Artistic: Singing 150, Swim 100, Track 130, Stalk/Hide 130, Directed Spells 150, Perception 140, Trickery 200.

MERP Spells (850 PPs): Jäänainen knows all Open Essence, Mage, Bard and Open Channeling lists to 10th level. However, she must think long and hard before remembering any Fire Law spells.

Jäänainen in Rolemaster

Hits: 325 **Melee OB:** 80LBa **Missile OB:** 90 ice shards **AT (DB):** 20 (80).

RM Profession: Sorcerer.

RM Stats: Ag 110, Co 103, Me 93, Re 90, SD 124, Em 92, In 76, Pr 125, Qu 108, St 100.

RM Skills: Artistic (Active): Acting 200, Singing 150. Athletic (Endurance): Swim 100. Awareness (Searching): Observation 140, Tracking 130. Directed Spells: Water Bolt 150. Subterfuge (Attack): Ambush 50. Subterfuge (Stealth): Hide 130, Stalk 130, Trickery 200.

RM Spells (1975 PPs): Jäänainen knows all open and Essence, Sorcerer Base, Bard and Open Channeling lists to 30th level. However, she must think long and hard before remembering any fire or heat related spells.

Jäänainen's Special Powers

Jäänainen radiates a 50' circle of charming (as *True Charm*). Any male entering this circle must make a 15th level RR or be overwhelmed by the beauty of the enchanting temptress. She prefers Men to all other prey, but may attack a Dwarf, Umit or even Hobbit as tickles her evil fancy. She also prefers to know her victim's name, learning this through the many guises she uses in her wanderings. Thoroughly cruel and evil, she does this merely to strike terror into the Lumimies villagers. (It is not necessary for her charm to work.) She also much prefers to catch her victim outside in cold weather. Over the years, as the Lumimiehet have learned to avoid her, Jäänainen must often venture into the village itself and stand before a round-house, calling her victim forth. If the victim can be held or restrained, Jäänainen leaves without further incident. While she could easily use magic or brute strength to capture her chosen prey, it is unthinkable to her. Such a course offers no "sport," and she gains no pleasure from such victories.

The charmed victim falls hopelessly and helplessly head over heels in love with the vision of Jäänainen's loveliness. Thereafter, he does virtually anything she asks, exerting every effort to remain by her side. Any female need only make a 2nd level RR to avoid the enchantment, and Elves or Half-elves are immune to the charm. Jäänainen apparently has no interest in females, and uses her charm only to keep them quiet or to restrain them from interfering while she destroys their male companions or relatives. Once charmed, there is little hope of survival for the victim. He must be physically rescued and removed from her circle of influence before the spell over him is broken. This task is further complicated by the victim himself, who becomes enraged at any attempt to remove him from Jäänainen's presence and attacks his would-be rescuers.

In combat, Jäänainen is immune to both heat and cold. If seriously pressed, she abandons the fight and departs, setting free her victims. However, she neither forgives nor forgets defeat, and rescued victims and rescuers alike continue to be in danger so long as they remain within a hundred miles of the Bay of Cracking Ice. Jäänainen may strike when they least expect it or when they are weakened by storm or other cause.



Jäänainen

KARHUNKÄSI

This twenty-five year old Lumimies hunter is somewhat of an anomaly among his people. Married at age sixteen, his wife was killed by a snow bear one month later. Since that time, Karhunkäsi has never taken another wife. Most Lumimiehet would eventually have allowed their grief to subside. Not so with Karhunkäsi, who nurtures his rage as a farmer tends a garden, removing any weeds of dispassion or tranquillity he may find. Always ready to assist or lead any bear hunt, after each kill Karhunkäsi shaves his head with a sharp knife.

Karhunkäsi (La. "Bearhand") is so called because he fights with enchanted bear claws. These are actually thick gloves made from the paws of a large bear. They fit well over his hands and even allow him to grip a weapon (but at -10 OB). The natural claws have been left in place, but the gloves have been enchanted to deliver a Slash critical with every strike. Karhunkäsi first attempts to critically wound a bear with his spear before moving in to finish it off with the claws.

Karhunkäsi is larger and taller than a typical Lumimies, being almost 6' tall. His body is a patchwork of scars from encounters with bears, but he continues the practice undaunted. He tends to be shy with strangers (unless they go bear-hunting, in which case he is more than glad to join them). Some villagers think his endless rage unhealthy; others believe him to be touched by the Spirit World and therefore beyond their judgment. All hold Karhunkäsi a little apart from the others. As Karhunkäsi himself once put it, "I am an island in the sea of my people."

KARHUNKÄSI

Level: 10.

Race: Lumimies.

Home: Homela (Bay of Cracking Ice).

Karhunkäsi in MERP

Hits: 101 **Melee OB:** 40sp **Missile OB:** 40lb
AT (DB): SL (20).

MERP Profession: Warrior.

MERP Stats: ST 89, AG 76, CO 91, IG 79, IT 98, PR 100.

MERP Skills: Athletic: Skiing 78, Foraging 87, Perception 45, Lore: Bear Lore 101, Track 98, Sky-watching 93, Stalk/Hide 65.

MERP spells (9 PPs): Nature's Lore (3rd), Nature's Movement (3rd), Surface Ways (3rd), Protections (3rd), Calm Spirits (3rd).

Karhunkäsi in Rolemaster

Hits: 101 **Melee OB:** 40sp **Missile OB:** 40lb
AT (DB): 6 (20).

RM Profession: Ranger.

RM Stats: Ag 76, Co 91, Me 83, Re 77, SD 100, Em 83, In 98, Pr 100, Qu 76, St 89.

RM Skills: Athletic (Gymnastic): Skiing 78, Awareness (Searching): Observation 45, Tracking 98. Lore (General): Bear Lore 101. Outdoor (Environmental): Foraging 87, Weather Watching 93. Subterfuge (Stealth): Hide 65, Stalk 65.

RM Spells (27 PPs): Nature's Way (3rd), Concussion's Ways (3rd), Moving Ways (4th), Inner Walls (3rd), Calm Spirits (5th).

Karhunkäsi's Principal Items

Spear. +10 OB, +20 Missile or Thrown OB.

Bear Claws. Deliver 1-10 hits per claw (x 5); +10 OB; deliver "D" Slash critical per successful strike with all 5 claws. Roll 1D100 to determine number of claws striking (01-20 = 1 claw, 21-40 = 2 claws, and so on; add a "D" critical to the damage for 81-00).

Snow Shoes of Path Mastery. Allow the wearer to use any spell on the Path Mastery list to 10th level.

KONIHRABN THE WANDERER

More than one adventuring band coming in contact with Konihrabn has later been found massacred by Orcs and stripped of their possessions. A spy for the Witch-king, Konihrabn masquerades as a fur-trapper and trader. He travels the Herd Tundra, venturing north as far as the Lakeland and west as far as the Bay of Cracking Ice. His primary task is scouting and reconnoitering the Northern Waste for spies out of Arthedain, adventurers or troublemakers (the last category including both Angmarean deserters and any Lumimiehet who speak out against the Witch-king). Konihrabn returns to Carn Dûm each winter to give a full report of his activities. He is always on the lookout to re-ignite old feuds and quarrels among the Lumimiehet. While he enjoys these nasty little games, disturbing the peace of the Lumimiehet (and keeping them suspicious and uneasy about any Arthadanian or other "foreigner" passing through) is only a secondary duty.

Born in the fortress-town of Angsûl in Angmar in T.A. 1599, Konihrabn was a deceitful and treacherous child, and was therefore quickly recruited into the Witch-king's service and trained as a spy in Carn Dûm. Tall and lanky, with dark hair and eyes, he can often pass for a Dúnadan (so long as the real thing is not close at hand for comparison). Konihrabn claims to be the son of a traveling merchant who wandered through Arthedain and Rhudaur. He also claims to have been born in the No-man's Lands between Angmar and Arthedain. He often remarks: "I was born outside the boundaries of any kingdom; therefore I am obliged to no king and call no land home."

Konihrabn is adept at both averting and causing suspicion. He can badly affect the morale of a group or village by dropping a well-timed hint or cryptic remark. Selecting some hunter or adventurer who is absent for a time and who cannot definitely account for his whereabouts, Konihrabn says of them: "Coulda swore I saw that feller coming west over the No-man's Lands when I was down there a while back." (By implication, he is saying "Coming out of Angmar.") If asked what *he* was doing in that region, Konihrabn claims he was heading south to trade his furs, "What else?"

Konihrabn is a master of dirty tricks—spoiling food, untying boats and setting them adrift, stealing objects and surreptitiously placing them in someone else's backpack so that a search for the item uncovers the wrong thief, and so on. He is also glib of tongue and can spin a good yarn when the mood is on him. (As Konihrabn often has to explain or lie his way out of situations, the "mood" is often on him.) He feigns indifference to any cause or kingdom. Should the topic come up, he claims only limited knowledge of Angmar. ("Poor trapping down that a-way. Seems there's a lotta o' Orcs roun' there.")

GM Note: *For adventures set during the War of the Ring or in the Fourth Age, Konihrabn may be re-cast as a Half-orc bred by Saruman. He wanders alone, either in service to Saruman or as a bandit with his own evil plans.*

Konihrabn

Level: 9.

Race: Angmarean (Northman).

Home: Carn Dûm; wanders Talath Uichel.

Konihrabn in MERP

Hits: 92 **Melee OB:** 30da **Missile OB:** 50lb **AT (DB):** SL (25).

MERP Profession: Scout.

MERP Stats: ST 77, AG 95, CO 76, IG 89, IT 72, PR 93.

MERP Skills: Acting 98, Ambush 61, Climb 55, Influence: Bribery 86, Influence: Interrogation 67, Influence: Public speaking 78, Perception 45, Stalk/Hide 73, Track 65, Trickery 91.

MERP Spells (54 PPs): All Open Channeling spell lists to 5th level.

Konihrabn in Rolemaster

Hits: 92 **Melee OB:** 30da **Missile OB:** 50lb **AT (DB):** 6 (25).

RM Profession: Thief.

RM Stats: Ag 95, Co 75, Me 89, Re 88, SD 91, Em 90, In 72, Pr 93, Qu 96, St 77.

RM Skills: Artistic (Active): Acting 98. Athletic (Gymnastic): Climb 55. Awareness (Searching): Observation 45, Track 65. Influence: Bribery 86, Interrogation 67, Public Speaking 78.Subterfuge (Attack): Ambush 61. Subterfuge (Stealth): Hide 73, Stalk 73, Trickery 91.

RM Spells (111 PPs): Nature's Lore (3rd), Concussion's Ways (3rd), Protections (3rd), Calm Spirits (5th).

Konihrabn's Principal Items

+25 broadsword.

+20 shield.

Ivory Ring. x 3 PP multiplier.

Amulet of the Evil Wing. Appears to be no more than a small, well-carved amulet of a common black crow. The owner can call (as a *Summon* spell) any bird of evil nature to perform one task. The birds gain a 5th level RR if asked to fight and, if successful, immediately fly away. The bird gains no such RR if asked to perform a simpler task, such as delivering a message or stealing a small object. Konihrabn uses the amulet to send messages to Orcs (or as far away as Carn Dûm, should the message be important enough).

Boots of Path Mastery. Allow the wearer to use any spell on the Path Mastery list (up to 10th level) 1 x/day.



Konihrabn

LOSP'INDEL

Since the demise of K'elektor her husband in the Year of the Dragons (T.A. 1545), the Snow-elves of the Landless Land have named Losp'indel (S. Losfinniel) as their chieftain. At the summit of the world, bathed in Helecthil's undying radiance, Losp'indel is mistress of the ice-city of Helloth. Born in Cuiviénen, Losp'indel undertook the westward march of the Eldar. On the banks of the River Anduin, she abandoned the journey, dwelling with many others of her kindred beneath the eaves of Greenwood the Great. There Losp'indel won the love of her future husband, and together with him led their folk into the Northern Waste.

It was Losp'indel who first mastered the shaping of ice for which the Snow-elves are renowned. She it was who conceived Helloth in all its shimmering wonder; and (though they remember it now only in dim legend) it was Losp'indel who instructed the forefathers of the Ystävät Talven in the construction of the first *pyöreä talo.* Through the enchantment of Losp'indel's voice and the delicate strength of her nimble fingers, ice and snow are transfigured into shapes beautiful and marvelous to behold, conforming themselves to her will.

The Snow-elves say that Losp'indel "hears as the dragon," for she is subtle and quick of mind, seeing much that lies behind the spoken word. The Lady of Helloth seldom passes beyond the walls of her city, but sends scouts to spy out the Landless Land; thus, the Snow-elves rarely meet with danger at unawares. Losp'indel is always eager for news from the South, and travelers are likely to receive an audience as soon as they enter her city's walls. Helloth's mistress questions visitors concerning all manner of things, from their complete family history to every land they have traveled. While often mere curiosity on Losp'indel's part, such inquiry is the only means by which to keep abreast of far-off events.

The Lady of Helloth is beautiful, even by Snow-elven standards. Her skin glistens like polished ivory, her hair so fair as to rival the white snow, her eyes a deep, dark, ocean-green. Unlike many of the Lossidil, a sadness haunts Losp'indel, torn as she is between the love of her people and her desire to be reunited with her husband in Aman. Losp'indel's inner debate remains with her until the end of the age, when she at last surrenders to the call of her heart and departs into the West.

Losp'indel

Level: 27.

Race: Snow-elf.

Home: Helloth in the Landless Land.

Losp'indel in MERP

Hits: 144 **Melee OB:** 90sp **Missile OB:** 40da **AT (DB):** No (80).

MERP Profession: Animist.

MERP Stats: ST 79, AG 96, CO 87, IG 97, IT 102, PR 95.

MERP Skills: Artistic: Poetry 89, Artistic: Song 98, Craft: Ice Carving 240, Craft: Ice Construction Methods 230, Lore: Beadmaker History 70, Lore: Dragon Lore 75, Lore: Noldorin History 50, Lore: Telerin History 100, Perception 89, Read Rune 98, Use Item 105.

MERP Spells (108 PPs): All Open Channeling and Animist lists to 10th level.

Losp'indel in Rolemaster

Hits: 144 **Melee OB:** 90sp **Missile OB:** 40da **AT (DB):** I (80).

RM Profession: Animist.

RM Stats: Ag 96, Co 87, Me 95, Re 97, SD 96, Em 94, In 102, Pr 95, Qu 96, St 79.

RM Skills: Artistic (Active): Singing 98. Artistic (Passive): Poetry 89, Ice Sculpting 240. Awareness (Searching): Observation 89. Power Awareness: Attunement 105, Read Runes 98. Technical/Trade (Professional): Ice Construction Methods and Architecture 230. Lore (General): Telerin History 100, Noldorin History 50, Beadmaker History 70. Lore (Obscure): Dragon Lore 75.

RM Spells (173 PPs): All open and closed Channeling to 15th level and Animist lists to 25th level.



Losp'indel

Losp'indel's Principal Items

K'ellekk (Los. "Frost-spear"). This long, silvery-blue weapon has a +30 OB and delivers a "D" Cold critical per strike. In addition, the spear allows its wielder to use all Cold Law spells (up to 10th level) 1 x/day.

Staff of Ice Bolts. The staff has 78 charges remaining.

Ring of Protection Against Elements. This simple silver ring adds +50 to DB and RR's against all Water, Fire, Ice or other Elemental attacks directed at the wearer.

Ivory Armor. This exquisitely carved ivory armor adds +75 to DB and allows wearer to use any Essence Hand spell up to 10th level 2 x/day.

NESTADOR

Master of the Lodge of Awakening and Dream-lord of the Irmohildi, Nestador leads the Noldor of Evermist on their age-long quest to cleanse the Northlands of Morgoth's evil. A refugee from Eregion, Nestador was born in the Undying Lands. He joined his rebellious people on their tragic death-march across the Helcaraxë to Middle-earth, serving the household of Finrod Felagund, his lord. Though he survived the ruin of Nargothrond and the drowning of Beleriand, Nestador was unwilling to return to Aman; for in Lindon following the cataclysm of the War of Wrath he was reunited with his love, Lothwen of Gondolin. Together they chose to remain in Middle-earth, joining themselves to the house of Finrod's sister, Galadriel; and so they followed her to Eregion.

Though doom would place him in the service of the Master of Visions, Nestador's first devotion was given rather to Irmo's wife Estë, Bringer of Rest. Beside the tree-shadowed lake of Lórellin, Nestador hearkened at the feet of the Valië, eager in the flame of his youth to learn all that she would teach him of the healing of hurts and weariness. There was little need of such skill in the noontide of Valinor; but Nestador was foresighted, and perceived even then the seeds of discord Melkor was sowing among the Noldor, though he did not yet discern their true author.

Nestador's art accompanied him to Middle-earth, where his healing hand grew to a potency unsurpassed by Elf or Man. So long as the slightest hint of life lingered, it was said, Nestador could eventually restore the body to full health. Elrond Half-elven became Nestador's disciple in Lindon, and in later years was reputed to be his equal; but Elrond remained in Lindon at the side of Gil-galad when Nestador departed eastwards into Eriador, and their paths never crossed again.

In the peaceful years of Eregion, Nestador found a kindred spirit in Óleth, daughter of Thilgon. Though a mere maiden in the reckoning of the deathless Noldor, Nestador recognized the Fëanturi's gift of prophecy in Óleth's clear, blue eyes. Nestador and Óleth shared the quality of possessing dispositions atypical (though not unheard of) for their genders; for among the Eldar the arts of healing are cultivated most by the womenfolk, whereas males are more often inclined toward the pursuit of mystic insight and vision quest. Touched by Irmo or Estë, each gave wisdom to and drew strength from the other—so much so that many feared that Nestador's rapport with Óleth would lead to estrangement from his wife. Yet no evil came of it; and Lothwen, wise in ageless years, said: "Speak no ill of this friendship; high destinies await Óleth and my husband also. Let them share the gifts that Ilúvatar has kindled within them, while there is yet time."

Lothwen's words proved to be more prophetic than any foretelling of Óleth's. For had Thilgon's daughter not benefited from Nestador's counsel in the fostering of her visionary talents, the Cuiviémar might never have come to be; so too, had Nestador not taken part in its making, the Lodge of Awakening might not have survived Óleth's untimely death, and Yavanna's Tears for the Wounded Land would have been shed in vain. (For the full telling of the tale of Nestador's escape from the fall of Eregion, of Óleth's discovery of the sanctuary of Evermist, of her founding of the Cuiviémar and her death at the jaws of a dragon, see Section 3.3.)

The refugees of Eregion had scarcely established the Lodge of Awakening when they were robbed of their leader. Foreboding her imminent death, Óleth named Nestador Master of the Cuiviémar in her stead. "Weep not for me, teacher and friend, dearer to me than life itself," she said to him. "Soon my spirit must depart the lands of my birth, seeking the gardens of Lórien and fair Lórellin whose image haunts my dreams. But you, Nestador, must remain in Middle-earth to achieve the quest that Thilgon my father began, the dream Lindor sacrificed himself to preserve. Remember Lindor on the mountaintop—how you refused to abandon him to the wind-demon; how I held you back! Did I not perceive even then that this hour would come, and that you alone could lead the Cuiviémar? Have I not repaid you, Irmo's chosen vessel, with all that he bestowed upon me? You are the midwife of Yavanna's Tears. Watch over them until they have worked their healing ways."

Nestador did not understand Óleth's final words, and more than three and a half millennia would pass before Yavanna's messenger would come to reveal their import; but having mourned Óleth's death and driven back the worms of Ered Úmarth, Nestador and his wife reconstituted the Cuiviémar, she becoming the *massánië* of the Yavannildi and he the *olostar* of the Irmohildi. Since that day, they have striven together to accomplish the designs of Lórien and Kementári for the Wounded Land.

Nestador

Level: 46.

Race: Noldo.

Home: Evermist.

Nestador in MERP

Hits: 235 **Melee OB:** 160ss **Missile OB:** 80da **AT (DB):** No (45).

MERP Profession: Animist.

MERP Stats: ST 89, AG 98, CO 96, IG 99, IT 102, PR 105.

MERP Skills: Read Rune 155, Use item 150, Perception 125, General: First Aid 174, Meditation 122, Lore: Healing Lore 185, Herb Lore 130, Plant Lore 118, Noldorin Religion 107.

MERP Spells (436 PPs): All Open Channeling, Open Essence and Animist spell lists to 10th level.

Nestador in Rolemaster

Hits: 235 **Melee OB:** 160ss **Missile OB:** 80da **AT (DB):** I (45).

RM Profession: Healer.

RM Stats: Ag 98, Co 96, Me 99, Re 99, SD 97, Em 94, In 102, Pr 105, Qu 99, St 89.

RM Skills: Awareness (Searching): Observation 125. Lore (General): Flora Lore 118, Noldorin Religion 107. Lore (Technical): Healing Lore 185, Herb Lore 130. Power Awareness: Attunement 150, Read Runes 155. Self Control: Meditation 122. Technical/Trade (General): First Aid 174, Second Aid 161.

RM Spells (898 PPs): All Open Channeling, Essence and Mentalism lists to 25th and Healer lists to 30th level.

Nestador's Special Abilities

Foresight. Nestador occasionally receives glimpses of the future which take the form of vague visions, cryptic phrases, dreams or sensations of doom in regard to a particular event, place or person. Nestador may attempt to deliberately use this ability, getting some form of information 30% of the time, but most often he simply waits for the glimpses to manifest themselves. ***RM:*** This ability is represented (in part) by the use of the Communal Ways list. The various *Dream* spells and the like are not triggered while asleep (since Elves don't sleep as mortals do) but by deliberate ritualistic meditation. The practice of this discipline is common to all the Irmohildi.

Aura of Aman. Nestador was born in Tirion in Eldamar, in the light of the Two Trees, and walked with the Valar in his youth. The effects of this experience can still be seen by those who are sensitive to such things. His heritage has enhanced the native power of his spirit, manifesting in greater mental, spiritual and physical prowess and beauty. His body itself seems almost to shine, and if viewed from the Shadow-world, he appears as a shining figure of white light. Nestador can uncloak this power when he wishes, revealing this bright aura and making his power manifest. This serves to daunt his opponents, who must make a RR versus Nestador's level or suffer -25 to attacks against him. Against undead this aura has double effect (-50).

Nestador's Principal Items

Ring of Healing. The ring is a x2 PP multiplier and allows the wearer to *Heal X* 4 x/day and *Heal L* 1 x/day.

Potions. Nestador brews a number of healing potions, which include all Blood Ways, Bone/Muscle Ways, Organ Ways and Purification lists. Nestador also has potions of *Resist Elements* and *Sustain Self*. If needs be, he can imbue a potion with virtually any other spells on the Open Channeling or Animist lists.

Chest of Herb Preservation. Any healing plants or herbs placed into this small (1' x 2' x 1') carved wooden chest are preserved indefinitely at their full strength until used.

Bowl of Herb Strengthening. Any herbs or healing plants prepared in this small intricately engraved silver bowl have their healing properties doubled.

PITÄÄ KALASTA

Pitää Kalasta (La. "Likes Fish") embodies the ideal of a Merimetsästäjä: *tietäjä* of his *heimo* (the Merilintu clan) and sometimes of his entire berg, a *jääsilmä* of many years experience and a respected member of the Valaskalan Palvonta. The whaler stands 5'5", with shoulder-length, blond hair and stocky but very pronounced muscles. His eyes are ice-blue, open and honest.

Pitää Kalasta is completely without guile or trickery, and is very difficult to fool (-50 to all Subterfuge skills). For this reason, the Merimetsästäjät of Pohjoinen Tähti often choose Pitää Kalasta to treat with strangers. A visiting trader from the South once said of him, "If you lie to Pitää Kalasta, he can look right through you as if you were made of clear ice." It is a saying in his *heimo* that "If Pitää Kalasta trusts your words, your words are true." This causes some jealousy among other *heimot*, as the best trades seem to go to his *heimo*.

Though Pitää Kalasta dwells with his wife and three children in Pohjoinen Tähti, he also enjoys visiting other berg-delvings and is known among all the Merimetsästäjät. He seldom joins the inland hunts, preferring whale and fish over elk, reindeer or seal. However, he is a good hunter and, if needs be, would join a hunting party bound for the tundra.

PITÄÄ KALASTA

Level: 10.
Race: Merimetsästäjä.
Home: Pohjoinen Tähti in Berg Cradle Bay.

Pitää Kalasta in MERP

Hits: 121 Melee OB: 40sp Missile OB: 20da
AT (DB): SL (20).

MERP Profession: Warrior.

MERP Stats: ST 100, AG 87, CO 99, IG 76, IT 81, PR 99.

MERP Skills: Boat Handling 93, Craft: Ice Construction 97, Craft: Ice-working/carving 96, Foraging 87, Influence: Diplomacy 101, Influence: Public speaking 78, Influence: Trading 87, Lore: Whale Lore 107, Perception 70, Sky-Watching 98, Stalk/Hide 78, Track 71.

MERP Spells (30 PPs): Knows all Open Channeling lists to 3rd level.

Pitää Kalasta in Rolemaster

Hits: 121 **Melee OB:** 40sp **Missile OB:** 20da
AT (DB): 6 (20).

RM Profession: Fighter.

RM Stats: Ag 88, Co 99, Me 76, Re 77, SD 98, Em 80, In 81, Pr 99, Qu 86, St 100.

RM Skills: Athletic (Endurance): Rowing 93. Awareness (Searching): Observation 70, Track 71. Crafts: Ice Construction 97, Ice-working/carving 96. Influence: Diplomacy 101, Public Speaking 78, Trading 87. Lore (General): Whale Lore 107. Outdoor (Environmental): Foraging 87, Weather Watching 98. Subterfuge (Stealth): Hide 78, Stalk 78. Technical/Trade (General): Sailing 93.

RM Spells (63 PPs): Knows all Open Channeling lists to 3rd level.

Pitää Kalasta's Principal Items

Runeknife. +10 OB and allows owner to cast *Waterwalking* and *Waterrunning* spells.

Gull Token. Allows wearer to summon a seagull to send messages, carry small objects or act as a scout.

Harpoon of the Cult. Used solely by members of the Valaskalan Palvonta, this is a vicious-looking weapon with a wide, multi-barbed, saw-toothed ivory head mounted on shaft of whalebone. It is a +20 weapon, but has +50 OB vs. whales (including demon whales), delivering a "D" Puncture critical per strike vs. any target.

Ice-boots. +50 to Climb skill when wearer climbs on ice; allows wearer to walk on ice (regardless how slick) as if using a *Balance* spell (+50 to all Moving maneuvers). The boots also protect the wearer's feet from cold as a *Cold Resistance* spell.

RAUDABERN

Raudabern is chieftain of the Berninga in Forodwaith, residing in the fortified steading of Ligr Wodaize Berne in the Lakeland. Raudabern and his family have never forgiven the Lumimiehet for the betrayal that resulted in the burning of their former home by the Witch-king's soldiers. For this reason, Raudabern has little dealings with the Lossoth who cohabit the Järvimaa with his folk, preferring instead to trade with the Umli on the eastern shores of the Forsaken Sea, or with the Dwarves who dwell further eastward. Raudabern holds little hope of ever reclaiming his lost manor while the Witch-king rules Angmar. In the meantime, he does what he can to harass his foe: Angmarean patrols that dare to tread the wooded shores of Bear Lake rarely return, and Ligr Wodaize Berne has become a name of fear and dark rumor among the Angmarrim.

Raudabern is a devoted husband and father, allowing no slight against his family, however minor, to go unchallenged. Raudabern's daughter, Isarnabloma, is becoming a powerful warrioress in her own right, while his young son, Sprautabern, shows every indication of being gifted with the mysterious power of skin-changing. Raudabern himself is a giant of a man (nearly 7' tall, and weighing in excess of 300 lbs.). The brilliant red hair on his head (which he wears short) stands up straight (in the right light, giving the Berning the appearance of being crowned with a red halo).

In combat, Raudabern is a terrifying spectacle, being easily driven into a berserker rage. Swinging a great double-axe, he hacks down foes as a woodsman fells trees. Orcs have been known to drop their weapons and run from battle when confronted with the red-haired terror. As a strategist, however, Raudabern is unreliable. Direct assault is ever his wont, and any opponent adopting more subtle tactics might easily draw Raudabern and his warriors into the open and destroy them. On the other hand, when defending the wooden fortress of Ligr Wodaize Berne, Raudabern is tenacious and ingenious; then, it is often he who feigns weakness, luring his enemy to their doom.

RAUDABERN

Level: 17.

Race: Berning.

Home: Ligr Wodaize Berne on Bear Lake.

Raudabern in MERP

Hits: 147 **Melee OB:** 90ba **Missile OB:** 60ha
AT (DB): No (50).

MERP Profession: Warrior.

MERP Stats: ST 100, AG 73, CO 86, IG 74, IT 76, PR 90.

MERP Skills: Ambush 68, Body Development 147, Climb 97, Craft: Wood Construction 97, Craft: Woodworking/carving 96, Foraging 87, Stalk/Hide 78.

MERP Spells (51 PPs): Knows all Open Essence spell lists to 3rd level.

Raudabern in Rolemaster

Hits: 147 **Melee OB:** 90ba **Missile OB:** 60ha
AT (DB): I (50).

RM Profession: Fighter.

RM Stats: Ag 73, Co 86, Me 88, Re 70, SD 90, Em 76, In 76, Pr 90, Qu 72, St 100.

RM Skills: Athletic (Gymnastic): Climb 97. Body Development 105. Crafts: Wood Construction 97, Woodworking/carving 96. Outdoor (Environmental): Foraging 87. Subterfuge (Attack): Ambush 68, Subterfuge (Stealth): Hide 78, Stalk 78.

RM Spells (97 PPs): Knows all Open Essence spell lists to 3rd level.

Raudabern's Special Abilities

Raudabern does not have the ability to take bear's shape, though he does have a special affinity for most animals. He may *Locate, Summon, Speak With* and *Befriend Animals* at will. The GM should treat these abilities the same as the Animist spell list Animal Mastery.

Raudabern's Principal Items

Dwergaquizyos (For. "Dwarf Axes"). These two axes were fashioned by Dwarves of the Iron Hills especially for Raudabern. The first is a great +30 double-headed axe, a heavy 10 lb weapon with razor-sharp edges which delivers an additional "C" Slash critical per strike. Of beautiful design and make, its polished steel head is engraved with intricate geometric patterns centered around Raudabern's name in the Angerthas. The second axe is a smaller, well-balanced +15 hand-axe that adds +20 to missile OB when thrown.

Enchanted Salve. Raudabern protects himself in battle with a magical salve that is applied to the skin. It protects his whole body as RL.

STRIUK'IR

Striuk'ir (S. Rhíchir) is a Snow-elf of Helloth who often wanders Forodwaith, finding the city of his birth too confining for his restless nature. Raised in utter cold from infancy, Striuk'ir is without peer in surviving its harsh and bitter ways. Striuk'ir is ever the hunter of Morgoth's evil creatures, and seeks to make the North free of such stains so that the Free Peoples may tread its vastnesses without fear. He has visited Evermist but, like the city of his birth, finds it too confining. Striuk'ir's heart wanders the snowfields beneath the stars.

When traveling in the company of other races, Striuk'ir sometimes forgets that not all can withstand the cold as he can, pressing on when Men, Dwarves, Hobbits or even other Elves are well nigh at the point of death. He finds it remarkable that others are affected so severely by the weather, and may refuse to act as guide for such individuals. Striuk'ir is not arrogant about his exceptional affinity with the cold, regarding it with a matter-of-fact attitude.

Like all Snow-elves, Striuk'ir is pale of complexion. His hair is long and silver-white with hints of gold, while his bright eyes are sea-green.

STRIUK'IR

Level: 18.

Race: Snow-elf.

Home: Wanders Forochel.

Striuk'ir in MERP

Hits: 146 **Melee OB:** 100sp **Missile OB:** 120lb
AT (DB): SL (50).

MERP Profession: Bard.

MERP Stats: ST 90, AG 87, CO 93, IG 81, IT 95, PR 99.

MERP Skills: Ambush 89, Artistic: Ice-carving 85, Artistic: Poetry 87, Artistic: Singing 82, Athletic: Skiing 89, First-Aid 77, Perception 90, Read Rune 78, Sky-watching 97, Stalk/Hide 92, Track 89, Use Item 69.

MERP Spells (36 PPs): Knows all Bard lists to 10th level and all Open Essence lists to 5th level.

Striuk'ir in Rolemaster

Hits: 146 **Melee OB:** 100sp **Missile OB:** 120lb
AT (DB): 6 (50).

RM Profession: Bard.

RM Stats: Ag 88, Co 93, Me 80, Re 82, SD 90, Em 85, In 95, Pr 99, Qu 87, St 90.

RM Skills: Artistic (Active): Singing 82. Artistic (Passive): Ice Sculpting 85, Poetry 87. Athletic (Gymnastic): Skiing 89. Awareness (Searching): Observation 90, Tracking 89. Outdoor (Environmental): Weather Watching 97.Power Awareness: Attunement 69, Read Runes 78. Subterfuge (Attack): Ambush 89. Subterfuge (Stealth): Hide 92, Stalk 92. Technical/Trade (General): First-Aid 77.

RM Spells (79 PPs): Knows all Bard lists to 16th level and all Open Essence lists to 5th level.

Striuk'ir's Principal Items

Askku (Los. "Bone Bow"). +30 bow carved out of a single, pure white piece of ivory. It allows its wielder to use any Detection Mastery spell 1 x/day.

Lostill (Los. "Snowy Spike"). +25 to OB and DB. It was forged in Evermist with a spearhead of hard, tempered, white gold and a shaft of silver-white steel. Its head is honed to razor-sharpness, delivering a "C" Slash critical per hit. In winter, it also delivers an additional "A" Cold critical (the normal effect of a solid metal spear in sub-zero weather). Anyone grasping the spear bare-handed in winter immediately suffers 2-20 hits in frostbite to their fingers, and others may be forced to rip or cut the victim's hands free from the frozen metal.

Ring of Detection. Allows the wearer to use any spell from the Detection Mastery list to 10th level.

VANHA ÄITISAVU

Vanha Äitisavu (La. "Old Mother Smoke") is a spirit-namer who wanders the northern shores of the Bay of Cracking Ice. Her name derives not from any arts of the *henkinimittäjät*, but from of her mastery of smoking and curing meats of all kinds. (Her seal meat is renowned throughout the bay. Cardolanian whalers prize it highly, and every Jäämies on the bay knows that a barter exchange can always be sweetened if a few large strips of Vanha Äitisavu's jerky are thrown into the bargain.) Old Mother Smoke is truly old, having seen two hundred and ten winters; yet she is

hale and hardy, and shows little sign of age other than her wrinkled, weathered face and hands. She can walk the legs off men who are a tenth of her age.

In her lifetime, Vanha Äitisavu has borne eight children by three husbands, all of whom she has out-lived. Her many grandchildren are getting old, but her innumerable great grandchildren now have progeny of their own in villages all around the Bay of Cracking Ice, making her welcome wherever she goes. Vanha Äitisavu attributes her long life to the favor of the Spirit World, though it is actually the result of her half-Arthadanian ancestry. Vanha Äitisavu's father, a noble warrior from House Eldanarya of Arthedain, became lost in a blizzard upon the Rammas Forod and was rescued by her future mother. Vanha Äitisavu never knew him, for he returned to his own country before she was born, and soon after perished with all his house in the Second Northern War with Angmar (T.A. 1408-1410). The only token of Vanha Äitisavu's lineage is a small silver amulet, bearing the Eldanarya crest, that her mother passed on to her.

Vanha Äitisavu grew up in her mother's village where, as an adolescent, she apprenticed herself to a Lumimies *henkinimittäjä*. After the completion of her training, she began her travels. Vanha Äitisavu claims no village for home, but journeys from Ruskea Vene to the southern tip of Rast Losnaeth: healing, arbitrating disputes and teaching any woman of promise the ways of the spirit-namer. While tutoring several young adepts around the bay, she has never claimed any as apprentice, though many have begged for the privilege.

Vanha Äitisavu knows nothing of the fate of her father's household, and any who recognize her amulet's noble crest would have a difficult time convincing Vanha Äitisavu of her aristocratic heritage. Yet if she could be persuaded to press her claim in the Royal Court of Arthedain, the amulet and the story of her mother's rescue of an Arthadanian knight would be accepted as proof that Vanha Äitisavu is the last surviving heir to the Eldanarya estate, entitling the *henkinimittäjä* and her direct offspring to all of its remaining holdings and whatever wealth they have produced over the years. However, those noble houses profiting from the Eldanarya holdings (especially the powerful houses of Tarmëa and Eketya) would challenge such a claim, turning the affair into a source of intrigue for other Arthadanian houses wishing to curtail their power and influence by promoting the claim. For their part, the Tarmëar and Eketyar might send their supporters northward to steal the Eldanarya amulet from Vanha Äitisavu, thereby discounting her claim. Certain unsavory elements might even propose an assassination of the spirit-namer.

Vanha Äitisavu

Level: 12.

Race: Dúnadan/Lumimies.

Home: Wanders the shores of the Bay of Cracking Ice.

Vanha Äitisavu in MERP

Hits: 125 **Melee OB:** 90sp **Missile OB:** 30da **AT (DB):** RL (40).

MERP Profession: Animist.

MERP Stats: ST 74, AG 78, CO 99, IG 94, IT 108, PR 98.

MERP Skills: Animal Handling 58, Athletic: Skiing 87, Boat Handling 60, Cookery 150, Directed Spells 121, First Aid 97, Foraging 102, Influence: Diplomacy 98, Lore: Lumimies History 87, Perception 102, Read Rune 84, Stalk/Hide 71, Track 101, Use Item 92, Sky-watching 103, Trickery 89.

MERP Spells (48 PPs): All Open Channeling and Animist spell lists to 10th.

Vanha Äitisavu in Rolemaster

Hits: 125 **Melee OB:** 90sp **Missile OB:** 30da **AT (DB):** 12 (40).

RM Profession: Animist.

RM Stats: Ag 78, Co 99, Me 95, Re 94, SD 95, Em 96, In 108, Pr 98, Qu 78, St 74.

RM Skills: Athletic (Gymnastic): Skiing 87. Awareness (Searching): Observation 102, Tracking 101. Crafts: Cooking 150. Directed Spells: Shock Bolt 121. Influence: Diplomacy 98. Lore (General): Lumimies History 87. Outdoor (Animal): Animal Handling 58. Outdoor (Environmental): Foraging 102, Weather Watching 103. Power Awareness: Attunement 92, Read Runes 84. Subterfuge (Stealth): Hide 71, Stalk 71, Trickery 82. Technical/Trade (General): First Aid 97, Sailing 60.

RM Spells (104 PPs): All Open Channeling and Animist spell lists to 12th.

Vanha Äitisavu's Principal Items

Spear of Piercing. +20 OB, delivers a "C" Puncture critical at every successful strike and double damage vs. ice-drakes.

Earring of the Bear. +20 to DB and allows wearer to *Summon* and *Befriend* any bear.

Runeknife. +10 OB, +20 Missile and Thrown OB, and is a +3 spell adder.

Eldanarya Amulet. This silver amulet bears the proud and noble crest of the House Eldanarya. It adds +5 to Presence and +10 to all Influence skills.





Vanha Äitisavu

10.0 ARTIFACTS OF POWER

The Cape of Forochel possesses many ancient sites of Morgoth's power, where evil artifacts and wicked magics were devised of old. Counteracting these banes, Yavanna and her Noldorin devotees seed the Wounded Land with the mystical power of the *eridh echui* and the *cembereth* trees that spring from them, ever searching for the hidden *yavanníri*. In the uttermost North, the Snow-elves of Helloth shape the very ice itself with their enchantments, creating works of beauty and power beneath Helecthil's eternal radiance.

The mortal races of Forodwaith also use magical artifacts, after a fashion. The smith-crafty Umli, emulating their Dwarven forebears, wield enchanted tools in their forges, while the spirit-namers and wise ones among the Ystävät Talven engrave their ritual knives with runes of ancient power. Even the casual wanderer of the Northern Waste may, while passing a half-buried ruin of the forgotten "Beadmaker" folk, chance upon some mysterious spell-bead of unknown virtue.

The following section alphabetically lists some of the more common or well-known artifacts to be found in the North. The accessibility of such items varies according to the cultural context in which their use is sought. The spears and earrings possessed by the Ystävät Talven are personal totems that require special ceremonies before being passed on. Other enchanted items, especially items of real power and importance, tend to be village or *heimo* property, and require the permission of elders or a *viisas* before they may be used.

Cembereth



CEMBERETH

(S. "Queen of the Earth," pl. Cemberethath)

"Some there are who have seen her standing like a tree under heaven, crowned with the Sun; and from all its branches there spilled a golden dew upon the barren earth, and it grew green..."

—***The Silmarillion***, *pp. 27-28.*

The *cembereth* is a tree sacred to Yavanna the Earth Mistress (its name being the Sindarin form of her sobriquet "Kementári"), and is a ritual focus for the spell-songs of the Noldor of Evermist. The *cemberethath* originate in Evermist and are found nowhere else in Middle-earth save where the Noldor may plant their seeds, the *eridh echui* (S. "seeds of awakening," sing. *eredh echui*). These are said among the Cuiviémar to be remnants of the primal Spring of Arda which Yavanna caused to be planted in the far North of the world, but which never sprouted because of the tyranny of Morgoth's presence.

When the Earth Mistress returned to Forodwaith in the wake of the War of Wrath, she sang a song of mourning for the Wounded Land, shedding her tears upon the sterile ground; but the Cuiviémar also say that, ere she turned away and departed Middle-earth, Kementári found the power to call forth the *eridh echui* within a sheltered valley of the newly-risen Ered Rhívamar. There, upon the very hilltop which the Noldor now call Dol Cembereth, Yavanna put forth her queenly power, and the *eridh echui* sprouted and grew into seed-bearing saplings. Then Kementári summoned veils of mist from the earth to defend her hidden garden from the malice of the cold and the evil chances of the world, preserving it for a time when the Firstborn might discover it and become the instrument of her designs for the healing of the waste.

The Noldor of Evermist use the seeds of the *cembereth* for the central rite of their order, which they call Laicatalë Formeno, the Greening of the North. The Laicatalë involves an individual *olortië*, or vision path, which each member of the Cuiviémar must undertake. The path begins at the unfolding of spring, at which time the Yavannildi, the women-folk of the Cuiviémar, conduct a ceremonial gathering of the *eridh echui* upon Dol Cembereth. These seeds are brought to the sweat-lodge upon Tol Ely for the Great Chant, attended by all of the Cuiviémar. Those of the Irmohildi who receive a vision during that gathering are each presented with a seed and bidden to begin their *olortië*. After long wandering and many trials, Irmo reveals to the quester the site of culmination for his path. Here the *eredh echui* must be planted after a lengthy consecration of the ground, and to here the quester must return until the seed has established itself.

Germination, even with optimal conditions, may take up to five years, and a further fifty to sixty years must pass before the tree is sufficiently established for the quest to have been deemed successful. Even then, the quester remains responsible for tending and preserving the site. Further seeds may be planted, usually of hardy plants and shrubs with medicinal or magical potencies, which help establish the site and promote its gradual self-sufficiency. In practice, the site must be visited at least twice a year for the first five years, or until germination of the seed has been completed; thence once a year for ten years, and after that at least once every two or three years.

A mature *cembereth* tree typically stands between fifteen and twenty-five feet, though those that grow upon the slopes of Dol Cembereth in Evermist may soar to twice that height. The silver-green bole of a *cembereth* is strait and slender, and its smooth skin is arrayed in a thin, velvet-like down. The leaves of the *cembereth* are a deep, rich green, curving gently to a single point, like a finely crafted spearhead. The *eridh echui* hang from clusters of these, resembling the walnut in shape, size and their tough, protective shell.

The *eridh echui* are virtually immune to damage—intense heat burns them, but intense cold merely makes them dormant. Germination is the most important part of the Greening, as the seed only grows in soil that is mostly free of Morgoth's taint (the Mordo). The quester must cast *Remove Curse* (***MERP:*** Spell Defense; ***RM:*** Repulsions) against any Morgothic residues (treat as 20th level over most of the Northern Waste) reducing to 10th as the *yavanníri* take effect; this builds up by 1 level/year (to a maximum of 10th) if the spell is not recast. While the seed germinates, the tree is at its most vulnerable. The sapling grows swiftly, and is very hardy amid the bitter colds of the North, but is probably unable to survive the attentions of wild animals, let alone the many evil creatures that prowl Forodwaith. (Treat the tree as 1st level until it is 10 years old. Thereafter, it increases in level every two or three years, until fully grown.)

As the *cembereth* puts down roots, Yavanna's latent power is awakened and begins to create a zone of protection for itself. Within this radius (which expands at a rate of 3'/year until full-grown) the tree has the power to hold back the Mordo—at least within the soil and water that its roots touch. While it is young, the quester needs to assist the tree by cleansing the area thoroughly every two to three years (every six months when still a sapling under ten years old). The tree has the permanent power of *Remove Curse* cast at its level within this area. This zone also extends into the air around the tree's branches: treat as *Area Protection* cast at half the tree's level (***MERP:*** Spell Defense; ***RM:*** *Protection Sphere*). This zone of protection detects as *Holy* (with the power of Yavanna) and as Channeling magic. Channeling spell-users linked to Yavanna within the zone of a mature *cembereth* find that their spells only require 75% of normal PPs (which they recover at double the normal rate).

CORMA VARYARO

(Q. "Ring of the Protector")

The purpose of this artifact is to protect its wearer against evil, releasing a guardian-force of pure Essence. Roughly man-shaped, the guardian attacks anything perceived as a threat to the wearer. Unfortunately, some corrupt force or minion of Darkness twisted this enchantment, so that the ring's power unleashes itself against any and all who draw near its wearer. The ring also has a *Charm* effect on the wearer, who becomes enamored of it and refuses to take it off.

Such was the fate of Malgolodh, grandson of King Amlaith of Arthedain. (See Section 12.6.) Malgolodh and his companions slew an ice-drake of the Ered Rhívamar. From the dragon's hoard, Malgolodh took the cursed silver ring, unwittingly turning its invisible guardian against his own men. Realizing that he had awakened some evil, Malgolodh refused to return to Arthedain, lest it harm others there. He therefore shut himself off in a cave of the Ered Rhívamar, suffering a slow death from thirst and starvation.

The spirit attacks anyone coming within 10' of the ring's wearer, and can be canceled or dispelled only by an Essence-destroying spell. However, such magics vanquish the guardian for only 24 hours. To permanently destroy the creature requires the destruction of the ring. The creature may also attack by throwing weapons to a range of 50'. As the creature is invisible, a sword or axe may seem to rise and strike of its own volition, requiring a 5th level RR vs. *Fear* for all opponents below 10th level.

GM Note: *The ring's guardian spirit is a 10th level force with 140 hit points. It is protected against attacks as with Pl (50 DB) and its speed is BF/VF. Its OB with any weapon is 50; its natural OB (LGr) is 100.*

GALGRIN'S HAMMER

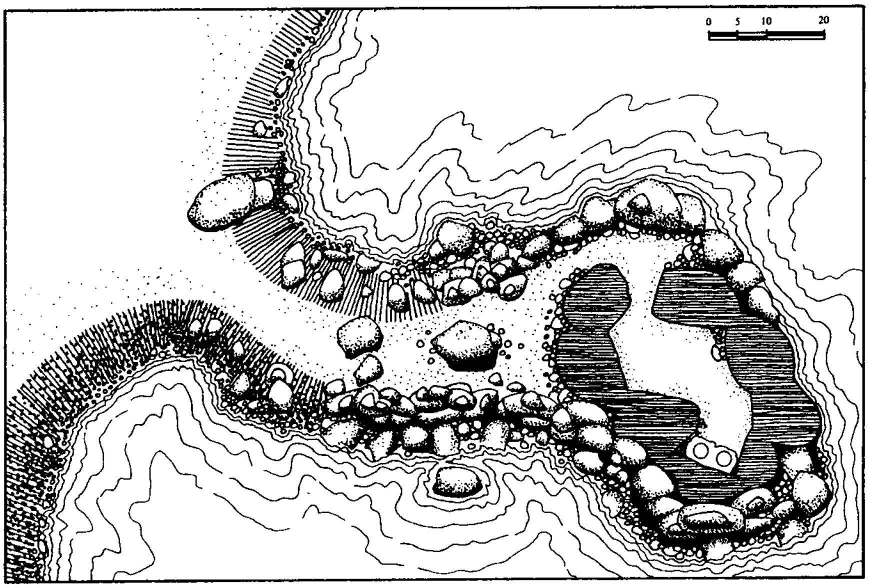
Forged by Umitic artisans for use in their metalworking, this hammer passed from generation to generation, until it was brought westward to Vasaran Ahjo on the Forsaken Sea by the master-smith Galgrin. In the Year of the Dragons (T.A. 1545) it was captured by the ice-drake Canadras, and now lies in his hoard. (See entry for Galgrinic, Section 9.0.) This great mattock is the tool of a smith—not a warrior; its virtues are therefore of a constructive rather than destructive nature, protecting and preserving its wielder from the dangers of the forge. The possessor gains +70 to any Craft skill wherein the hammer is used, and the ability to draw upon the spells *Balance, Chill Solid, Gaslungs, Heat Solid, Metal Assessment,* and *Resist Heat.*

Unlike most tools of its kind, Galgrin's Hammer is not mounted on a shaft of wood or metal, but is a single piece of forged and tempered steel. While silver in color, the hammer's handle is beautifully enameled in complex geometric designs of red and blue. The handle is thick and knobby at the end, with shallow indentations for ease of grip. Overall, it is 3' long, the head forming a large square with 8" sides. Each face of the hammer head is specifically shaped for a different metal-working purpose. One face is smooth and flat for normal striking, another comes to a sharp point for driving holes through metal, a third is sharply angled to allow metal to be cut at a single strike, and the fourth is rounded to flute and bevel edges.

HENKIKIVET

(La. "Spirit Stones," sing. Henkikivi)

Henkikivet is the name the Lumimiehet give to the *palantíri* of Arthedain, which were lost in the icy waters of Hûb Helchui with Arvedui in T.A. 1975. For many long years the seeing-stones of Annúminas and Amon Sûl remained lost beneath the ice and murky waters of the bay. Eventually, at the dawn of the Fourth Age, the fickle tides of Belegaer and the endless movement of the ice-pack washed the *palantíri* ashore. The Lumimiehet of the Wash Tundra erected a rough chamber of rock on a barren little peninsula of the bay to house their prize. While they have no idea as to the origin or use of the stones, the Lumimiehet greatly revere



Shrine of the spirit stones

the *henkikivet*, enamored of their mysterious flickering depths. The Lumimiehet seek the blessing of the stones before a hunt, and so would be extremely reluctant to allow any outsider near their treasures. Seekers of the *palantíri* are unlikely to receive a friendly welcome.

GM Note: *Since the lost seeing-stones are effectively beyond the reach of adventurers before the Fourth Age, the* palantíri *are not described here. GMs wishing to run adventures involving them should consult ICE's* **Palantír Quest**. *The stones' powers are also described in ICE's* **Treasures of Middle-earth**.

KORVARENKAAT

(La. "Earrings," sing. Korvarengas)

The wearing of *korvarenkaat* marks the spirit-namers and wise ones among the Ystävät Talven. This jewelry usually consists of a shiny piece of metal attached to a thin, needle-sharp fragment of hooked bone used to pierce the ear and hold the earring in place. Upon the metal (most often bronze) the wearer etches an image of the totemic animal with which he or she identifies, much in the same way as with septs and clans. (See Section 7.2.1.) Spirit-namers often wear *korvarenkaat* high on the ear so as to conceal their identity as *henkinimittäjät*. *Korvarenkaat* commonly serve as spell adders (+2 to +6), but in rare cases may simply be PP multipliers (x2). Being personal totems, *korvarenkaat* may not be used by others without first being passed on through a purification ceremony. The recipient must adopt the *henkieläin* (La. "spirit-animal") of the earring before it can be used.

LOHIKÄÄRMEENSURMATAJAT

(La. "Dragonslayers," sing. Lohikäärmeensurmataja)

Almost all *viisaat* and *henkinimittäjät* carry spears specially enchanted for the slaying of ice-drakes. These spears are made of either solid ivory or of ice-drake horn. They are +20 OB weapons that deliver an additional "C" Puncture critical per strike, and may be thrown without a range penalty. When used against ice-drakes, they add +50 to OB and DB, and the critical increases to "E." Dragonslayers are used solely by the spirit-namers and wise ones, and are considered private rather than village property. As with the *korvarenkaat*, the spears can only be passed on by a special ceremony involving purification of the spear and its new owner.

LOITSUHELMET

(La. "Spell-beads," sing. Loitsuhelmi)

Few tangible legacies of the mysterious "Beadmakers" of Forochel survived the Dark Years; the *loitsuhelmet* are one such legacy. These beads served their creators in much the same way as the runeknives of the later Ystävät Talven, being enchanted with the power of the *riimut* (See Section 7.1.2.) and housing magical energy for the casting of spells or the protection of their possessors. Though the art of crafting the *loitsuhelmet* perished long ago with their makers, many of the beads endured the passage of years, centuries, even millennia. Some have been passed down through the descendants of the Tanssijat, while others may still be found amid the rubble of Beadmaker ruins on the coasts of Forochel.

Spell-beads are generally of two kinds: the true *loitsuhelmet*, which hold a wide variety of Open Channeling and Animist spells, doubling as PP multipliers or spell adders; and, more commonly, the *voimahelmet* (La. "strength-beads," sing. *voimahelmi*), which increase the statistic bonuses (***MERP:*** from +10 to +25; ***RM:*** from +3 to +8) or Hits, skills or RRs (from +10 to +50). Spirit-namers and wise ones treasure such spell-beads less for these intrinsic virtues than for the fact that a bead recovered from an ancient ruin may turn out to be inscribed with one of the forgotten *riimut* whose name and powers were lost in the Dark Years. Who can foretell what mighty enchantment might one day be unlocked by the discovery of such an artifact?

Yet all knowledge comes with its price, and spell-beads are no exception. Apart from whatever unknown perils their original makers may have imbued them with, *loitsuhelmet* and *voimahelmet* alike have recently become part of a truly heinous plot spawned in the bowels of the Witch-king's realm. Some loremasters among the Arthedain later surmised that the Witch-king, being in need of undead slaves to wreak his anticipated devastation on the Barrow-downs in Eriador, bent his inhuman sorceries upon the unsuspecting Ystävät Talven. Whatever the truth of these speculations, the years preceding the Great Plague of T.A. 1636 witnessed a sudden, horrifying blight of undeath in the Northern Waste. The unquiet spirits of Men refused to surrender their *tarmo* to Ympyrä, but instead turned against the living, haunting their steps and pining after their destruction. After several months of terrorizing their former kinsfolk, the shades would withdraw—to the Spirit World where they belonged, as many hoped and prayed, but in reality to Carn Dûm, into the presence of their undead master, the Lord of the Nazgûl, there to do his bidding.

After several seasons of this blight, the wisest of the *viisaat* and the most perceptive of the *henkinimittäjät* began to mark how all those who fell prey to *kuoleman tarmo*, the death energy of Ulkopuolesta (See Section 8.0.), had in life possessed or made use of spell-beads. In time, the wise ones and spirit-namers came to discern a subtle taint infesting many of the *loitsuhelmet* and *voimahelmet*: they came from Mustanoistuuden Kaupunki, the City of Black Magic (Carn Dûm). Having learned of the spell-beads, the Witch-king had either discovered a means of counterfeiting the works of the ancient Beadmakers, or had breathed his black breath upon them. To draw upon the power of the *loitsuhelmet* now entailed risking one's soul; perhaps the particular bead or beads one used were free from the Ringwraith's touch, but perhaps not.

By no means was it the case that all Ystävät Talven eschewed the use of spell-beads in the wake of this awful revelation. Not all put trust in the warnings of those few who made the discovery;

some thought their words a cunningly contrived ruse of the Witch-king himself—to weaken the Ystävät Talven by tricking them into abandoning their ancestral talismans. Others who possessed *loitsuhelmet* and *voimahelmet* may have already fallen prey to the subtle corruption of the taint, spurning the warnings of their countrymen, and listening perforce to the secret voices whispering in their minds, assuring them of their own fortitude in the face of the blight. Some of the cursed beads indeed worked their sorcery swiftly, enslaving their victims before the eyes of all. Yet these were but decoys to lull the Ystävät Talven into a false sense of security, to make them believe that tainted and untainted beads could easily be differentiated; many more beads the Witch-king wove with subtle and slow-working sorceries, so that their effects would not reveal themselves until after many years, while the damned took comfort in the falsehood that their *loitsuhelmet* were inviolate.

By T.A. 1640, the worst of the spell-bead blight has passed; yet many tainted beads remain undetected, continuing to work their evil, while others still wait to be claimed by some unfortunate, strewn at random across the Northlands like poison seeds awaiting a harvest of death. Since the blight began, *viisaat* and *henkinimittäjät* have learned through painful trial how to read the signs that mark a spell-bead infected with *kuoleman tarmo*: tainted beads have a tendency to channel the energy of the *riimut* in ways not intended by their users. Summoning spells may call forth things unbidden, or may fail to work at all if directed *against* an evil of the Witch-king's creation. But the truly wise know better than to put trust in a *loitsuhelmi* merely because it fails to display any signs of taint; the Witch-king's cunning knows no bounds.

GM Note: *On an average, some 40% of all spell-beads have in some degree received the taint of the Witch-king. Use the Corruption rules on p. 71 of* **Middle-earth Role Playing** *or A-9.3.2 in* **Rolemaster** *to determine Corruption Points or other possible consequences of using a tainted bead. In general, it requires an Absurd (-70) Perception maneuver to find one of these beads when digging in the ruins. Another Extremely Hard (-30) Perception maneuver is required to realize the bead is magical and not mere jewelry.*

METSÄSTÄJÖIDEN SUKSET

(La. "Skis of Hunting," sing. Metsästäjöiden Suksi)

Rarely found among the Jäämiehet and not at all among the Merimetsästäjät, hunting skis are an inheritance unique to the Lumimiehet, being the favored mode of locomotion in winter upon the southern Talath Uichel and the open plains of the Herd Tundra. *Metsästäjöiden sukset* are made of curved whale-ribs and have warm, fur-lined boots permanently attached to the center of each ski. They enable their wearer to cross country tirelessly while searching for game, and permit free use of *Animal Location, Cold Resistance, Haste I-III* (affects wearer only), *Location, Pathlore, Traceless Pacing* and *Weather Prediction.*

While *metsästäjöiden sukset* are considered a communal possession, a village *viisas* or elder often decides who may use the skis and when. Under normal circumstances, the chances of finding a village in possession of such skis is Sheer Folly (-50). (Since the rise of Angmar, the chance has dropped to Absurd (-70), as the Witch-king's troops confiscate such artifacts wherever they are found for use by Angmarean scouts and troops.) As a consequence, hunting skis are rarely mentioned or shown to any outsider.

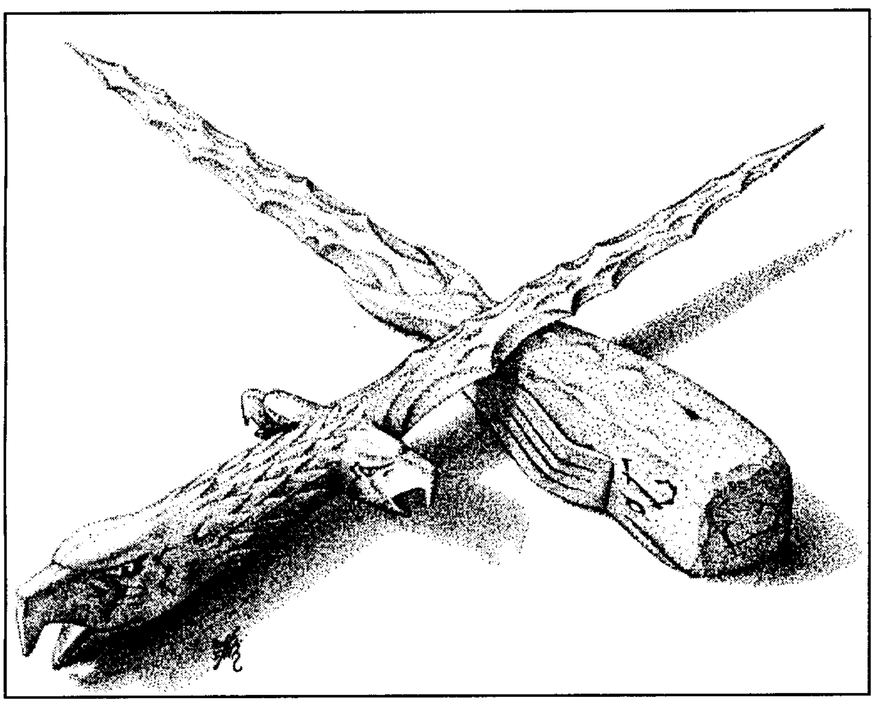
RIIMUVEITSET

(La. "Runeknives," sing. Riimuveitsi)

Runeknives are perhaps the most distinguishing artifact of the Ystävät Talven. Engraved with the *riimut* (See Section 7.1.2.), these blades bestow power of the kind needful in the daily fight for survival. Wise ones, spirit-namers and the eldest hunter of a family all carry such knives. Normally inherited as heirlooms, a village often presents *riimuveitset* at weddings to mark the establishment of a new family. A typical *riimuveitsi* has an inscribed handle and a blade of whalebone, horn or ivory, often decorated with bird or animal carvings and etched with complex geometric patterns.

While often little more than +10 weapons, the true virtue of the *riimuveitset* are the spells they channel. Knives devised for hunters typically focus spells from the Animal Mastery, Protections or Path Mastery lists, whereas those crafted for use by a *viisas* or *henkinimittäjä* contain more lore, detection or healing-oriented magic, such as is found in the Detection Mastery, Calm Spirits, Item Lore or Organ Ways lists, in addition to being PP multipliers. *Riimuveitset* usually channel only one or two spells from a list, but in rare cases a runeknife may unlock entire lists.

GM Note: *Section 9.0 of ICE's* **Arnor: The People** *describes two famous* riimuveitset, *the Runeknife of Risinti and the Crist-i-Sulhoth.*



Runeknives





YAVANNÍRI

(Q. "Yavanna's Tears," sing. Yavannírë)

"Yavanna came to Middle-earth and walked alone amid the ruin of the Iron Mountains, surveying in grief the desolation of the land. And she wept, for her power was not now strong enough to erase the memory of Morgoth's evil; but her golden tears, falling upon the barren earth, froze at its touch. Then the Earth Mistress turned away, and did not return."

—***Quenta Yavannírion***

Like the resin that flows from a wounded tree, the tears which Yavanna shed for Forodwaith did not disperse, but took shape and hardened into a golden amber. Scattered across the Northern Waste, the *yavanníri* lay hidden, awaiting better times. In T.A. 1640, the Istar Aiwendil (Radagast the Brown) revealed the first of the tears to the Noldor of Evermist, bidding them search for the others and gather them in the Lodge of Awakening. The quest of the Cuiviémar to recover all sixty-eight of the *yavanníri* (for that is their full number) was to span thirteen centuries, culminating in T.A. 2951, the year that the Dark Lord Sauron declared himself openly to the world. The Great Song of the Noldor followed, in which the dormant power of the *yavanníri* was at last released to work its way upon the tainted North.

The unlocking of a *yavannírë* involves a ritual gathering of the Cuiviémar in the sweat-lodge on Tol Ely in the mere of Evermist, during which the tear proceeds to dissolve into a golden vapor that rises into the air and wafts across the Wounded Land, driving out malevolent spirits of wind and weather, and ridding the earth of the Mordo, Morgoth's evil shadow. While the *yavanníri* do not rid the North of ice and cold, their removal of the Mordo works to restore to the land its natural rhythms and cycles as these should have been, had the Black Enemy not claimed Forodwaith as his realm.

The golden mist-cloud generated by one of the tears is capable of extending its influence to a radius of up to a thousand miles (though the Cuiviémar may control its orientation and direction). The cloud acts to repel evil spirits, who must make a RR against the level of the repulsion, which is determined by the cumulative number of *yavanníri* that have been unlocked (i.e., the first tear has a 1st level effect, the last reaches a potency of 68th level). A RR failed by up to 50 forces a spirit to flee the area until the influence of the tear has completely dissipated (which may take centuries); a failure greater than 50 results in the spirit's vanquishment to the Shadow-realm, compelling the abandonment of whatever *fana* it may possess. For purposes of RR, the Mordo itself ranks as a 20th level entity in the Northern Waste (higher than in most of Middle-earth). Every failure of its RR by more than 100 reduces the Mordo's strength by one level.

GM Note: *There is no* **MERP** *spell approximating the repulsion effect of the* yavanníri. *In* **RM** *terms, however, it is equivalent to the Base Cleric list Repulsions or the Base Paladin list Exorcisms.*

11.0 A TRAVELER'S GUIDE TO THE NORTHERN WASTE

The lands and waters of Forodwaith hold many challenges in store for the traveler, with each locality possessing its unique wonders and hazards. An intimate knowledge of these (or the boon of a knowledgeable guide) is often essential to survival in the wild. The ancient Númenóreans strove to map the coasts of Forochel in the days of their youth; but few such charts have survived the centuries, and the same cataclysm that drowned Númenor also changed the shape of Forochel's coastline forever after. Even to its own peoples, the Northern Waste retains all the mystery of an undiscovered country.

The pages that follow comprise a traveler's guide (or gazetteer) to Forochel, the western reaches of the Talath Uichel and the northern frontier of Eriador, covering all major geographical regions, topographical features, settlements, ruins and other sites which may be of particular interest to adventurers. The alphabetically organized headings correspond to place-names as these appear on the color maps accompanying this module. These names reflect the nomenclature of mid-Third Age Arthadanian mapmakers; hence, Sindarin forms predominate, interspersed with local Labbic (Ystävä Talven) names. The Snow-elven forms for most of these place-names may be found in Section 14.6.2. When a Labbic form is appended to an entry with a Sindarin name, this does not necessarily imply that the Labba is an exact translation of the Elvish; to learn the meaning of the Labbic form, refer to the glossary in Section 14.6.1.

Each entry covers the general geography and ecology of an area, the people and creatures that may be encountered there, and in some cases the type of goods and supplies available to travelers. Unless otherwise indicated, the entries and descriptions of a locale or region presume a T.A. 1640 time setting. Historical events, whether past or future, are related as needed to provide for campaigns set in other time periods.

ACHROND

(S. "Ivory Hall")

Ancient records preserved in the musty libraries of Arthedain testify that the Númenóreans did indeed maintain a presence on Pitkämiehen Saari, one of the three isles making up the archipelago at the tip of Forochel's great cape. Royal archives dating from the reign of Tar-Ciryatan (S.A. 1896-2029) tell of the establishment of Achrond, a whaling outpost "which stood beside a sheltering cove upon the threshold of Ekkaia." Later entries say that Achrond was eventually abandoned due to the declining success of its whalers. The refuge, an artificially-delved cavern in a hollow of the island's hill, remains largely undisturbed by the ravages of time; but the quays of the ancient harborage have long since vanished without a trace.

See Section 12.3 for the detailed layout of Achrond.



AEGLIR ARVETHED

(S. "Unending Peaks")

This great, jumbled mass of granite peaks forms the western march of the Bleak Mountains. Over the centuries, the Fire Tundra has made inroads into the western and southern foothills of the Aeglir Arvethed; but travelers should not expect to find respite among these dreadful peaks—the Aeglir Arvethed are just as drear and lifeless as their forbidding parent range, and the dangers of wind and flooding are equally present. Dwarves attempted to establish mining colonies in these mountains late in the Second Age, but the mines proved too difficult and costly to maintain for the meager mineral wealth they yielded. The abandoned mines soon thereafter became heavily infested with Trolls from neighboring Torogmar. It is rumored that somewhere near the center of the Aeglir Arvethed run large, labyrinthine caverns that reach down into the Underdeeps.

AMON ANLUG

(S. "Worm's Hill")

Virtually the only patch of ground in the Fen Tundra that remains dry year-round, Amon Anlug stands southeast of the Bleak Mountains, near enough to be one of the larger foothills of those peaks. Amon Anlug gets its name from Ningarach, a large marsh-drake that dwells in a small cavern in the knoll's western slope. The Orcs of the Bleak Mountains and neighboring marsh-drakes acknowledge Ningarach as mistress of the Fen Tundra. She can sometimes be seen sitting atop the hill, surveying her fetid domain. In origin, Ningarach's lair is actually an ancient Orc-hold, which the drake merely occupied (after devouring most of its inhabitants), finding it roomy and commodious.

Unless provoked, Ningarach seldom ventures forth from the fens to trouble the Lumimiehet; but if disturbed by hunters near her lair, Ningarach's anger spills forth, destroying one or two Lumimies villages in reprisal. Ningarach does not care to be disturbed in her lair, and she attacks trespassers immediately. Normally aloof if encountered elsewhere, Ningarach (like all dragons) has a soft spot for flattery.

GM Note: *Treasure-hunters who succeed in sacking Ningarach's lair find 500 gp worth of various coins, primarily silver (60%) and copper (35%); 1200 gp worth of jewelry, primarily Lumimies ivory bracelets and necklaces, but including gold rings and a silver necklace worth 100 gp; four sets of +20 sealskin armor with no movement encumbrance; two +15 shields; ten +10 arrows; a +25 spear made of narwhal tusk (+25 to Agility and Presence, +20 to all Moving maneuvers); a +10* viisas *runeknife (doubles the potency of any herb, +25 OB vs. Orcs, Heals +10 on command 2 x/day); Earrings of Resistance (+25 to all RR rolls); and Gloves of Warming (heal frost-bitten fingers and hands as* Frost/Burn Relief III, *must be worn for one full day and affect only hands and fingers).*

ANGBAND'S THRESHOLD

See entry for GONDALF.

ANGHIR

(S. "River of Angmar")

The Anghir collects the outflow of Angmar's modest watershed, guiding its waters westward across the No-man's Lands to the Wash Tundra and Hûb Helchui. The river seldom freezes over completely, though ice-floes may block its course in deep winter, forcing the water to flood its banks and transform the surrounding terrain into fen and bog. The Anghir is a natural path for Angmarean raids into Forodwaith or Arthedain, and for this reason the Lumimiehet make no permanent settlement along it. Legends of raids and other horrors out of Angmar long outlived the realm that spawned them, and the Anghir continued to mark a wild and open country where few people dared to roam.

The Anghir's waters are occasionally polluted by indifferent or deliberate acts of the fell folk of Angmar. This awful waste (for the most part, oils and sludge generated by the forges and armories of Carn Dûm) often spreads as far as the poison fens adjacent to the Emyn Nimbrith, but greatly dissipates in the swift-flowing streams that flow down into the Anghir from the hills. The Lumimiehet refer to these slicks as *huonovesi* (La. "bad water"), while the Elves name them *thilthaur* (S. "foul sheen") because of their sickly hue. Malformed fish have been caught in the waters of the Anghir, though none have ever been found as far west as the Wash Tundra. After the fall of Angmar, the river's befoulment ceases, but this does not reassure the ever wary Lumimiehet.

ANGMAR

(S. "Ironhome")

Two great arms of the northern Misty Mountains encircle the high plateau of Angmar like a pair of pincers, fencing it from the lands of Eriador to the south and Talath Uichel to the north. Now home to the Witch-king and his marauding legions, Angmar forms a perilous frontier for any who would brave the Northern Waste. While the greater part of Angmar's fell folk do not normally venture into Forodwaith, the Lord of the Nazgûl counts among his servants a colony of Urdic Sled-warriors. These dwell year-round in the northward-facing mountain valleys of Ephel Angmar on the edge of Talath Uichel. From these the Urdor launch raids against Forodwaith's peoples during the long winter months, ranging as far west and north as the Fire Tundra and the Forsaken Sea. Ever wary of spies and trespassers, the Witch-king's patrols are under orders to apprehend and incarcerate all travelers not bearing Angmarean insignia. Such unfortunates usually find their way to the dungeons and slave pits of Carn Dûm, Angmar's fortress-city.

In truth, the Witch-king's realm straddles both sides of the Misty Mountains: the enclosed vale of Angmar on the west, and the grassy shelf extending east from Mount Gundabad. Two mountain passes link the halves—the Angirith or Iron Pass, and Aes Ruin, the Ravine of Red Flame. At the foot of Mount Gundabad stands Dîn Lhûg, the Dragon's Gap, beside which rise the furthest glacial wells of the River Lhúchir. The mountainous region of the passes also gives birth to Anghiril, the westward-flowing stream that cuts across Angmar's bleak plateau to become the Anghir.



Though Orc-tunnels, dragon-lairs, troll-holes and warg-dens abound in both arms of its mountain fences, few Mannish settlements (simple herdsman lodgings for the most part) dot Angmar's inhospitable plain. A chain of fortresses and agricultural villages greedily hugs the relatively fertile strip of land running along the plateau's open, westward-facing frontier. Carn Dûm, the Witch-king's stronghold, is the only urban habitation in the region. This fortified valley of red stone stands at the northwestern tip of the Ephel Angmar, and its garrisons lie within striking distance of the Umitic and Lumimies settlements of Hûb Helcharaes. The northernmost garrison of Angmar's Eriadorian frontier is Mindil Kepich, which guards the only bridge over the Anghir and patrols the open territory between Carn Dûm and the Emyn Nimbrith (one of the two main thoroughfares offering passage from Eriador into the Northern Waste).

ARADHRAS

(S. "Kingscrag")

"Two signs of the moon you travel, by foaming river and spruce bog. To follow the river east takes you to the eaters of man-flesh, but leave it and hunt south over tussock, dell, green-scrub and gorse, and you see the Firebrand Tower, the crag of the tall kings, where they watch the wild lands and bring the bright sword of their law on all things that are Ulkopuolesta."

So the Lumimies headmen told their children of Kingscrag, the tower and fortress of Arthedain. Built on the last great crest of the North Downs as these sink into the Rammas Forod, the Firebrand Tower and the surrounding fortress and dikes stand midway between Fornost and Carn Dûm. Their history goes back to the first coming of Men to the northern lands, but in recent centuries the fortress is chiefly famed for its defiance of the armies of Angmar.

Northmen came to the crag early in the Second Age, farming the gentle valleys on either flank of the ridge and building on its crest a tall beacon for the hunters and trappers who ventured north across the Rammas Forod and along the Anghir into Forodwaith. Númenórean astrologers came here later, the first of their race to meet the inland Lumimiehet. They built Aradhras' tower to observe the heavens, installing a mysterious device that burned stored sunlight and pure charcoal with a brilliant, white-hot light, visible a hundred miles across the hills to the edge of the Anghir valley and the Wash Tundra. For two thousand years the beacon called the Lumimiehet and Northmen of the frontier to trade for furs each summer in a fair.

The crag became a royal fief when Arnor was founded, and an important fortress and magazine after the division of the kingdom in T.A. 861. With the rise of Angmar, Aradhras became the base of royal rangers and cavalry fighting to keep the Witch-king's minions away from the Anghir and the northern frontier of Arthedain. After T.A. 1408, all Arthadanian outposts north and east of Aradhras fell to the Angmarrim. The great fur-trading fairs ended forever.

In the seventeenth century of the Third Age, Arthadanian royal rangers still patrol out of Kingscrag, but the frontier trails leading northward are watched by Snagoth and Uruk-Uflag Orcs of Angmar. The water-path is guarded by the Angmarean fortress of Mindil Kepich, in the bogs at the north-turning bend of the Anghir. Ironically, the traveler from the South who would dare pass Kingscrag to venture into the Northern Waste would do so most safely in winter. In that punishing season, skis and sleds allow them to pass the frozen Orc-camps with some speed and more hope of secrecy. The Lumimiehet still remember the old trail and the radiant white light. Some still risk the Orcs and wolves to seek knowledge and friendship among the tall men of the tower.

ARTHEDAIN

(S. "[Land of the] Royalist Edain")

Of the three Arnorian successor-realms in Eriador, Arthedain is the only one left standing in T.A. 1640. Implacable foes of the Witch-king, the Men of Arthedain have always borne the brunt of Angmar's assaults, and continue to withstand the Nazgûl-lord's legions for another three centuries, until their realm perishes along with its nemesis in the conflagration of the Third Northern War in T.A. 1975. Between then and now, Arthedain is the securest and most accessible sanctuary or point of departure for the traveler in Forodwaith.

The capital of Arthedain (and its only true city) is Fornost, which stands at the base of the North Downs, some forty leagues south of the Rammas Forod. Here an adventurer may obtain any supplies he or she might possibly require for a journey into the Northern Waste. Fornost also provides a fairly reliable market for the sale of goods won in the far North—whalebone, ivory tusk, animal pelts and so on. At the opposite end of the North Downs stands the border-fortress of Aradhras. Though the business of its folk lies in war rather than hospitality, friendly travelers can usually avail themselves of the citadel's walls while in transit across the frontier.

Five geographical regions define Arthedain's northern frontier: to the northwest, the Talath Muil; to the north, the Hills of Evendim and Rammas Forod; to the northeast, the Endless Plain and No-man's Lands facing Angmar. In general, the Arthadanian frontier is a large area of lightly populated, unspoiled wilderness. However, its proximity to Angmar does not make for a pleasant or secure countryside, and the wilderness sometimes crawls with the Witch-king's unfriendly minions. See also entries for ARADHRAS, DOL GORMAEN, NO-MAN'S LANDS, NÚMERIADOR, RAMMAS FOROD, and TALATH MUIL.

BAY OF CRACKING ICE

See entry for HÛB HELCHARAES.

BAY OF DESOLATION

See entry for HÛB LOSTAS.

BAY OF FOROCHEL

See entry for HÛB FOROCHEL.

BEAR LAKE

See entry for KARHU JÄRVI

BERG CRADLE BAY

See entry for CAEW-I-CHELDOLATH.

BERNASTATH

See entry for TYHJÄ KARHUNTALO.

BLEAK MOUNTAINS

See entry for ERED MUIL.

BLUE MOUNTAINS

See entry for ERED LUIN.

CAEW-I-CHELDOLATH

(S. "Berg Cradle [Bay]")

Berg Cradle is the largest of the three principal bays that punctuate the Cape of Forochel. Sheltered between the Minheldolath and Rast Losnaeth promontories, the bay is haven to innumerable icebergs, some of them delved by the Merimetsästäjät. The Berg Cradle is further sub-divided into three smaller bays. The westward arm of Berg Cradle is named Talven Satama, the Winter Harbor. In that season, the northward current of Belegaer drives into the Bay of Forochel, forcing the ice into this wide channel; in summer, the current is less strong, sweeping across the mouth of the bay and drawing the icebergs out of the lesser inlets to open water. The crumbling foothills of the Ered Rhívamar descend in ever lowering heights to the northern shores of the bay. The western shores are little more than boulder-strewn cliffs that eventually merge with the even lower hills of the Minheldolath.

The great central arm of Berg Cradle Bay is a deep, narrow channel called Pitkävesi, the Longwater, which reaches northward almost to Evermist. Pitkävesi is home to some of the oldest berg-delvings of the Merimetsästäjät. Once a berg is forced into the narrow channel, it often becomes grounded in one of the shallower inlets along the eastern shores of the Pitkävesi. There the berg remains until an unusually high tide lifts it to resume its endless journey. The summer current of Belegaer is too weak to draw these bergs out of the narrow-mouthed channel, so it is primarily the early gales of autumn, before the bay freezes over, that force them out of the Pitkävesi and into the main gulf of the Berg Cradle.

The shores of the Longwater are less rocky and more wooded than those of the rest of the bay. Stands and forests of hardy spruce or pine cover the great strip of land dividing the Pitkävesi from the Talven Satama. The northern end of the Longwater, nearest to the Elven sanctuary of Evermist, is heavily forested. To the east, this forest gradually gives way to the open Fire Tundra. The shores of the Pitkävesi are less rocky than those of the Talven Satama; but save for the far northern end, they are steep and difficult for those who travel by boat.

The easternmost arm of Berg Cradle Bay is called Hûb Rochdol, Horsehead Bay, by the Elves of Evermist, because of the distinctive shape of its shoreline. The Jäämiehet and Merimetsästäjät, who have no experience with such animals, name it Venemiehen Satama, Boatman's Harbor. The bay offers excellent harborage for whaling vessels where its eastern shore (that portion which would be the horse's nose and mouth) provides a wide, pebbly beach and shallow water where boats are easily launched or landed. While subject to ice-floes and smaller bergs, Venemiehen Satama is too shallow in depth for the great bergs in which the Merimetsästäjät live.

From summer to winter, Berg Cradle Bay is a study in contrasts. The warming of the weather in spring brings seals and walrus teeming to its shores. Great flocks of gulls and terns wheel and sweep above its emerald-green waters, bringing its shores to life with the nesting grounds and rookeries of the migrating birds. Eagles, falcons and hawks all prey upon these massive, shoreline flocks. By early summer, the bay is full of several types of whales, primarily the great humpback, but smaller species such as pilot, narwhal and killer whale all come to feed and breed in these northern waters. Summer also brings the snow bears to hunt seal and search for mates.

The cooler autumn weather brings a dramatic change to the Berg Cradle. The numbers of birds lessens noticeably, and the once-crowded nesting areas are abandoned, parents and young alike having gone south. Whales, so numerous in the summer months, also begin their long voyage southwards to warmer waters off the coasts of Haradwaith, where they calf and raise their young. The seals, on the other hand, have yet to make their journey; and so long as they stay, so too do the killer whales. In winter, the bay freezes and the ice stretches from the middle of Rast Losnaeth to the midsection of Minheldolath. The frozen berg-delvings of the Merimetsästäjät then become immobile. Save for the stray snow bear or dragon, the ice-sheet is virtually deserted.

Among the many Merimetsästäjä delvings that wander the waters of Berg Cradle Bay, the greatest are Merikylä, Talven Muurit and Pohjoinen Tähti. The first two can usually be found in Talven Satama during winter and near the eastern coasts of Minheldolath during summer, with Merikylä maintaining a position somewhat north of Talven Muurit; both are accompanied by three minor bergs. Talven Muurit had a fourth satellite, but during a summer squall it was swept far out into the Bay of Forochel, borne away upon a wild current into unknown Belegaer. Through great effort, most of the people of this delving were saved, but a good deal of food-stores and belongings were lost. Pohjoinen Tähti, on the other hand, remains an almost permanent fixture in the northern waters of the Pitkävesi. The berg has no satellites and remains one of the oldest, continuously occupied delvings of the Merimetsästäjät.

CANADRAS

(S. "Four-horn")

At the tip of the peninsula dividing the Bay of Desolation from the Forsaken Sea stands a great promontory which bears no other name than that of its sole, dread occupant. The ice-drake Canadras lairs in a cavern whose innards were shaped by the Snow-elves in the distant past. Some say that this was once the palace of K'elektor himself, before the Snow-elves journeyed north to found Helloth, and that it contains works of beauty beyond compare. Whatever the truth of such tales, the Lossidil abandoned the dwelling long before Canadras came upon it. Many of its splendid ice sculptures remain intact in spite of the incidental damage they have suffered from the dragon's comings and goings (Canadras has little eye for art.), though only in the most distant and unexplored recesses of the caverns do the sculptures and frescoes of the Lossidil retain their pristine splendor. The entrance to Canadras' lair opens onto a cliff-face overlooking Ekkaia, some sixty feet above the waves. A rock-cut path once wound its way down the cliff from above, but Canadras has managed to tear sections of it away so as to discourage uninvited guests.

CAPE OF FOROCHEL

See entry for HÛB FOROCHEL.



CARN DÛM

(S. "Red Vale")

Nestled between two great spurs of the northwesternmost peak of the Ephel Angmar, the valley of Carn Dûm cradles the Witch-king's mightiest stronghold. The site of an ancient Dwarven mine, Durin's folk gave this sheltered dale its name because the hue of its rock reminded them of Caradhras, the Redhorn that towered above their own ancestral delving in the southern Misty Mountains. The Witch-king drove these Dwarves from Carn Dûm at the head of an Orc-host in T.A. 1276, the year of his arrival in the North, and claimed the mountain as his own. Soon thereafter, the Nazgûl-lord gathered all his servants to begin the arduous task of building his vast fortress-city, an immense labor which was scarcely complete a quarter of a century later when the Witch-king declared open war upon the successor-states of Arnor.

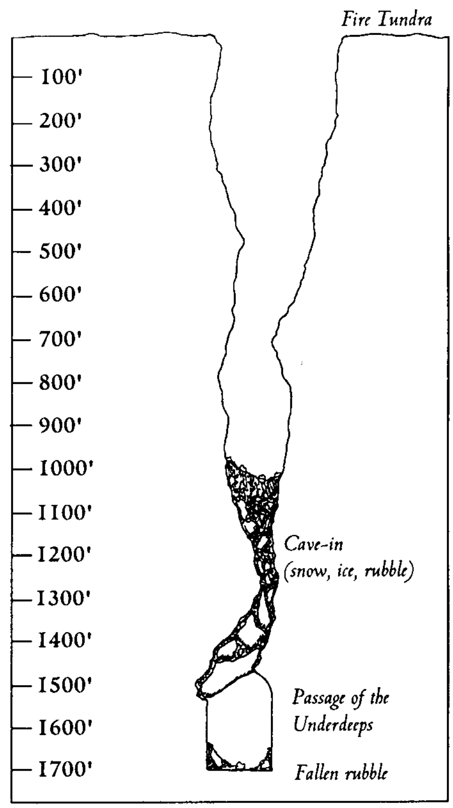
In T.A. 1640, Carn Dûm supports a combined Mannish and Orkish population of five thousand—by far the largest settlement bordering the Northern Waste, and certainly housing the largest standing military force in all of northern Eriador. The town that lies within its walls has the semblance of a sprawling military encampment, possessing most of the amenities of urban life (albeit in rather stark fashion and often in limited supply). Its inhabitants form an unpleasant mix of several mercenary cultures, and their resulting demeanor tends towards violence and rowdiness. Caravans often visit Carn Dûm from lands as near as Rhudaur or as distant as Rhovanion, so that the locals are used to having strangers in their midst. However, to gain access to the town one must first pass the great gate; none save openly declared allies of the Witch-king are given entry, and unauthorized visitors who are discovered rarely escape alive.

CIRITH-I-NUDEVYN

(S. "Rifts of the Underdeeps;" La. Sisäänkäytävä Alateihin)

In the far northern reaches of the Fire Tundra, at the feet of the Ered Rhívamar and near the Stairs to Hell, stretch the Cirith-i-Nudevyn. They can be seen from a great distance, even from the flat plain, as two snow-filled ravines—long, wide and deep, running northwest to southeast like scars across the landscape. The rifts are testimony to a cataclysmic collapse in the Underdeeps in ages past. The Jäämiehet give them a berth of many miles when passing by, speaking in hushed whispers of dreadful beasts that are wont to issue forth from the rifts to stalk the lands of Men.

At the head of the twin ravines stand the ruins of Mornost, an ancient stronghold of Morgoth's realm. It is believed that the destruction of that citadel in the War of Wrath was responsible for the collapse of the Underdeeps in this part of Forodwaith. In truth, the sunken clefts encompass but two branches of the same great subterranean way, separated by a mile-wide wall of uncollapsed ground. Some say that this intervening bridge of earth is upheld by mammoth arches and supports in the Underdeeps below. As no one has ever been willing to descend into the depths, this guess remains unchallenged.



Rift of the Underdeeps

The ice and debris that now fill the ravines belie their actual depth. The northern rift (the one nearest the Stairs to Hell) is the less difficult to explore. Its roof fell cleanly and did not topple the walls with it. Descending to a depth of nearly a thousand feet, its connection to the Underdeeps lies buried beneath another five hundred feet of snow and frozen rubble. The southern ravine, of equal depth, is choked with rock and boulders, and poses greater difficulty to penetration, as the fallen stones are unsteady and may shift unexpectedly under the weight of an explorer. The floor of this rift is also filled with snow and ice, and both ends are heavily clogged with rubble and debris. It would require a major excavation of several months to open either end of this ravine.

GM Note: *When exploring this portion of the Cirith-i-Nudevyn, adventurers must make an Extremely Hard (-30) Moving maneuver every hour they are in the cleft. Failure indicates the debris has shifted and the individual takes a "D" (+10) Crush critical from the massive boulders collapsing all around.*

The Underdeeps that lie beneath Forodwaith are all but unknown to the Ystävät Talven who dwell above them. This blissful ignorance is primarily a result of the cold weather of the region. The vile and loathsome creatures dwelling in the (comparatively) warmer, moist underground labyrinth of the Underdeeps are never exposed to the chill wind or sunlit glare of a snowfield. When such creatures do manage to venture forth from their dark domain, they find the cold world of Forochel too inhospitable and quickly return to the depths of Middle-earth.

DOL GORMAEN

(S. "Gormaen's Hill")

The hill-fort of Dol Gormaen was founded by its namesake as a frontier citadel of Arthedain in T.A. 1325, soon after the fall of neighboring Minas Eldanaryaron to Angmar. Less than a century later, Dol Gormaen itself fell to the Witch-king's hosts during the Second Northern War of T.A. 1409. Since Dol Gormaen's occupation by Angmarean Orcs, the Witch-king has used the fortress primarily as a spearhead for minor (and, occasionally, major) forays against Arthedain. During the interim, the stronghold is greatly under-garrisoned, housing only 150 Orcs with a contingent of 20 wolf-riders. Consequently, these Orcs are likely to let things "get by them." While on long scouting expeditions, rangers from Arthedain regularly steal food from the citadel's stores; but the eyes of Dol Gormaen are always vigilant, and those who do not take that vigilance seriously may learn of their peril overlate.

A large and rambling citadel, Dol Gormaen was constructed in typical Arthadanian fashion, being octagonally shaped with a tower at each angle. It possesses a larger stable than most such fortresses, and in Artha-danian hands it held 175 cavalry with another 25 mounted messengers, officers and scouts. These troops were augmented by 600 footmen with another 200 guards, cooks, grooms and other lackeys who could be armed and mobilized at a day's notice.

DOR BENDOR

(S. "Landless Land;" La. Maatta Maa)

Dor Bendor comprises the unmelting ice that crowns the arctic pole of Arda's globe. Its expanse is vast and unexplored. Of all the Free Peoples, the Snow-elves alone are said to have trodden its pathless wastes. There, indeed, at the summit of the world stands their fabled ice-city of Helloth, though to mortal knowledge it is little more than a rumor and a legend.

In spite of the unfathomable mystery that shrouds it, Dor Bendor is, in reality, the youngest of all Arda's regions—younger even than Forodwaith itself; for that land was shaped while the world was still flat, but it was the Downfall of Númenor (more than three thousand years after the War of Wrath) that led to the creation of the Landless Land. In the drowning of Númenor, Eru Ilúvatar changed the very shape of the world, bending the seas so that Arda became globed amid the stars. This cataclysm transformed the uttermost climes of Ekkaia, the Encircling Sea, hardening the Helcaraxë, the Grinding Ice of the Ancient World, into an immovable mass. For much of the year, the southern boundary of Dor Bendor lies from two to fifty miles off the northern coasts of Forochel, affording a narrow channel for seaborne vessels; during winter, the Landless Land extends its icy fingers southward, forming a seamless bridge with the extremities of Forodwaith.

Frigid, barren and dry, Dor Bendor is a region of violent gales but little precipitation. In winter, the howling spirits of wind blow ice-crystals across the wastes as the sands of a great desert, raising mounds of ice and snow and sculpting them into fantastic shapes and designs. Storms born amid these tempests immediately wheel away southward to unleash their fury upon Forodwaith and lands further south. Only in high summer, when opposing winds from the South are strong enough to contest the north wind's dominion, do storms linger here, exhuming their snow across the endless winterscape; but such events are as ephemeral as they are infrequent, and swiftly dissipate in the face of Dor Bendor's might.

Travel in this icy wasteland is dangerous in the extreme. The often changeless terrain, coupled with repeated blights of *olfain*, can easily rob a traveler of all sense of direction, leaving the hapless wanderer lost in an unending white nightmare. Fissures of cracked and split ice frequently interpose themselves in the line of travel. Some of these are but shallow ditches causing the wanderer to stumble; others are vast, deep crevasses wherein sleds, sled-dogs and an entire party can disappear without a trace. Many such deep ravines are the lairs of ice-drakes, creatures that revel in the cold and tread fearlessly upon the ice.

GM Note: *Traveling in the desired direction requires a Light (+10) or, in the event of snowfall or blizzard, a Hard (-10) Tracking maneuver.*

EI MISSÄ

(La. "Nowhere")

Ei Missä is an ancient Beadmaker ruin on Whalebone Isle. The Merimetsästäjät called the site "Nowhere" because the path leading to it finds its end upon a westward-facing cape of the island, stretching out into the featureless expanse of Belegaer. Situated along the island's northern shore, this low-lying, grassy promontory makes for poor harborage, due to a large number of inconvenient boulders and jagged rocks; but the Merimetsästäjät use the place as an encampment because of its proximity to the island's seal-hunting grounds.

The path to Ei Missä actually marks the remnants of an old Beadmaker road, linking the ruins of the cape to those of nearby Itämuurit; but the stones of the road end suddenly several yards short of Ei Missä, and a knowledgeable guide is required to point out the ruins. These ruins were first revealed in a violent squall, which eroded the soil hiding the remains of a fallen wall, but the village itself remains buried beneath the turf.

Excavation would reveal only a few Beadmaker kilns and a large number of broken, time-ravaged figurines. These miniature statuettes represent whales, sea-birds, seals and other animals, and turn up occasionally on the cape after a storm. They are considered "lucky" by the Merimetsästäjät, and so are coveted for the good fortune they reputably bring. In truth, the trinkets are no more than they appear, and possess no magical properties. They are the remnant of a thriving Beadmaker religious center that existed on Whalebone Isle prior to the coming of the Númenóreans.

EITHEL MORGOTH

(S. "Morgoth's Well")

This natural volcanic basin upon the Fire Tundra was fortified and reshaped in the Elder Days to serve as an outlying forge and armory of Angband. Here, fell weapons of power and destruction were devised for the doom of Elf and Man. The upper fortifications of the Well were destroyed and swept away in the War of Wrath; yet the great, seething caldera of Morgoth's fiery forge remained, malevolently bubbling, open to the sky above. Imprisoned here is the Balrog Durlach, an evil spirit of fire, cursed to remain bound to a lake of molten rock. Here also are many pits, tunnels and deeply-delved chambers whose secret, winding ways connect the fiery lake to the Underdeeps.

After Morgoth's expulsion from the world, the Well was forgotten, becoming no more than an arcane notation on ancient maps and a convenient landmark for travelers on the Fire Tundra. On calm and clear days, the column of smoke rising from the crater can be seen for nearly a hundred miles in any direction. On rainless or snowless nights, the red-orange glow of the Well visibly reflects off the low-hanging clouds for half that distance, its light wavering and flickering in garish display. The Jäämiehet call this effect Verinen Taivas, the Bloody Sky, and both the rising daytime smoke and the nightly glow make convenient beacons and markers for those wandering between the Bleak Mountains and the Ered Rhívamar.

The tear-drop shaped rim of the Well is nearly forty miles in diameter from east to west, and fifty miles in length from its rounded, northern terminus to the narrow defile marking its southern boundary. From its upper rim to the lake of lava at its floor, the basin is a mile in depth. The descent is not, however, a sheer drop. The caldera descends in a terraced fashion, each of its eleven broad tiers leading down to the next. The view from the rim is awe-inspiring, as the descent follows a line through the

barren, rubble-strewn steps of the outer rim and grey, lichen-covered stone fields to the precarious vegetation of the "green circles," poised between the killing extremes of heat and cold. Then, abruptly, the eye, wandering beyond this green halo of life, beholds blasted black scoria and garish red vapors; finally, at the last, it alights upon the fiery heart of Durlach's prison, alive with the hellish glare of his burning lake.

Vile and poisonous fumes issue constantly from the lake, drifting slowly upward until they are caught by the winds off the Fire Tundra and driven southward. Any descent into the caldera must therefore be from the northern, rounded side of the crater; otherwise, those attempting the climb are soon overwhelmed by the noxious vapors of the Well.

See Section 12.4 for the detailed layout of Morgoth's Well.

EKKAIA

(Q. "Encircling Sea")

Beneath the unmoving ice of the Landless Land lie the ancient waters of Ekkaia, the primordial Encircling Sea that has encompassed Middle-earth since the creation of the world. Bejeweled with glistening icebergs, its calm, southern reaches wash the shores of Forodwaith open to the sky. Whales traverse its fathomless, green-blue waters in great numbers; yet only the bravest Cardolanian whalers dare to hazard the dangerous passage through the churning western capes of the Forochel to pursue the hunt. Here, winter brings thick ice-floes, and any ship caught in these waters after early Narbeleth or before the last days of Nórui risks the peril of being crushed. Because of Ekkaia's strong currents, the ice never forms a continuous sheet, nor does it bridge the leagues between Middle-earth and the Landless Land year-round.

The icegull is rarely seen upon the Encircling Sea, but its haunting cry can be heard now and again near Ekkaia's shores. Hardy fur seals frolic among the ice-floes and gorge themselves on the abundant cod found in these waters. The seals are themselves hunted by snow bears who wander the shores and floes of Ekkaia, and both are hunted by the legendary demon whale of the northern waters. The Snow-elves have long sought to destroy these ancient horrors, which they name *raukp'ent* (sing. *raukp'ant*), but they have either avoided or won such battles as have been waged against them. The beasts normally hunt seal, but equally consider bears, Men and Elves as prey, and would smash through thick ice to gain such morsels.

EMYN NIMBRITH

(S. "White Rubble Hills")

The Emyn Nimbrith comprise the shattered remnants of the Iron Mountains, filling the wide, north-south expanse dividing Forodwaith from Eriador. The hills are rough and rugged, marked neither by road nor trail. In summer, greenery sprouts from various cracks and crevices, and on the sunny hilltops coarse grass grows in short, scraggly patches. There is not enough vegetation to change the bleak color of the hills or to attract herd animals in any numbers, but the Emyn Nimbrith are a natural habitat for rats, mice, snow hares and the small predators that hunt them. Snow hares survive the harsh winters by making their burrows and warrens deep beneath the cracked and crumbling stone of the hills. In the warm weather months, the hills become a refuge for Angmarean spies or for bandits driven from the South. For this reason, the Lumimiehet avoid venturing very far into the hills, hunting only along their outer edges.

On clear days, the highest ridges of these hills offer several vantage points. To the northwest, the sun's sparkling reflection can be seen playing upon the Bay of Cracking Ice, while southwestwards the Wash Tundra announces its location with a shimmer of green and tiny glints of water. Turning north and east, the vast Herd Tundra disappears into the infinity of haze and distance. To the southeast, the grim, glowering peaks of Angmar can be discerned. When conditions are right, a hint of haze at the base of the westernmost peaks of Angmar betrays the location of Carn Dûm.

The winter snows turn the hills truly white and, at that time of year, the smaller mammals and reptiles hibernate, and predators move south in search of food. In winter, the hills are usually devoid of Man or Orc. However, in spring it is not uncommon for Lumimies hunting parties to find the lifeless, frozen bodies of Angmarean deserters or bandits, tucked away in some sheltered hollow.

Beneath the Emyn Nimbrith lie the remnants of Thaurung, a giant dragon that perished in the War of Wrath, buried in the destruction of the Iron Mountains. Most of Thaurung's remains are buried deep, but occasionally the erosive forces of rain and wind reveal a glint of dragonbone. Deep within the hills there appears a shallow cave with an almost perfectly round entrance. The entrance is actually the right eye-socket of Thaurung's skull.

The skull forms the bulk of a small hill, slightly tilted so that the right eye looks up at a 45° angle while the left remains buried. The eye-socket measures some twenty Mannish strides. It is difficult to traverse its interior, as the floor dips away suddenly from the entrance, following the curvature of the skull. The floor is covered with splintered bits of bone, rock and soil that have washed in over the years. It also contains the skeletons of two deserters from the Witch-king's armies. Portions of their arms and legs are missing, and the bones have a well-gnawed look about them. Their leather armor and coin purses have all but vanished.

The cave is extant with a putrid aroma: the foul musk of death shrews. The creatures skitter and rustle about every corner of Thaurung's cavernous hollow, feeding upon rabbits, rats and other vermin. The voracious little beasts are likely to attack the exposed skin of any larger creatures who may enter the skull, regardless of the odds. The Lumimiehet call the cave Sinikäden Kuoleman Reikä, Hole of the Blue-handed Death, because of the deadly disease transmitted through the fangs of a death shrew, and regard it as one more reason to avoid the hills.

GM Note: *Anyone entering the eye-socket must make a 3rd level RR or be overcome with nausea at the stench and be forced to leave. If the ground near the skeletons is searched, it becomes obvious why the two deserted. A loose collection of 200 gp lies near one skeleton. (The shrews have eaten the leather pouch that once held the coins.) Near the other skeleton lies a +20 OB broadsword that delivers a "C" (+0) Electricity critical for every other successful strike. As no normal Angmarean soldier would have such a weapon or so great amount of money, the two were plainly thieves, who escaped only to die in Thaurung's shrew-infested skull.*

ENCIRCLING SEA

See entry for EKKAIA.



so that it is unlikely that wanderers on the Talath Uichel would find food or sanctuary in the Forjarsh.

EPHEL ANGMAR

(S. "Outer Fence of Angmar")

Arthadanian maps refer to the twin arms of the Misty Mountains that enclose Angmar's plateau as the Ephel Angmar. In the local pidgin Westron spoken by most of the Angmarrim, the northern arm is known as the Forjarsh, while the southern arm bears the name of Harjarsh. Dwarves of Durin's folk mined these mountains for centuries and millennia before the Witch-king's coming, situated as they were so near to Mount Gundabad, the ancient birthplace and heartland of their people. Orcs, Trolls and dragons have since occupied most of these mines, while the rest lie abandoned.

The Forjarsh (or Fornephel) range borders Talath Uichel, and its northern faces are punctuated at several points by glaciers whose waters swell the River Lhúchir on its journey through the Herd Tundra to the Bay of Cracking Ice. While they shield Angmar from the icy blasts coming out of Forodwaith, the northern faces of the Forjarsh are subject to the colder weather of Talath Uichel. For this reason, their slopes are less thickly clad in pine, fir and spruce than their shielded, southern faces.

Some of the more sheltered northward-facing vales of the Forjarsh serve as summer lodgings for the Witch-king's Sled-warriors. These Urdic tribesmen camp in groups of about a hundred (the normal size of a mobilized warband), and spend the snow-free months ranging the mountain valleys for game and preparing their sleds for the coming of winter. Though the Urdor are congenial enough towards their own kind, they regard all others (save for the Witch-king's servants) with open hostility,

ERED LUIN

(S. "Blue Mountains;" La. Metsämaa)

The northernmost peaks of the Blue Mountains do not reach as high as their southern brethren. The mountains are composed primarily of granite (which gives them their characteristic color), with veins of iron ore, silver, and small deposits of gold. The tallest of the peaks is Lossendil, towering near the southern tip of the range. The mountain is some 7,400' high and is easily marked. Few others in this northern chain stand above 6,000'.

In the far north of the range, the peaks are cloaked with snow year-round. Here, climbing is an extremely perilous endeavor. The unmelted ice and snow of countless winters is sudden death for those who attempt the crags and escarpments without proper equipment and preparation. The unsteady grip of a cold-numbed hand or a small slip of a foot can mean a very long fall. The abundance of snow means the danger of an avalanche is ever present. Piling high in winter or loosing its grip in the spring thaw, the snow comes tumbling unexpectedly down the mountainside. The echoing boom of tons of ice and snow cascading down the slopes of one mountain may set a neighboring avalanche in motion. Climbers have reported hearing the approach of a distant roar like rolling thunder, only to behold avalanche upon avalanche pursuing them.

The western slopes of the mountains overlooking the Bay of Forochel are densely forested with oak and ash; higher up, these deciduous woodlands blend into thick stands of cedar, fir and spruce, contributing to the distinctive hue of the mountains. Due to the extreme cold, the treeline gives way at about 5,500'. The eastern mountainsides overlook the Wash Tundra and the vale of the Lhûn. Here it is rockier and less forested, with great crags and hidden, unexplored little valleys.

The mountains struggle alongside the bay, descending in elevation as they run northward. As the range reaches its end, it is little more than a string of barren, ice-covered tors. As winter deepens, snow storms slowly cover the mountain heights, and frozen rains lash the slopes from the high forests to the lower valleys. In early spring, the snow ceases, and warmer rains begin to fall, the lands facing the coast warming much quicker than those east of the mountains. As the summer approaches, the rains slacken, and the mountains erupt in a splendor of green and wildflower.

Thaurung's Skull

In winter, the Blue Mountains are virtually empty of people save for a rare party of Elves from Forlindon, or an even rarer party of Dwarves searching the slopes for a likely spot to mine. Early winter is a dangerous time of year to be on the mountains. The slopes receive copious amounts of rainfall, as the winter gales coming down from the North meet the moderating air blowing in from the sea. The weather becomes wild and unpredictable, with mild snowstorms suddenly turning to drenching rain, or cold (but bearable) rain exploding into a blinding snow squall. The pleasant, warm wind from the sea can turn without warning into an icy northern blast, and a rockface with solid foot and handholds can become wet, slick and treacherous.

GM Note: *All Sky-watching maneuvers to predict the winter weather in the Ered Luin suffer a -50 .*

Lumimies hunters from the Wash Tundra camp in the Blue Mountains in summer and early autumn. This is an idyllic time for the Snowmen, as the weather is warm and balmy without ever getting truly hot. The mountains provide a wide variety of game, and the hunters can even practice their surf-fishing along the coast. However, the time of wildflower beauty is brief; as mid-Narbeleth approaches, the colder rains begin anew, and the Lumimiehet return to the Wash Tundra where life is harder but the weather more predictable.

There are persistent rumors of ancient Dwarven mines and outposts beneath the mountains. However, there is only one Dwarven community in the northernmost Blue Mountains, Ringrond. A mining town, the Dwarves of Ringrond busily work a small vein of silver. If the miners know of any treasures, wonders or ruins awaiting discovery beneath the mountains, they do not speak of them.

ERED MUIL

(S. "Bleak Mountains;" La. Kuolleet Vuoret)

The Bleak Mountains divide the Cape of Forochel from Talath Uichel in a dark granite wall of majestic yet terrible spires. From a distance, the Ered Muil appear much like their friendlier cousins in Lindon—blue and serene. Yet the vision turns sour as the traveler draws near; the blue fades into grey, and the outlines of sharp, barren ridges take shape. In truth, the Bleak Mountains are not as utterly lifeless as their name might suggest—any number of lichens, algae and mosses cling to their rocks—but neither bird nor beast makes its home among these dread peaks, and no forest hedges their slopes. The foothills and lower slopes house the lairs of Trolls and Orcs. Though the climate is right, the lack of available prey dissuades most dragons from making a home of this frigid range.

The lower slopes of the Ered Muil hold another danger. Without soil or significant plant-life, the rain and snow-melt of spring and summer rushes down the mountainsides in wild torrents. Wanderers who do not take care to avoid the ravines and valleys subject to these sudden floods risk being swept away into raging waters. Above 5,000', the mountains are lifeless and frozen in winter and summer. Spirits of wind howl incessantly amid these heights, and climbers must securely brace themselves against their malice.

The Bleak Mountains are Orc-infested north of Torogmar, especially in that portion of the range which faces the Forsaken Sea. These Orcs eke out a meager existence, subsisting for the most part by hunting seals, fish and whales along the shores of the Forsaken Sea. They also raid the villages of the Lumimiehet to their east, wandering into the Lakeland in spring and summer, and seizing what animals and plunder they find. For endless generations, inter-tribal warfare has kept the Orcs in check; but of late the fratricide has abated, and a strong leader, Agog, has arisen. This would-be monarch has established a tribal council to settle disputes and reduce vendettas to (for Orcs) acceptable levels of bloodshed. It is unknown whether these developments reflect some scheme of the Witch-king's, but whatever its impetus, the iron rule of Agog has rendered the Orcs of the Bleak Mountains more organized and therefore more dangerous to the folk of Forodwaith.

The Orcs maintain an uneasy coexistence with the dragon Canadras, who occupies the peninsula at the mouth of the Forsaken Sea, just to the east of the Bleak Mountains. Of old, the Orc-chieftains of the Ered Muil would acknowledge the dragon's lordship of this region by delivering up prisoners to him as victims. Now, with Agog's rise to supremacy, this practice has ceased. The two powers have not yet become truly adversarial but, with the growing strength of the Orc-king, the matter is not likely to end peaceably. For the time being, the two sides watch and wait. Any travelers captured by the Orcs are invariably accused of being spies and henchmen of Canadras.

ERED RHÍVAMAR

(S. "Edge of the World Mountains;" La. Kaunisillan Vuoret)

The Ered Rhívamar march like a great wall from Ekkaia in the north to almost the very shores of Spouting Bay in the south. The mountain range is not high, but this far north it remains snow-capped year-round. The very northern sections of the range comprise rocky crags and bare cliffs. Sheltered valleys on the southern side of these mountains contain small stands of stunted fir and pine. These act as oases in a desert of rock, ice and snow. South, past the Stairs to Hell, the range becomes more temperate and fertile. The valleys here are well forested with conifers, such as fir, spruce and pine.

A particularly dangerous part of the Ered Rhívamar is the cold and uninviting spur of Ered Úmarth, the Mountains of Ill-fate. Populated by ice-drakes and Snow Trolls, the cold, ice-covered peaks frown down upon the warm, steaming valley of Evermist. The mountains are a trackless, pathless jumble of weathered, slick stones covered in moss and lichen. There are occasional sheltered valleys wherein grass and shrubs may grow, but these are few and difficult to reach.

The spring thaw brings many small streams and rivulets rushing down to the valleys, and along these grow many types of berries, herbs and other edible plants. The forests are home to many types of bears, including the black, cave and snow families. Black mink and blue otters hunt and play along these little streams. There is an abundance of small forest deer and reputedly small pockets of the rare white hart. The hart is held sacred by the Jäämiehet, and anyone harming such a creature would certainly be held accountable by them. The lower southern valleys are home to small, wild mountain boars, while higher up, the dauntless bighorn sheep grace the highlands. Wolves of all types roam the mountains—from the common timber wolf to dire, grey or even the great white wolf.

Reclusive Ice Giants share the peaks, valleys and foothills of the Ered Rhívamar with some of the more sinister creatures of Morgoth. Ice-drakes lair in many inaccessible crags of the northern face of the range, while their evil cousins, the cold-drakes, dominate the southern peaks. Orcs and Trolls infest many subterranean warrens throughout the entire range, and wargs contest kills and hunting territory with their less wicked brethren.



Several glaciers wind their way out of the Ered Rhívamar. The most prominent of these cascades over the southernmost ridge into Spouting Bay. Reaching the sea, the glacier there begins to crack and splinter into the mountainous chunks of ice used by the Merimetsästäjät for their delvings. The Ystävät Talven call glaciers *jäätiköt*, rivers of ice.

ERED ÚMARTH

See entry for ERED RHÍVAMAR.

EVERDALF

(S. "Herd Tundra;" La. Hyvämetsästyksen Maa)

The Herd Tundra is a flat and open plain covered in spring and summer with bogs, mosquitoes, thick grass, sedge and lichen. It lies between the Emyn Nimbrith and the Fen Tundra, and is bound on the west by the shores of Sheltered Bay and the Bay of Cracking Ice. During the green season, herds of elk and reindeer begin migrating across it from south and east to north. They are joined on the open ground by deer and wild sheep from the Eriadorian borderlands. The plain sometimes seems blanketed with the wandering animals feasting on the tundra grass.

The migratory herds also travel as far north as the Forsaken Sea and as far west as the Fire Tundra. The gathering of herds also means a gathering of predators. Wolf packs are especially numerous. While most of the Everdalf is too far south for white wolves, their cousins of the dire and grey varieties gather on the banks of both the Everhir and the Lhúchir from early spring to late autumn. Deadly warg-packs from Angmar trouble Talath Uichel and the Herd Tundra year-round. The birds migrate into southern lands in early winter. Some of the herds disperse into the forests of Lakeland. Others move south to shelter in the Emyn Nimbrith, the Wash Tundra and the Eriadorian highlands. Wherever the grazers seek shelter from the cold, the wolves follow.

The year's first frost transforms the Herd Tundra into a sea of brown grass and hay. Fire can be a problem at this time of year, as the dry grass burns easily and is often set ablaze by untended camp-fires, lightning from passing storms or random acts of Orkish arson. Such blazes are capable of devastating miles of terrain before dying out, and are difficult to outrun when the wind is high. Only in late autumn do the heavy frosts and first winter storms eliminate the danger. At this time, the large animals have hidden themselves or fled south, and the rivers begin to ice over. Hunting and fishing become more difficult; the Lossoth must often rely on snow hares and other, smaller residents of the tundra to fill the stewpot. Winter brings a majestic desolation to the plain, discouraging Orc-raids by the cold and lack of prey.

The Jäämiehet come to hunt the Herd Tundra in summer, and their camps are found primarily on the southern shores of Sheltered Bay and around the mouth of the Lhúchir. Travelers from the South often have difficulty telling the difference between the Lumimiehet and the Jäämiehet, who frequently hunt in combined parties, dividing the meat when they separate. The Jäämies camps are less open or friendly than those of the Lumimiehet, having less goods or time to spare for strangers. Ranging far from their accustomed homelands on the Cape of Forochel, the Jäämiehet are by necessity better equipped than the Lumimiehet.

The Herd Tundra is known far and wide as simply "the Caru" (a Rhudaurian name for elk), and those from the South must listen carefully to determine whether an Ystävä Talven is speaking of the animal or the region. Often the definition or meaning is self-evident; however, such phrases as "I hunt Caru" may prove ambiguous. Misunderstanding can lead to disaster, as related in the journal of Beregund, leader of an Arthadanian exploration party in the far North. The journal can be found in the archives of Annúminas and is required reading for young rangers in training:

> ***Beregund's Journal***
>
> *We have learned too late our mishearing of the Lossothren hunter we encountered. Were not the danger so near and so serious, I would laugh at my stupidity. The hunter's words were: "Tread lightly; there are many Orcs of Angmar hunting the Caru." I assumed he spoke of Orkish hunting parties out after the animal herds, and that all we need do was avoid these. In fact, by "caru" the hunter meant the tundra—not the animal. The Orcs were hunting the region for us.*

Most of Beregund's company were killed or captured by the Orcs "hunting the Caru," and only a small fraction of the original company was able to return to Fornost with the journal.

EVERHIR

(S. "Herd River;" La. Kääntyvä Tie)

The River Everhir marks the southern boundary of the Herd Tundra, dividing the grassy plains from the Emyn Nimbrith further south. Streams from these hills make up the principal, year-round sources of the Everhir, though an arm of the river reaches out into the midst of the tundra, drawing upon the spring snow-melt. The Everhir's waters empty into the Bay of Cracking Ice, forming a boggy fenland at the river's mouth. The Lumimiehet do not camp for long upon the banks of the Everhir because of its proximity to Angmar (except in spring, its course is readily fordable in most places, making it an ineffective barrier against hostile intrusions). The Lumimiehet of the eastern Everhir are wary of strangers, suspecting them to be spies of the Witch-king. They become gradually friendlier the farther west (and away from Angmar) one travels.

EVERMIST

See entry for UICHITH.

FEN TUNDRA

See entry for LINDALF.

FIRE TUNDRA

See entry for NARTHALF.

FOROCHEL

See entry for HÛB FOROCHEL.

FORSAKEN SEA

See entry for THORENAER.

GONDALF

(S. "Stone Tundra;" La. Kivi Kylmäpelto)

Between Lonely Bay and the Ered Rhívamar lies the cheerless and forbidding plateau known as the Stone Tundra. In the ancient days of Morgoth's realm this plateau was known as Angband's Threshold, scoured by glaciers, standing high on the northern shoulders of the Iron Mountains. The plateau collapsed in the cataclysm that marked the end of the Elder Days; its foundations were destroyed, its surface sagged and broken, so that it nowhere rises more than a few hundred feet above the sea.

Very little soil, and, aside from tundra lichens, very little plant-life is to be found here. Most of it appears along the brooks that cross the Gondalf from the mountains on their way to the sea. The surface of the plateau is heavily crevassed, its streams passing through long, narrow valleys gouged out by the ancient glaciers. Much of the cold, cracked, weathered stone is without path or road. Travelers, seeing only the endless barrier of the snow-capped mountains to the east, the ice-covered seas north and west, and the utter desolation of barren rock and stone at their feet, are prone to despair and hopelessness.

The Jäämiehet who dwell on the Stone Tundra are an extremely hardy breed, and their fortitude of spirit is unmatched. They eke out a meager livelihood along the stony streams and tarns of the region. Their diet consists primarily of fish and seals won from Lonely Bay, supplemented by the few edible plants along the streambeds and the ever-present snow hares. Jäämies settlements rarely number more than fifty inhabitants. Life on the Stone Tundra is harsh and pitiless, and wanderers in need of assistance should expect little more than food and water and the crudest of implements from these villages. In spring, the Jäämiehet make a yearly journey south through the mountains to trade at the Spring Festival (usually held along the shores of Sheltered Bay), and lost or injured individuals may have to wait for this trek to return to friendlier climes.

GM Note: *Anyone with an Intuition score of 74 or less traveling on the Stone Tundra must make a 5th level RR each day to resist succumbing to utter despair. If traveling in a group, individuals who have failed their RR cease to respond to their comrades, wishing only to stop and wait for death. The unfortunates must be physically forced to continue the journey, scarcely defending themselves if attacked. A* Mental Cures *spell releases them from their enervating depression, but they must resume daily RRs vs. despair, terminating only at the borders of the Stone Tundra.*

HELLOTH

(S. "Iceflower")

Far out upon the Landless Land, some seventeen hundred miles north of the Cape of Forochel, rises Helloth, the fabled ice-city of the Snow-elves at the summit of the world. Also called Ost Helecthil, this magnificent labor houses the shard of Illuin whose radiance illuminates the northern skies. Contrived to resemble a star-shaped flower, Helloth is surrounded by thick walls of ice with high, intricately shaped towers at the tip of each of its five petals; from the city's center climbs the great pinnacle that cradles the hallowed shard. The petals house the dwellings and craft halls of the Snow-elves. At the feet of the great pinnacle stand the Halls of Song. The Elves did not so much build their city as carefully sculpt it from the ice over a period of a hundred and forty-four years, carving and chiseling it into delicate sculptures and reliefs. Both the city itself and nearly everything in it are of ice.

To all others, the city's cold is almost beyond enduring; to the Snow-elves, who have long since become accustomed to the climate, Helloth is a comfortable, fortified home. An enemy wishing to breech its walls should come with all force and expect high losses. For wanderers in the Landless Land, no better refuge could be found than the Elvish city. It offers a safe haven from the deadly chill and a chance to re-provision or repair equipment. Also, no better advice concerning cold-weather travel or the northern climate can be found than that offered by the Snow-elves. The city feeds itself from the sea, with expeditions in summer traveling as far south as the Lakeland to gather herbs, berries and a wide variety of other edible plants, and to husband the reindeer herds. This is supplemented by the *íóringath*, the "cold-wheat" grown by Losp'indel and her maidens in Helloth's gardens.

See Section 12.1 for the detailed layout of Helloth.

HERD TUNDRA

See entry for EVERDALF.

HOMELA

(La. "Place of Lichen")

This large Lumimies village is located on a small peninsula near the center of southern shore of the Bay of Cracking Ice. It has been continuously occupied for many generations of Lumimiehet. With a population of over five hundred, Homela is an excellent starting point for those exploring the bay. While normally shy and reclusive, its villagers are warm and friendly enough once they get used to foreigners. Being the largest village in the area, Homela is the hub of trade for the other villages scattered about the bay. Here adventurers may find goods, services and much needed information.

HÛB BERIANNEN

(La. "Sheltered Bay;" La. Turvallinen Satama)

Shielded from the winter gales by the great northern wall of the Aeglir Arvethed and the Bleak Mountains, and from sea storms by the arm of Rast Losnaeth, the calm waters of Sheltered Bay are a deep, wonderfully lustrous green. Locked securely between Rast Losnaeth and the out-thrust peninsula of the Herd Tundra, the narrowness of the bay's inlet blocks strong currents from Belegaer. Both the Jäämiehet and Lumimiehet fish and whale on the bay, and their settlements and camps dot its shores. Since Sheltered Bay holds no icebergs, the Merimetsästäjät make forays across it only rarely.

The eastern coastline of the bay is lightly forested with pine, fir and rare stands of hardy cedar. Black mink and blue otter can be found in significant numbers around the mouth of the Lhúchir, which empties its waters at the southeastern end of the bay. The herd animals that migrate into the Everdalf in summer can also be found wandering near the bay's southern shores. The northern coasts facing the Lakeland are rocky, but plentiful in grass, sedge and wildflower, as is the tundra beyond. Here too, mink and otters thrive, and reindeer and elk graze. Further north, the bay sends long, finger-like inlets towards the Bleak Mountains, their shores surrounded by beaches of large, round, water-smoothed stones. The western shore is composed of the low, desolate hills of Rast Losnaeth.

Without the surging violence of wind or storm-driven waves, Sheltered Bay freezes earlier and thicker than Forochel's other gulfs, and its ice-packs are thus somewhat safer than those farther west. Travelers need not worry about a sudden, deadly plunge through thin ice. The calmness of the water allows the ice to extend far out into the bay. The Lumimiehet say that, in the depths of a long, hard winter, it is possible to walk from the westernmost shores of the Herd Tundra to the southern tip of Rast Losnaeth.

HÛB EREB

(S. "Lonely Bay")

On most old maps, Lonely Bay is considered the demarcation line between Belegaer and the Encircling Sea. Whalebone Isle can be seen from the shores of the bay, stretching away westward alongside the restless, ice-filled sea beyond. To the east the Ered Rhívamar, purple in the hazy distance, march out of sight, north and south.

During the summer months, the bay's lustrous, green waters are smooth, mirroring the clear sky above; but in winter they become a deadly turbulence of swell and wave. The eastern shores of the bay often freeze over in winter; but due to the churning, restless waters, there is seldom an icebridge joining Whalebone Isle to the mainland, though the ice-floes and bergs trapped in the narrow straits sometimes produce this illusion in the depths of winter. Anyone venturing across these bridges soon finds himself adrift on the ice or trapped on Whalebone Isle.

The shoreline of Lonely Bay is a wild, rocky, ice-laden coast with few sheltered harbors. In spring, the strand teems with the nests and rookeries of icegulls. These seabirds return each year to mate and raise their young. The haunting hue and cry of the wheeling flocks fills the air from spring to late summer, but dissipates in winter, as the migrating gulls move southward down the coasts in search of friendlier weather.

Lonely Bay is aptly named, for its unfriendly coastline and the harsh landscape behind do not attract many settlers. Visitors are few and far between, lingering only at need. The Jäämiehet who dwell here hunt and fish along the few watercourses of the Stone Tundra, but no permanent settlement interrupts the coastline. The Jäämiehet sometimes gather upon the southernmost shore, while the barren, hook-like northern peninsula reaching into the Encircling Sea is all but desolate.

A pair of huge and formidable fell turtles lurks in the heart of the bay (yet another reason why it remains lonely). When hungry, these creatures are not averse to attacking small Jäämies whaling boats. More than one such boat has disappeared before the horrified eyes of nearby companions. The turtles are most active in spring and early summer, but remain virtually unseen during the months of autumn and winter.

HÛB FALTHOL

(S. "Spouting Bay;" La. Meribenkien Satama)

Also known as the Bay of Whales, Hûb Falthol is the westernmost gulf of Forochel, lying between Hunter's Isle and the Minheldolath. All manner of whales gather here to mate, feed and frolic, until winter drives them southwards in search of warmer waters. Their great spouts can be seen from miles away, a herald of spring and a signpost for whalers. Hûb Falthol is also haven to Jäävuori, greatest of the berg-delvings of the Merimetsästäjät.

Jäämies settlements dot the shores of the bay year-round, and to these are added the summer encampments of the Merimetsästäjät. Both groups hunt the waters of the bay extensively. Though at times aloof, these cousins of the Lumimiehet have grown accustomed to sharing their hunting grounds with Cardolanian whalers, receiving strangers in their villages without alarm and always willing to engage in barter.

The wanderings of the Merimetsästäjä berg-delvings upon the bay are governed by the currents of wind and sea; but though constantly in motion, the relative positions of these bergs to one another and to the bay itself remain largely stable. Jäävuori, largest of the bergs, circles the southern reaches of the bay, accompanied by three lesser bergs, while the citadel-like Torikaupunki plies the sheltered northern waters between Hunter's Isle and the mainland with its own entourage of satellites. A large *hautauskumpu*, or burial berg, located near the center of the bay is shared by all the Merimetsästäjät.

A great sheet of ice, thin and unstable, covers the bay in early autumn, making it dangerous to cross on foot. The ice-crafty Jäämiehet can tell at a glance where it is safe to tread and where it is not, but to the untrained eye these "safe paths" are virtually invisible. Becoming stranded on a piece of drifting ice presents less danger here, however, than elsewhere in Forochel, since the prevailing current of Belegaer drives such floes landward (and so, up against the more solid pack-ice).

The winter ice-floes upon Hûb Falthol are a home to many varieties of seal and walrus, making the bay a favored hunting ground for snow bears. While not generally man-eaters, these predators can become aggressive if they feel that Mannish wanderers have invaded their territory, and may end up inadvertently driving the interlopers onto thin ice. During the summer "spouting season," boat-handlers also run the occasional risk of being swamped or capsized in the wake of a leaping whale. The whales generally do not enter the northern portion of the bay, since it reaches a depth of no more than thirty feet; instead, they swim only the deep waters beyond this rocky shelf (which typically extends between twenty and fifty miles from shore).

HÛB FOROCHEL

(S. "Bay of Forochel")

The Bay of Forochel is defined by the great, peninsular cape of the same name, which shields its waters from Belegaer, the great western sea, while at the same time shielding both from the measureless expanse of Ekkaia, the Encircling Sea, which bounds the peninsula on the north. The Bay and Cape of Forochel are the result of the destruction of Morgoth's realm in the War of Wrath, which caused the inrushing waters of Belegaer to establish its present shoreline. The deep green waters of Forochel stretch from the shores of Lindon in the south to Tallman Isle in the north. Between these two extremes lie innumerable lesser bays and inlets.

The northern coasts of the bay are wild and rocky. The winter ice gouges and grinds the shoreline, and storms bring the cold seawater pounding like a hammer upon its rocky strands. Even in summer the waters of the bay are deadly cold, and in winter great ice-floes and bergs are a constant hazard to ships. Further inland, the coastal regions become much more habitable and less barren; but the coastline is, for the most part, as forbidding, uninviting, rock and rubble-strewn a shore as anyone could wish to see. However, as the Jäämiehet well know and the Cardolanian whalers eventually discovered, there are occasional sheltered coves, estuaries and fjords where Men might weather a storm.

The sea-life of the bay is richest where the warming currents of Belegaer wash against the Cape of Forochel to form a natural "hot spot" (that is, hot considering the temperature of the surrounding waters—it is still deadly cold to Men). The murky, plankton-rich waters draw a wide assortment of sea-dwelling creatures, especially whales. Cardolanian and independent whalers ply these waters in spring, summer and early fall, taking the great whales for their bone and oil. The Ystävät Talven also hunt the whales, but do so for survival—for food and needful materials, not profit. The two groups seldom come into conflict, in fact, since the Lumimiehet, Jäämiehet and Merimetsästäjät do not venture as far out to sea as the southern whalers and tend to avoid their great ships.

The eastern and southern shores of the bay are less dire and more easily accessible by ship than the northern reaches. Here, whalers often come ashore to make minor repairs, refurbish their ships and trade with the Lumimiehet who people these shores. While the Lumimiehet whale and fish the waters of the bay like their northern brethren, they are less dependent on its bounty, since they also hunt the game herds of the tundra.

HÛB HELCHARAES

(S. "Bay of Cracking Ice;" La. Jäänaisen Koti)

The Bay of Cracking Ice is a large inlet along the Herd Tundra, lying due south of Sheltered Bay and north of Hûb Helchui. The bay gets its name from the ice that is broken, heaped and battered upon its surface. This is caused by the fact that the bay never completely freezes over in winter and, as a result, its ice heaves and breaks constantly, as the restless waters trapped within its relatively narrow confines rear and swell. This process is amplified by the inflowing waters of the Everhir, which force the ice westward, and by the opposing currents of Forochel, which drive it back into the bay, where it collides with other ice-floes.

Travel on the bay is virtually suicidal in winter. The ice-sheet may suddenly break beneath walkers' feet, sending them plunging to a cold and watery grave; or (more commonly) great fissures may splinter an ice-floe, setting the unfortunates adrift. Wanderers on the bay may not even realize they are adrift until they suddenly find the sea both before and behind them, discovering that they stand upon an island of ice. Such wretches, trapped between the contesting currents of sea and river, can only wait for a slow death by cold, starvation or drowning. In summer, the bay may be traveled in the relative safety of a boat, but the waters remain ice-cold.

GM Note: *Anyone falling into the bay, winter or summer, suffers 1-10 hits in cold damage per 10 rounds in the water.*

The shores of Hûb Helcharaes are rough and rocky along its northern coast, near to the boggy mouth of the Everhir, but pebble-strewn and sandy along the southern rim. In spring and summer, the northern shores become the breeding ground for seals, while the southern strands are covered with the rookeries of birds. Encounters with any of these creatures at this time are inevitably hostile, zealous as they are to protect their harems, nests, eggs or young. The bay's eastern shores are less rough, and blend into the vast, open tundra beyond. Looking southeast from the southern coast of Hûb Helcharaes, a wanderer can discern the dim and distant glint of the white Emyn Nimbrith, their heights twinkling tantalizingly like far-off jewels.

The Lumimiehet maintain villages upon both the northern and southern shores, while Umli inhabit the eastern side of the bay, near the river Everhir. While rustic and isolated in the extreme, the villagers of the Bay of Cracking Ice are not completely cut off from the rest of the world. The Lumimiehet live by hunting whales, fish and seals on the bay as the weather and the season permits, and engage in a small amount of trade with the Cardolanian whalers. The Umli live in much the same manner as the Lumimiehet, but trade heavily with Dwarves and others of their own kind further east.

The Lumimiehet call the bay Jäänainen's Home; and among all the bay's dangers, none is more feared than the Mistress of the Cold or (as the Lumimiehet also name her) Jäänainen the Ice-woman. Jäänainen is an evil spirit, a Maia whose lair is the ice-choked mouth of the Everhir. She is as old as the river itself, and dwelt there when the land was still in the throes of its reshaping after the destruction of Morgoth's realm. Where Jäänainen made her home before the War of Wrath is a matter of conjecture. She now troubles the lives of mortals only as the air cools and winter deepens. She can journey several miles from her home, but must eventually return to the bosom of its cold embrace. Jäänainen holds no power over the deathless Elves; but Men, Dwarves and Umli are all her prey. (As Jäänainen has never encountered a Hobbit, the outcome of such a meeting cannot be predicted, but it is unlikely that it would be pleasant.)

Stories and descriptions of Jäänainen vary from village to village along the shores of the bay, but the accounts generally agree that she appears as an extremely beautiful woman clad in white, whisper-thin lace and silk. It is said that a man, once his eye catches sight of the Ice-woman and her raiment, is lost to her. The Lumimiehet greatly fear her presence, and menfolk do not venture forth after sundown from mid-Hithui to mid-Lothron. Even these are not sure times, for the Mistress of the Cold may come early or depart later than expected. The Lumimiehet rely on the extent of ice-floes on the bay as a measure of their peril. The larger and closer an ice-sheet, the greater the chance that the evil huntress is near. Hunters who fail to return home in mid-autumn or mid-spring are routinely said to have fallen to Jäänainen; though in truth, many may have merely become prey to one or another of the many misfortunes in the world that have nothing to do with the Maia.

Though she wields no weapon but the charm of her voice, over the years Jäänainen has collected many weapons and momentos of past victims, including a number of spears, harpoons, earrings, rings and runeknives. Almost all are of Lumimies origin and of low-level enchantment. Jäänainen stores them on whatever ice-floe she currently occupies, abandoning them as she moves on. Adventurers may find such paraphernalia littering the ice where the Maia once dwelt (or is still dwelling).

HÛB HELCHUI

(S. "Icy Bay")

The mapmakers of the Dúnedain often confuse Hûb Helchui with the larger Bay of Forochel (of which it is but a small inlet). The Icy Bay is bounded on the west by the Blue Mountains, by the Wash Tundra to the south and, to the north, by the open plain lying south of the Bay of Cracking Ice and west of the Emyn Nimbrith. The freshwater of the tundra freezes at a higher temperature than the saltwater of the bay, and so a great deal of ice covers Hûb Helchui in winter. This ice gradually fills the bay until it is able to work its way through the small inlet to Forochel. It was to Hûb Helchui that Arvedui, Last-king of Arthedain, escaped during the ruin of his realm in T.A. 1974.

In summer, the Lumimiehet of the Wash Tundra use Hûb Helchui as a convenient passage to the more open waters of the Bay of Forochel; in winter, snow bears wander its frozen surface, hunting for seal, or crossing southward to the fish-laden rivers of the tundra beyond. The northwestern shores nearest the Blue Mountains form low cliffs, rising from ten to a hundred feet from the surface of the bay. It is dangerous for a boat to pass beneath these cliffs, as the ice of countless winters causes them to flake and crack. The stone may give way without warning and come crashing down in a splashing roar. These rockfalls are most common in spring and autumn (during which time the cliffs are repeatedly frozen, thawed and refrozen). The Lumimiehet call the booming noise of the collapse Kiviääni, the Voice of the Stone, saying that it heralds the beginning of spring and autumn.

The southern shores of Hûb Helchui form a single, arching strand of small pebbles and wave-smoothed rock. At its western and eastern ends, the long beach is interrupted by the streams of the Wash Tundra. The bay's northeastern shore is rocky and boulder-strewn, but neither so cliff-like nor so beach-like as the other shores. Seals have chosen these stony shores for their playground, and during the summer can be found here in great numbers. The northwestern coast of Hûb Helchui is dominated by the great gap that opens onto the Bay of Forochel proper. Here, the last ice-covered hills and tors of the Blue Mountains march out to the tip of the peninsula. Hûb Helchui is the most familiar of all Forochel's inlets to the Rivermen of Eriador and other travelers from the South.

After the fall of Angmar in T.A. 1975, Gondring the ice-drake makes Hûb Helchui her home. For long years she laired in the mountains of northern Angmar, but after its fall the pickings grew too slim to support her, so she settled in an ice-cave of the Blue Mountains overlooking the bay. Gondring now dines on seal and fish, and (during the summer migration period) on roaming reindeer and elk. The dragon's translucent scales take on the color of her surroundings, and she can move with equally surprising quickness over ice and snow or underwater. When dealing with Men, Elves or Dwarves, Gondring prefers to mesmerize her victims into delivering knowledge, treasure or larger prey into her hands. For more information on Gondring, see ICE's *Palantír Quest.*

HÛB LOSTAS

(S. "Bay of Desolation")

The Bay of Desolation is aptly named, for there is literally nothing but desolation surrounding it. Cut off from Mannish habitation by Torogmar to the south, and by the grim and foreboding Bleak Mountains to the east, the Bay of Desolation is one of the most dismal and isolated shores of Middle-earth. The unending ice of the Landless Land and the cold waters of Ekkaia bound it on the north, leaving the open plains to the west as the only easy angle of approach.

The sedge and grass of the Fire Tundra eventually bleed their way eastward toward the bay, but nothing save icy rocks and rocky ice line the shores of the bay itself. Ice-floes cover the bay almost year-round, breaking up only in high summer and quickly reforming again in the autumn. For the bay lies wide open to the winter gales sweeping down from the Encircling Sea and the Landless Land, and the north wind piles the ice thick and heavy along its southern shores.

The waters of the bay are shallow and not favored by larger whales, though the narwhal and killer whale sometimes hunt amid its ice-clad waves. Fish can be found here in abundance, and this draws seals and walrus to the shores of the bay; but these animals come to hunt only, as the waters are too cold and ill-suited for the raising of young. Snow bears hunt these seals by day, while the denizens of Torogmar hunt the ice nightly for seals, bears and anything else they might possibly devour.

No villages grace the shores of the Bay of Desolation, for there is insufficient food to maintain a settlement populous enough to repel the inevitable Troll-attacks. Any camps encountered here are of Jäämiehet seal hunters, adventurers or, on the rarest of occasions, a small company of Snow-elves.

HUNTER'S ISLE

See entry for METSÄSTÄJÖIDEN SAARI.

HUUTAVA JOKI

(La. "Shouting River")

The Huutava Joki is one of the watercourses of the Wash Tundra of northern Eriador. Less rapid-ridden than its neighbor, the Kivivesi, the Huutava Joki contains many more waterfalls. Those attempting to navigate the river must keep an ear open for the roar of cascading water, and many stops must be made to haul boats out of the river and carry them around the falls. This makes for hard and dangerous work, as there are few trails and a good deal of rough country.

HYVÄT KALAT

(La. "Good Fish")

This Lumimies village is located between the southern most of the Finger Bays of the Forsaken Sea and Karhu Järvi, the great freshwater lake stretching away to the southwest. The village is the gateway to the Umitic settlements in the east. Here, one may acquire virtually any type of freshwater or saltwater fish natural to the region.

ICY BAY

See entry for HÛB HELCHUI.

ITÄMUURIT

(La. "East Walls")

Itämuurit is a Merimetsästäjä campsite on the high and rocky eastern tip of Whalebone Isle. The site takes its name from a series of ruined stone walls which mark an ancient Beadmaker site. In spite of the passage of years and the lashing winter gales of the Encircling Sea, the characteristic geometric layout of the settlement is still discernible. Stones still peek out, here and there, from beneath the dirt and debris of centuries, tracing the outline of buildings and a single main avenue of broad flagstones. The paving ceases beyond the walls, but remnants of a road can be seen angling off toward the west. The Merimetsästäjät use the walls and their loose stones as crude windbreaks, to shelter themselves and their belongings during storms.

Excavation amid the ruins uncovers a good deal of broken pottery—painted shards of crockery that sometimes contain depictions of the daily life of this lost culture—and thick-walled stone kilns in which the ancient Beadmakers heated and fired their *loitsuhelmet.* On the northern side of Itämuurit is a unique structure whose walls form a circular pattern. There is a great deal of rubble in and around the fallen edifice, testifying to a much greater size than the other buildings of the settlement. The buried floor of the enclosure consists of a single round slab, carved and etched with complex geometric patterns and designs. Unmistakable among these are representations of the sun and moon, perhaps suggestion some astronomical or calendrical function.



JÄRVIMAA

(La. "Lakeland")

Due south and west of the Bleak Mountains stretches a lush, green, fertile region boasting of many sizable freshwater lakes and innumerable lesser meres. The large lakes are deep, cold and clear, while the lesser tend to be shallow (a hundred feet or less in depth) and slightly greener and murkier. Their waters contain many species of edible fish and eels, and are home to innumerable fowl and assorted water-birds. The blue otter, black mink and common beaver are also found here in abundance. Bears of all kinds roam the lake shores, taking fish where they can and feeding on the wealth of berries and edible plants that grow nearby. Unless surprised or threatened, encounters with these hunters are not usually hostile. The sheer amount of available food renders competition unnecessary. Water-drakes lair in some of the larger lakes, dining comfortably on the abundant fish and fowl (though they have been known to feast on the occasional fisherman or hunter).

The southern portion of the Lakeland forms an open plain of thick grassland and brush. While too cold for hardwoods, the clime allows for small stands of stunted fir and pine. The Lumimiehet seldom venture into these tiny woodlands, being unnerved by the bizarre, twisted shapes of the trees. There is, however, no evil magic at work in these forests; the trees are misshapen due to their constant struggle with the north wind and winter gales. The northern reaches of the Lakeland, just east of the Bleak Mountains, are much wetter and boggier than in the south. The entire region drains slowly northwards, towards the Forsaken Sea, and is called the Fen Tundra, a trackless land of marsh and bog. The Lumimiehet seldom venture beyond its outer borders, and travelers are well-advised to avoid the area entirely.

The Lumimiehet of the Lakeland tend to fare better than their neighbors elsewhere in Forodwaith. During the summer months, they can hunt, trap and gather food along the lake shores, fishing the deep waters in small boats. These freshwater boats are more open and canoe-like than the enclosed, saltwater vessels which the Lumimiehet normally use upon the Bay of Forochel.

The lakes freeze over in winter, and the ice-sheet can reach a thickness of up to three feet. At this time of year, ice-fishing is a common sight along the shores of the lakes. The Lumimiehet have learned a quick and easy method for creating a hole through the ice. They simply heat a large rock in a small fire on the shore, and then place the heated stone upon the ice. The stone quickly melts through the surface, leaving the fisherman with a hole through which to fish.

It sometimes suits a water-drake's evil humor to suddenly stick its head up through one these holes and peer into the startled face of a fisherman. In order to avoid such an encounter, the fishermen always make these holes relatively small. In addition, they take care to fish only where the ice is thick enough to prevent a dragon from forcing its way to the surface. Cautionary tales about these dangers are frequently heard among the Lumimiehet. One such yarn is the Tale of Karvainen, a man who fished on thin ice and fell victim to a water-drake.

Karvainen and the Water-drake

Karvainen was a man who liked to fish far out on the ice, away from his companions. Although he caught bigger fish, others warned him that the thin ice was a danger to be avoided. But so good was the fishing and so fat and tasty the catch that Karvainen ignored the danger.

One day, as Karvainen was far out on the frozen lake baiting his hook, a water-drake came breaking through the ice. Again and again the dragon smashed the ice all around the frightened Karvainen. Until at last the fisherman was adrift on a little island. The dragon began toying with him, like an otter playing with a stone. But, eventually as the sun climbed and the day grew warmer, the creature grew weary of the game and began moving in for the kill.

Karvainen, seeing his death approaching, sought desperately for some trick that might save him. Suddenly, he hailed the worm: "Powerful one! If you do not eat me, I will tell you two hundred riddles before the sun sets." The sun was already past its height, so the foul creature (who was fond of riddles, and thought that the man had little chance) assented: "Agreed, little fisherman, I must hear two hundred riddles before sunset or you are my dinner. Mind you, I will keep careful count." However, Karvainen was a fast-talker, and no mention was made in the bargain that the riddles must be new or original. So the fisherman told many old and well-worn riddles, and many versions of the same riddle. But, so as not to make the creature angry, he spiced these up with many difficult and intriguing puzzles the dragon had never heard before.

As the last light of the sun disappeared, Karvainen hoarsely spoke the two-hundredth riddle. The water-drake was as good as his word, and began slowly swimming away; but Karvainen was alarmed, for the night was on him, alone and still floating on his island of ice.

"Oh Powerful One!," he called, "How am I to get off the ice?!?"

"I care not how," the dragon called back.

"But you promised I would go free and come to no harm!" Karvainen answered.

"Little fisherman," riposted the drake, "I promised only I would not eat you, and I have kept my bargain." The evil worm laughed as he slid beneath the water.

Thus, while Karvainen saved himself from the dragon, he could make no such bargain with the night wind, and froze to death upon the ice.



KARHU JÄRVI

(La. "Bear Lake")

Karhu Järvi is the largest body of fresh water in Forodwaith. In summer, the lake is a mating ground for snow bears from the ice-packs of the Forsaken Sea. During this brief season, the bears gorge themselves on roots and berries from the pine and fir woods of the lake's heavily forested southeastern shores, and feast upon the wide variety of fish and eels that swarm within the waters of the lake itself. The reactions of bears toward intruders they may encounter at this time is unpredictable, anything from overt hostility to comical indifference as the bear rolls and plays in the grass. The Lumimiehet simply avoid such confrontations whenever possible.

The laking snow bears maintain amicable relations with the Berninga of Ligr Wodaize Berne. These Northmen claim a spiritual kinship with the great bears of the Misty Mountains, and are friendly to nearly all bear-kindreds (except for the fell bears of the Underdeeps). While they can communicate fairly easily with the snow bears, the Berninga regard some of their habits and customs as rather odd; all the same, the Berning-lord always welcomes the snow bears to join his folk in a great midsummer night's feast which is held in a forested glade upon the shores of Karhu Järvi.

KIVIVESI

(La. "Stonewater")

The Kivivesi is one of the eastern streams of the Wash Tundra. Full of long stretches of dangerous rapids, protruding boulders and small waterfalls, this fast-flowing torrent is almost wholly unnavigable by boat. It is nevertheless favored by the Lumimiehet for its excellent fishing and salmon runs.

KOLME SISKOA

(La. "Three Sisters")

Between the Blue Mountains of Eriador and the Luiden Joki of the Wash Tundra run the lovely waters of Kolme Siskoa, three streams whose broad, swift channels empty into Hûb Helchui amid pleasant, tree-clad vales. Eagles and other birds of prey from the neighboring mountains are forever wheeling above the sister streams, hunting for fish and small, unwary mammals. Along the banks of the middle stream stands Mulkan Kaupunki, a favorite summer campsite of the Lumimiehet. The Kolme Siskoa are navigable by the boats of the Lumimiehet, who hunt the plentiful game along their banks from early Nórui to mid-Narbeleth.

KUKKAKYLÄ

(La. "Flower Village")

This ruined Beadmaker site on the northwestern shore of Hunter's Isle became a center for creating the *loitsuhelmet.* There is little of the village left to see above ground, but excavations uncover kilns used for firing beads and other tell-tale signs of Helmivalmistaja presence.

KYLMÄTALO

(La. "Cold House")

Kylmätalo is a Beadmaker ruin located on the narrow neck of Rast Losnaeth. Excavation of these ruins may turn up various ancient artifacts, including the fabled *loitsuhelmet.* In winter, Kylmätalo is often occupied by Trolls who wander south across the Fire Tundra from Torogmar. In summer, the Merimetsästäjät use the ruins as a campsite.

LÄÄKEVESI

(La. "Medicine Water")

The broad, meandering Lääkevesi is one of the streams of the Wash Tundra. Less swift and more navigable than its neighbors, the Lääkevesi abounds in many small coves and inlets where herbs and other medicinal plants may be found. The stream is favored by Lumimies hunters, since many animals, attracted by its verdant growth, frequent its banks; but the headwaters of the Lääkevesi are a maze of marshes and fens, a home to hummerhorns and Trolls, and the Lumimiehet do not pursue game once it enters this area.

LAKELAND

See entry for JÄRVIMAA.

LANDLESS LAND

See entry for DOR BENDOR.

LEIRI

(La. "Camp")

As its name implies, Leiri is little more than a crude collection of temporary dwellings. Located on the northern shore of the Bay of Cracking Ice, almost directly opposite the village of Homela, Leiri is occupied only from late spring to early autumn, when whales come to frolic and mate in the shallow waters of the bay. The campsite serves the Lumimiehet as a safe harbor for their whaling boats. Yet the virtues of its location are offset by Leiri's proximity to the hunting grounds of Jäänainen the Ice-woman; hence, it is abandoned immediately following the whaling season and not reoccupied until the whales are sighted again. In winter, it offers no more than a place out of the weather. In summer, it is an excellent source for boats and information concerning the surrounding terrain.

LHÚCHIR

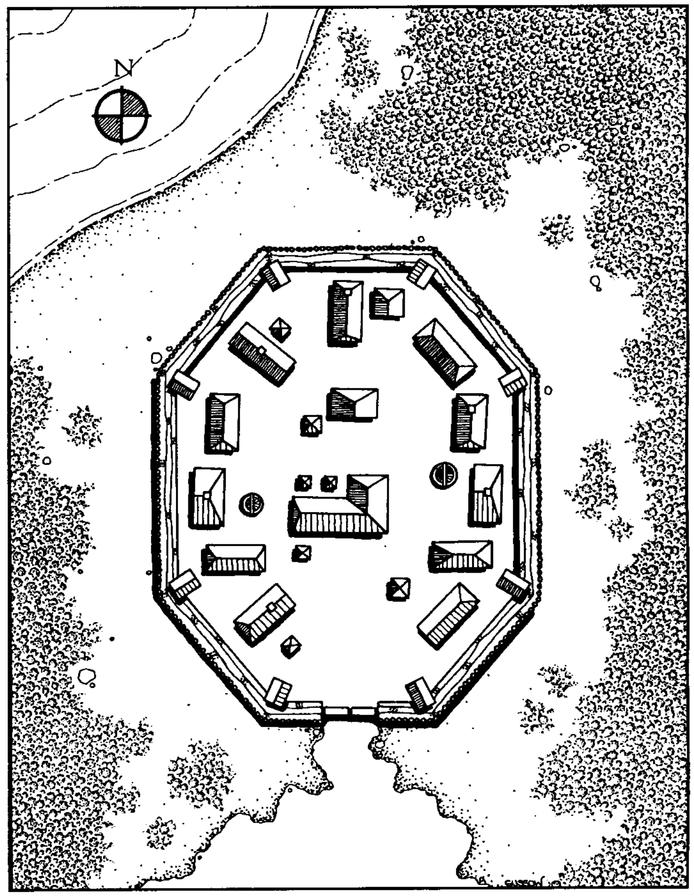
(S. "Dragon River;" La. Hopeavesi)

The longest river of the Northern Waste, the mighty Lhúchir finds its glacial sources at the feet of Mount Gundabad, some five hundred miles southeast of the shores of Sheltered Bay where it surrenders its waters at last to the sea. The Lhúchir gets its name from Dîn Lhûg, the dragon-infested gap which separates the Misty Mountains from the Grey. Few worms of that region range far onto the Talath Uichel, and for this reason the Ystävä Talven name for the river, the "Silverwater," bears no relation to the connotations of its Sindarin name, referring instead to its swift, glittering surface.

The cold, deep waters of the Lhúchir divide Lakeland from the Herd Tundra (though the tundra lies on both sides of it). The Lumimiehet camp and make settlement all along both sides of it (the majority on the northern bank), fishing and hunting along the river, as well as using it for transportation. In winter, the river is a mass of grinding ice and deadly, frigid water. In early autumn, before the ice and winter predators pose a serious threat, many Lumimies villages on the southern banks are abandoned, and their inhabitants remove to winter with their neighbors farther north, since it is a simpler matter for fifty villagers to drive a wolf pack away than for ten. The river forms a convenient barrier between the Lumimiehet and the Angmarrim. Even long after the fall of Angmar, the Lumimiehet still keep the practice of moving to the northern banks of the river.

Lumimies villages along the Lhúchir seldom hold more than two hundred inhabitants. However, there are many such villages and camps and, in times of need or great danger, a sizable force at arms can be raised from them. The villagers of the Lhúchir are friendly enough to strangers once it is established they are not Angmareans spying out the land. While the Lumimiehet fear the Witch-king and respect of his power, Angmarrim tread the banks of the Lhúchir at their own risk. The Lumimiehet can supply food, clothing and supplies to travelers in the region, but wanderers must possess something the villagers value before any barter may commence.

The villages are more or less permanent settlements, but may move a few miles up or down the river, depending on weather or hunting conditions. The summer hunting camps on the Herd Tundra are more relaxed and less serious than Ystävä Talven hunters elsewhere. The sheer supply of game lessens the worry of starving in the winter months, and hunters have time to talk and give aid to those in need, sometimes even personally guiding wanderers to their village. The relaxed atmosphere of the camps also allows for a moderate specialization of labor. Since the hunters do not need their arrows immediately, they can wait for the more skillful fletchers to make them. As payment, they hunt on behalf of the fletchers. The camps come and go with the herds, and travelers should not expect to find a camp in the same place twice. They are rough and rustic, and their inhabitants can offer little more than food, shelter and guidance towards other villages along the Lhúchir.



Ligr Wodaize Berne

LIGR WODAIZE BERNE

(For. "Den of Wrathful Bears")

Established T.A. 1310, this small fortress is populated entirely by refugees from the citadel of Bernastath. Ligr Wodaize Berne stands at the center of a pine forest upon the southeastern shores of Karhu Järvi. The Berninga have constructed a well-fortified series of log cabins, protected above ground by stout wooden ramparts and barriers. The cabins are also connected via underground passages and tunnels. Outside the walls, open grounds have been established to thwart any attacker with arrows and spears. The thick logs of the outer wall have been heavily coated in mud and dirt, rendering them virtually fireproof. Inside, there are watchposts and concealed points for archers and spearmen. The steading boasts a deep well and large stores of smoked and dried meat.

The Berninga of Ligr Wodaize Berne are a grim and serious lot who offer little welcome to strangers, especially the Lumimiehet. They have not forgotten the Angmarean attack upon their ancestral home three centuries ago; nor have they forgiven the Lumimiehet, who failed to come to their aid as they promised. They allow no Lumimies to enter their steading, and hardly even acknowledge the existence of any Lumimies outside their walls. However, there is no blood feud between the Berninga and the Lumimiehet of the area. For the most part, the Lumimiehet avoid the pine forest as much as possible, leaving the Berninga to their own devices. The Berninga show no mercy to any Angmareans they may come across, whether Man or Orc. To other folk, the gruff and rustic Berninga seem impatient and quick to anger. However, for all their cantankerous ways, they are not cruel, and would not turn away any in need. Adventurers actively struggling against Angmar or hunting Orcs are especially welcomed and helped.

The settlement has its own smithy, and travelers who make friendly contact with the Berninga may provision and refit themselves there. The steading holds its share of the wonderful tame animals the Berninga are noted for: black minks and blue otters frolic outside its walls, while dogs and reindeer perform a multitude of tasks within. With these animals as sentinels, it is all but impossible for any enemy to catch the Berninga off their guard.

LINDALF

(S. "Fen Tundra")

The Fen Tundra encompasses the northern portion of the Lakeland, constantly deluged by the watersheds of the Bleak Mountains to the west. Rain and snow-melt off the mountains wash into this shallow, bowl-like plain. The majority of the water eventually finds its way north and east into the Forsaken Sea, leaving in its wake a morass of tangled marsh, cold swamp and deep bog. The fens shift and wander as the whim of winter storms or spring rains dictates. As the Lumimiehet who hunt along its fringes say, "Last month's hunting trail may be this month's swamp."

Lindalf receives a sinister reputation from some of its more malevolent residents. Marsh-drakes lair near the Bleak Mountains, while further south and east mysterious lights as of candles or lanterns lure wanderers to a nameless doom.

Summer brings a great greening to the Fen Tundra, with cattails and marsh grasses growing in profusion. Marsh birds migrating from the South transform the wetland into one huge rookery. Blue otters, black mink and giant martens all come out in search of birds and eggs. Lumimies hunters come too, often willing to trouble the waters deep into the tundra in search of

freshly laid eggs and succulent squab. The Trolls and Orcs from the Bleak Mountains are a danger only in summer when they too come to hunt and fish the pools and mires.

In winter, the birds migrate south and the predators either hibernate or settle for lesser prey hidden under the snow. The cold of winter freezes the marshland, making it safer to traverse, but by no means safe. In the late autumn and early spring, the frozen pools are not easy to judge, and what looks like a solid path may break beneath laden travelers, plunging them into a cold, thick mud.

LINNARTHURRAS

(S. "Peak of Indomitable Song")

Near to the juncture where the Bleak Mountains bend westwards to form the Aeglir Arvethed there rises a peak known to the Elves of Evermist as Linnarthurras. Here stands the frozen form of Lindor, the Noldorin lord who faced Eloeklo, Demon of the North Wind, in an epic combat. Though lifeless, his body still stands upon the mountain's pinnacle like a sentinel. Neither time nor wind nor weather have been able to cast Lindor's body from this high place. The Cuiviémar say that Lindor sang a song of victory as he strove with Eloeklo, and that in spring one can still hear a distant singing, beautiful and calm, high upon the mountain. It is said that Eloeklo avoids the mountain; though he won the battle, he has only bitter memories of the fight.

LÓDALF

(S. "Wash Tundra;" La. Vihreä Vati)

The Wash Tundra lies between the Rammas Forod and the Emyn Nimbrith. Most of its rivers empty into Hûb Helchui, making canoe passage onto the Herd Tundra difficult save for the streams along its western and eastern bounds. It has almost no permafrost, and is therefore less a tundra than a boreal steppe, cold but not overly barren or bog-ridden. The headwaters of Lódalf's streams, wandering amid the rubble of the Rammas Forod, remain marshy, and travelers have been known to disappear in these cold, treacherous swamps, known in infamy as the Mewlip Marshes.

Less bitterly cold and better watered than other regions of Forodwaith, the Wash Tundra is dotted with small stands of trees (mainly conifers) along its streams and rivers. Elk, deer, sheep, reindeer, musk ox and boar all roam here. They are stalked by large predators, such as bear, wolves, dire wolves and lynx. The waters of the region team with waterfowl in the summer; the raucous noise of ducks, geese and loons crowds its streams from late Lothron to early Hithui. With the arrival of these flocks, many smaller mammals and predators, mink, otter, fox, weasel and stoats, come out in number, hunting for unprotected eggs and unwary fowl.

In the winter, reindeer and elk migrate across and around the Emyn Nimbrith from the Herd Tundra into the Wash Tundra. Wolves, snow leopards, and other predators follow the herds, sometimes troubling northern Eriador. The Snow Trolls and white wolves of the North, along with other foul creatures, sometimes take this path in extremely harsh winters, troubling lands as far south as the Shire.

For details on the individual watercourses flowing through the Wash Tundra, see entries for ANGHIR, HUUTAVA JOKI, LÄÄKEVESI, LUIDEN JOKI, KIVIVESI, and KOLME SISKOA.

LONELY BAY

See entry for HÛB EREB.

LUIDEN JOKI

(La. "River of Bones")

Among the streams that flow across the Wash Tundra, the Luiden Joki is shunned by all but the most daring or foolhardy. Littering the banks of this chill, swift watercourse and protruding from its sandy shallows are the weathered bones of once-living Men, remnants of some forgotten battle from long ago. The Lumimiehet say that the unquiet ghosts of these half-buried corpses roam the narrow gullies and rocky flats of this riverbed on certain nights, and that their terrible battle cries can still be heard echoing across the tundra. In spite of its evil name, game and wildlife are plentiful along the Luiden Joki, and many curatives and herbs share its banks with the bones. A seasoned Riverman can navigate the river from its headwaters to Hûb Helchui.

METSÄSTÄJÖIDEN SAARI

(La. "Hunter's Isle")

The southernmost isle of Forochel's archipelago is known as Hunter's Isle, so named because, from late autumn to early spring, herd animals and other game cross over to it by means of an icebridge, partaking of its meadows and flowering glades. The spring thaw traps these animals on the island in great numbers, transforming it into a hunter's paradise. The island's shores, while rough and rocky, contain many small bays and rubble-strewn beaches that make fair to excellent harbors for boats. Its northern end forms a flat, grassy plain that arcs neatly around the island's mountains. In spring, this plain explodes into a riot of color from blooming wildflowers.

Metsästäjöiden Saari became an island through the War of Wrath, whose shockwaves literally ripped it free of the mainland, giving its low mountains a rough and tumbled appearance. Their stony highlands are alive with mountain goats and big-horn sheep, while the spring snow-melt gives birth to rushing mountain streams, where salmon come to mate and spawn. Smaller fish proliferate amid the mountain tarns. The foothills and mountain vales support small coniferous forests of pine and fir. These woodlands also contain many shrubs and bushes bearing edible berries.

The island maintains a small population of reindeer and elk and, as always, prey brings predators. Wolf packs prowl among the mountains—primarily dire wolves, but white wolves have been known to cross the ice in search of prey, only to become trapped there for the summer. Bears too come for the salmon runs, stuffing themselves with fish. Even the occasional band of Orcs or Trolls from the southern Ered Rhívamar might cross the icebridge to the island in search of prey (meaning anything they can slay and eat, including one another).

Jäämies camps are few, since Metsästäjöiden Saari is too distant from their villages to make the trek worthwhile. The Merimetsästäjät come to hunt and gather resources, but the island is too close to their berg-delvings to bother with whaling camps. Any camps encountered are likely to be open and friendly enough to travelers. However, the camps have few supplies other than for hunting and fishing, and only small boats are available.

MINDIL KEPICH

(S./Log. "Tower Forlorn")

This isolated Angmarean fortress is located some sixty miles west of Carn Dûm amid frost-covered bogs, where the Anghir bends northward towards the Emyn Nimbrith. The soldiers of Mindil Kepich (all Mannish) are a rubbish heap of military malingerers, malcontents and misfits. Assignment to the tower is

punishment for insubordination, and the garrison's primary duty is the repair of military roads and the bridge over the Anghir. It must also keep watch over Talath Uichel and the northern approaches to Angmar.

The Witch-king regards the soldiers of Mindil Kepich as eminently expendable (sometimes using them in diversionary suicide attacks), and the garrison's compliment rises and falls according to the dictates of his war plans. The fortress holds as many as two hundred footmen, but can be manned by as few as forty. Morale is very low and desertion common. Those who wander within sight of Mindil Kepich without the leave of the Witch-king run the risk of robbery at sword's point by the undisciplined soldiers of the garrison. The Witch-king maintains spies among the garrison, and bribery or off-hand remarks are duly noted. Travelers suspected of being Arthadanian spies may be seized and sent to Carn Dûm for questioning.

Mindil Kepich was abandoned after the fall of Angmar (T.A. 1975) and thereafter fell into serious disrepair. As time wore on, the tower slowly disappeared into the bogs surrounding it. By the time of King Elessar's return to the North in F.A. 15, it was no more than a scattered pile of rubble with Trolls lairing in crude stone dug-outs made from the remnants of the tower.

MINHELDOLATH

(S. "Between the Bergs;" La. Hallamäet Meressä)

Thrust like a dividing wall into the heart of Forochel's bay, the peninsula of Minheldolath separates Berg Cradle Bay from Spouting Bay. Like Rast Losnaeth to its east, the isthmus is warmed by the surrounding waters. In addition, the natural barrier of the Ered Rhívamar protects the Minheldolath from many bitter northern storms. Along its eastern edge, the peninsula supports a low range of scrubby hills and rocky tors, while its western coastline lies flat and open. Spring and summer brings a gradual greening to the peninsula. The flatter western coast germinates and flowers like any tundra, while the rockier eastern hills are home to several species of berry-producing bushes and shrubs.

With its slightly warmer weather and vegetation, the Minheldolath forms a virtual microcosm of Forochel. Its hilly eastern shores are home to a few snow bears, while its open western side supports small herds of reindeer and a few elk. While winter often decimates their numbers, enough survive to replenish the herds come spring. The entire peninsula is also home to snow hares and other innumerable small mammals. Birds flock here in great number in the spring to breed and lay eggs. For the sheer amount of its food stocks, the Minheldolath is populated year-round by Jäämiehet and Merimetsästäjät, the former living in established villages, the latter maintaining their nomadic life between their berg-delvings and the shore.

Small, well-tended, Jäämies settlements are found the length and breadth of Minheldolath, subsisting on hunting, gathering and fishing. Few boast more than a hundred souls. The villages are constructed in typical Jäämies fashion: solid, roomy, sealskin tents in summer, the traditional *pyöreä talo* in winter. The villagers trade year-round with their Merimetsästäjä neighbors and, seasonally throughout the spring and summer, with those Lumimiehet who venture onto the Cape of Forochel. In summer, the villages are alive with trade, marriages and feasts. In winter, the little hamlets are the only local source for food and supplies for anyone wandering in the region.

Camps established along the Minheldolath (often little more than a collection of sealskin lean-to's in summer and one or two *pyöreä talot* in winter) are primarily those of the hunters and gatherers of the berg-dwelling Merimetsästäjät. These camps are highly mobile, and may appear or disappear at the whim of the hunters, and travelers should not expect to find them again once they leave, as the hunters would surely have moved on. The camps have a high turnover rate of occupants, as hunters come from or return to their delvings in the Berg Cradle. These hunters travel light and have little to spare. They are, however, well-acquainted with the locations of all the Jäämies villages, and may guide a desperate wanderer there.

The eastern shoreline of Minheldolath is rocky and inaccessible in many places, but its western coast sports open, pebble-covered beaches. It is here that seals come to lie in the sun and doze. At high summer, cooperation between two deadly groups of hunters leads to a bloody slaughter on these beaches, as the log of a Cardolanian whaler, the Gwathló Dancer, reports:

Log of the Gwathló Dancer

Today I witnessed something I can only describe as strange, terrible, wondrous and wise. We anchored off the Minheldolath for minor repairs. A shore party returned with news that there were many Lossoth lurking near the beach, watching a large colony of seals, and waiting. When asked if they wished to trade, they said no; they were waiting for the "teurastajan" to begin. Knowing little of the language, I asked my second harpoonsman, who is familiar with their speech, what it might mean. He was himself puzzled and stated the word meant "butchery," but could not guess what it might refer to. Curious, I decided to venture to the shore and witness with my own eyes what this "teurastajan" might be.

It was a strange ride from my ship to the shore. There, above the beach, the great assemblage stared out to sea—almost, seemingly, as if staring at me (though they were by now familiar and friendly enough with us). No sooner had I set foot on the beach than a cry went up from the assembled crowd, pointing out to sea. As I turned to look, I saw the spouting spray of a killer whale. A school of these creatures were swimming directly for the seal-covered beach. When I turned back, the Lossoth were running madly toward the same beach as if they intended to greet the incoming whales.

The seals were beside themselves with fright. The onrushing Lossoth slaughtered many with clubs and spears, driving the survivors into the water in great droves. Then I realized the horrible meaning of this "butchery." The beasts were being driven into the jaws of the whales! The terrified seals, caught between death in the water and death on land, swarmed this way and that. How long this blood-letting lasted I have no idea; I remained rooted to the spot in disgust and loathing as I watched the spectacle, heedless of the passage of time.

Suddenly, as quickly as it began, the Lossoth ceased their clubbing and began yelling their thanks to the whales (or to their gods, or both; for I am uncertain of meanings in their tongue, and completely ignorant of any subtleties). After this, the Lossoth soon gathered up the carcasses of their prey and returned to their villages.

I must admit the sight of the seals squirming over one another in fear, bludgeoned on the shore or devoured in the water, sickened me at first. But when I mentioned it to my first-mate, he said only, "Sheep and pigs run in fear before the butcher. For they know they will soon be on someone's plate as roast mutton or pan-fried bacon. The only difference here is these Snowmen have shared their food with the whales." I have thought long on these words and acknowledge their wisdom.

I viewed the very same beach this evening. In the waning light, it was once again covered with placidly sleeping, living seals; the Lossoth, like the whales, took only what they needed and no more. For I saw with my own eyes that they left no carcass on the beach, and killed not one more seal than they had use for. While it was a bloody, disgusting display, I have no doubt the corned beef I had for my dinner this evening was itself an unsavory spectacle before it appeared on my plate.

The *teurastajan* takes place only once a year—in mid to late summer, when the majority of seal pups have been weaned. The grisly deed supplies the Jäämiehet with all the skins and meat they need for the coming winter. Nothing is wasted—even the seals' bones are carved into jewelry or sharpened to serve as tools or weapons. The bones may also be ground into a fine meal and boiled to make a kind of weatherproofing for the sealskin tents of the Jäämiehet or, when the glue is applied thickly, to rigidify soft leather into armor. The Jäämiehet were appalled when, having viewed their *teurastajan,* a band of Arthadanian seal-hunters did likewise, but took only the skins, leaving the remains to rot on the shore. From that time onward, the Jäämiehet have forcibly put a stop to anyone attempting to emulate the *teurastajan.*

MORGOTH'S WELL

See entry for EITHEL MORGOTH.

MORNOST

(S. "Dark Fortress")

At the head of the Cirith-i-Nudevyn stand the toppled remnants of Mornost, its coal-black stones buried beneath the pure white snow. The stones occasionally turn up, exposing some forgotten portal into this ruined citadel. Ages after his downfall, even the lesser works of Morgoth can still do harm. The Jäämiehet who have encountered the black rocks and bits of slag call them Mustat Tulikivet, the Black Firestones; for they burn like fire when grasped by the naked hand. Some claim the stones still burn with the endless malice of Morgoth, while others hold it to be the remnant of some powerful bane woven into the citadel to repel any from storming its walls.

Whatever the reason, the stones still harm unprotected flesh. The stones give off no hint of warmth or heat, and cannot be used for lighting fires or staying warm—they are meant to deliver pain only. This makes digging and excavation of the ruble of Mornost a tricky and difficult task. There is little to find in Mornost other than more and more black stones. Were the lowest cellars eventually excavated, a long and difficult descent into the Underdeeps would be uncovered.

GM Note: *The black stones of Mornost deliver 1-10 hits in acid-like burn damage per round to anyone grasping them. The searing pain lasts from 1 to 10 minutes and renders the afflicted hand useless for that duration. The Orcs of the Ered Rhívamar have learned that the stones can be ground to dust and cast as an acidic powder onto the exposed flesh of an opponent, or thrown into the air to poison the atmosphere of a room or chamber. If Orcs are encountered in this area, 10% have a small pouch of this powdered stone.*

MULKAN KAUPUNKI

(La. "Mulkka's Town")

Mulkan Kaupunki (known to southerners simply as Mulkan) is a semi-permanent Lumimies village located between the Kolme Siskoa in the Wash Tundra. The village often moves somewhat up or down river, or from one side of the river to the other, depending on the severity of the spring thaw, fishing conditions, predictions by a *viisas* and so on. Up to a hundred Lumimiehet can be found in Mulkan, dwelling in small lodges of earth and wood, and subsisting by hunting and fishing. They trade furs with the Rivermen and, through this trade, have acquired many more metal implements, weapons and tools than is usual for a Lumimies village. For this reason, jealous Lumimiehet from other villages often refer to Mulkan derogatorily as Raudan Kaupunki (La. "Iron Town").

With its access to Hûb Helchui on the north and Talath Muil on the south, the village's location makes it a perfect way station for the Rivermen of Eriador, who are very protective of the settlement and of their trade agreements with the Lumimiehet. The Rivermen do not allow the unscrupulous or the uncouth from the South to upset or disturb these arrangements, so that visitors to Mulkan, while free to trade, should be slow to anger and even slower to draw a weapon on either a Lumimies or a Riverman. Justice, as determined by the Rivermen, can be swift and hard. The Rivermen come and go freely, and there are seldom less than five of them in the village. These Men live as they do elsewhere, in small lean-to's erected near the shores of the river. However, they do not maintain the watch towers (as is their usual custom).

With the constant river traffic and the Lumimies hunters fanning out daily from the village, it is all but impossible to approach Mulkan unnoticed. Trappers, hunters and adventurers from the South often use Mulkan as a jumping off point for travel in Forodwaith. The village can supply wanderers with only the barest of necessities. But, in the trackless North, the barest of necessities is often the margin of survival.

NARTHALF

(S. "Fire Tundra")

The Fire Tundra is a vast, open plain scoured by the winter gales and storms off Ekkaia and the Landless Land, which mark its northern boundary. To its east lies the Bay of Desolation and the forbidding Aeglir Arvethed; to the west, the Ered Rhívamar and Berg Cradle Bay. The tundra extends southward as far as Rast Losnaeth. The Fire Tundra is named after the steaming pit of Morgoth's Well that lies at its heart. The fumes and glow from the volcanic basin can be seen from miles away and are used as a landmark by those who wander the region.

The sedge, grasses and herbs of the Fire Tundra are not particularly thick or lush in summer, yet its flat expanses support numbers of elk, reindeer and musk ox, followed by numerous wolf packs (white wolves dominating the northern reaches of the tundra, dire and grey wolves roaming the south). White fox, snowy owls and tundra hawks take on summer grey colors and hunt lemmings and hares. Snow leopards from the Ered Rhívamar can be found along the western fringes of the tundra, while the dreaded death shrew is common among the rockier outlying foothills of the Aeglir Arvethed.

There is no better word to describe the Fire Tundra in winter than "cold." The elk and most of the reindeer migrate eastward around the Aeglir Arvethed and the southern Bleak Mountains to the Lakeland. Other mammals hibernate or live under or on the snow. A frozen landscape remains, endlessly battered by bitterly cold winds and storms from the north. It is wandered by Trolls, a rare Giant or two, and scattered herds of barren-ground reindeer and musk ox.

Jäämies villages, seldom numbering over two hundred inhabitants, hug the northern shores of Berg Cradle Bay. These Jäämiehet live by whaling upon the bay and bartering with the Merimetsästäjät who dwell there, and by hunting the Fire Tundra. Travelers may use their well-appointed settlements as base camps for expeditions into the tundra beyond; the villagers' knowledge of skills and equipment needed for journeys on the open plain is unmatched. During the frenzy of hunting, fishing

and foraging in spring and summer, the Jäämiehet are usually unavailable as bearers, guides or mercenaries, and travelers must pay a high price to lure a Jäämies away for such purposes.

During the summer months, the Jäämiehet and Merimetsästäjät establish camps further inland for hunting the tundra herds. These camps are set up and abandoned quickly, since they must closely follow the movement of the herds, and travelers should not expect to find them again after a space of more than two weeks. The hunters normally aid strangers in need, but have very little to spare—the summer hunt means survival in winter, and they must harvest as much meat from the reindeer and elk herds as possible before the great herds migrate out of the area.

NAUR FIRNEN

(S. "Faded Fire")

Naur Firnen is a dormant volcano that stands like a dividing pillar between the Fire and Stone Tundras. The mountain's fires were fading even as it was named, and its eruptions became less frequent and less violent as the centuries passed. By the mid-Third Age, the mountain does little more than belch steam or rumble deep beneath the earth—warning, perhaps, that it is not yet extinct and a dangerous fire still burns somewhere in its heart. Naur Firnen is the gateway of the Stairs to Hell. (See entry for PENDRATH NA-UDÛN.)

NO-MAN'S LANDS

These once formed a fertile, well-farmed region settled by Arnorian knights and gentry. In bygone years this frontier region of Arnor was called the Northern Marches. Minas Eldanaryaron, its chief citadel, lay within sight of Angmar. All things changed with the arrival of the Witch-king and the endless years of war. In the years of the successor states, Arthedain possesses too few men to maintain the region. It is now as rough, bleak and cold a countryside as any adventurer could care to travel through.

Being the virtual doorstep of Angmar, it is also heavily traveled by the servants of the Witch-king. The half-buried and fortified steadings of Orcs now stand where once were the homesteads and farmhouses of Men. The Witch-king's forces have also built or repaired a series of watch towers and outposts in the No-man's Lands. Most of these are manned by Orc-garrisons, with only the most vital points housing Men. It is a hostile and unwelcoming landscape of stinging thistle heaths and dry, grassy prairie. A place of fallow fields where the rare stands of stunted fir and twisted pine offer no protection from either the wind, the weather or unfriendly eyes.

NÚMERIADOR

(Q./S. "West Eriador," prop. Dúneriador)

Due south of the Bay of Forochel lies the vale of the River Lhûn, bounded by the eastern slopes of the Blue Mountains and stretching as far south as Mithlond and the Emyn Beraid. It is a land of beautiful, unspoiled wilderness, breathtaking waterfalls and a few scattered villages that enhance rather than detract from its pristine character. The slopes of the Blue Mountains that bound the vale are covered by deep coniferous forests, while large expanses of deciduous woodland follow the course of the river.

The northern reaches of the Lhûn valley are less forested and more open, the trees only able to form a continuous line along the lower mountain slopes, often giving way to long stretches of grassy meadow and fields of wildflowers. Eventually, the deciduous trees fail altogether, leaving smaller conifers to extend themselves toward the Bay of Forochel. In time, these woodlands become isolated stands amid the heath, scrub and desolate moors that surround the bay.

OROD CERTHAS

(S. "Rune Mountain")

Orod Certhas is the northernmost spire of the Bleak Mountains. The mountain gets its name from a series of smooth, sloping cliffs of bare granite upon its northern face, graven with *cirth*, the runic characters of the Elves. The Noldorin mystics of Evermist carved these inscriptions which, they say, record every spell that has ever been woven within Arda by the Firstborn. The Noldor do not reveal to others their reasons for having chosen so remote a site to enshrine the wisdom of the ages, but it is whispered among the wise that the bones of Orod Certhas are veined with the very power of the Earth. Whatever the truth of this, the Noldor undertake regular pilgrimages to the mountain, there to add new spells to its innumerable engravings. Doubtless many such enchantments are in reality banes for the protection of the mountain's inviolability. Neither the Orcs of Ered Muil nor the dragon Canadras have dared to defile the slopes of Orod Certhas.

The lower slopes of Orod Certhas are covered with snow from early autumn to mid-spring, while the rune-cliffs of the high places are snowbound year-round. The endless, slow workings of snow and ice occasionally crack and damage the rune-lines, which are typically between one and three inches in height. To reach the rune-cliffs of Orod Certhas, a pilgrim must ascend the mountain's high and perilous escarpments. Ice and snow must be cleared from the cliffside before the runes become legible, and not all the cliffs contain spells. The Noldor also possess hidden refuge-caves upon the mountain's slopes, without whose protection a climber, whether mortal or deathless, would be destroyed by the spirits of wind and cold that assail Orod Certhas by night.

GM Note: *The GM must decide what spells are available here, easily restricting access to any spell or spell list by declaring that the runes of a particular cliff-face are illegible.*

A Spell-song of Orod Certhas

Yavanna Nóreheri Cementári
I marimmë Harnanóressë
Maquetimmë almarelya hostalemmanna
Lava men nólë pantalen halda valasselya
A nestalen i harwi nórëo
A entultalen coirë erumin.

Irmo Lóriendeher Olorion Fëantur
I sinomë hostammë, maquetimmë almarelya
Lava men cenië pella ambar sina,
Hlarië pella súri vercë ar lammar aicalamnion
An, ve nóri ontalemmo
I Ninquinóri haryar Ainulindallo
Yanen Ilúvatar tánë Arda yárë Valain.

Yavanna, Mistress of the Land, Queen of the Earth
We who dwell in the Wounded Land
Ask blessing on our gathering.
Give to us wisdom for opening the power that is hidden
For healing the wounds of the land
And recalling life to the waste places.

Irmo, Lord of Lórien, Master of Visions
We ask your blessing who gather in this place.
Give for us sight beyond this present world
And hearing beyond the fierce winds and the cry of fell beasts
For even as the lands of our birth,
So too are the Whitelands held within the Music
By which Ilúvatar revealed Arda to the Powers of old.



PENDRATH NA-UDÛN

(S. "Stairs to Hell;" La. Kivinen Selkäranka)

The Pendrath na-Udûn form a winding, stone stairway which climbs the smoldering heights of Naur Firnen. The stairs were carved into the contours of the mountainside long before the memory of Men, following a sometimes open, sometimes secretive line up the ridges and valleys of the Naur Firnen. Built to serve as an outpost of Angband in the days before the War of Wrath, these stairs remain as silent witness to Morgoth's passing. In several places the steps are narrow, steep and difficult to scale for those heavily encumbered with packs and equipment; in other places, they are blocked by stone-falls and rock-slides, and a way must be cleared or an alternate path taken. The stairs climb high up the mountain to a flat, open shelf of rock before the gaping mouth of a cave. In ancient times, the cave was called Doom's Door, and its mouth was guarded by a Balrog. But for all its terrifying names, little now remains, its horrors either swept away or taken flight into the Underdeeps at Morgoth's downfall.

Beyond the door lies a great labyrinth of volcanic caverns. The caves are rough-walled and lifeless, save for an occasional Troll or wandering dragon. These caves gradually lead eastward and ever downward until the roots of the mountain are reached. Here the air is warmer, but fouled by sulfuric fumes and other poisonous vapors. As the caverns dive ever deeper, it grows increasingly hot and the way forward more difficult as paths are blocked by ribbons of lava, snaking across tunnels and through caves. These are part of the outlying borders of the Lake of Fire beneath the Naur Firnen.

The molten rock here glows white hot, endlessly bubbling and steaming; but there is little chance of an eruption ever again reaching the world above. Outlying channels of the Lake of Fire have broken through to the great, subterranean roads of the Underdeeps, which siphon off much of the pressure generated by the lake. Thus, the titanic forces that once sent molten lava spewing out onto Angband's Threshold and the Fire Tundra are now spent before they start and can no longer build up sufficient strength to force the lava upward.

GM Note: *Encounters at these depths, so close to the shores of the lava, are extremely unlikely. If such encounters do occur, they may be with some hellish nightmare creature of the Underdeeps, or an ancient and powerful fire-drake warming himself on the shores of the Lake of Fire.*

PIENI SATAMA

(La. "Small Harbor")

This sheltered little bay on the western coast of Rast Losnaeth has been the site of a Merimetsästäjä whaling camp for generations. The camp is almost exclusively used by members of the Valaskalan Palvonta, and is taboo to any stranger (and sometimes even to other Merimetsästäjät) while certain ceremonies are being performed. As these rituals may require several days to complete, outsiders are forced to wait beyond the camp boundaries until the ceremony is satisfactorily concluded. When not forbidden, the hunters of Pieni Satama may provide travelers with food, shelter and waterborne transport.

PITKÄMIEHEN SAARI

(La. "Tallman Isle")

Pitkämiehen Saari is the middle island of the rocky archipelago lying off the tip of Forochel. The isle has no separate name on Arthadanian maps, being reckoned as part of the Sarchbel-i-Fannath. The isle's western coasts rise out of the sea to form a low, flat-domed hill, while its northeastern half slants sharply away towards Whalebone Isle. The northward-facing bay of Pitkämiehen Saari offers excellent harborage, where the sedge-covered slopes of the hill descend to meet the somber, grassy shores of its lower end. Jäämiehet and Merimetsästäjät fear to tread here and, if forced to make landfall, stay no longer than necessary, speaking in fearful whispers about the ghost of the Tallman who wanders the island, destroying any who come near.

PITKÄVESI

See entry for CAEW-I-CHELDOLATH.

PITKÄYÖN VUORET

(La. "Mountains of Long Night")

The great tumble of mountains to the north of the Minheldolath got their name from the Jäämiehet who hunt there, who say that a man must keep a vigil throughout the night against the many creatures that prowl the darkness. Many smaller stretches of this



Runes of Orod Certhas

long string of peaks have local names. Therefore, travelers in the region are well advised to learn these many names and be certain of exactly which section of the Ered Rhívamar is being discussed by the local natives before exploring there.

PUOLIHMISTEN SATAMA

(La. "Harbor of the Half-men")

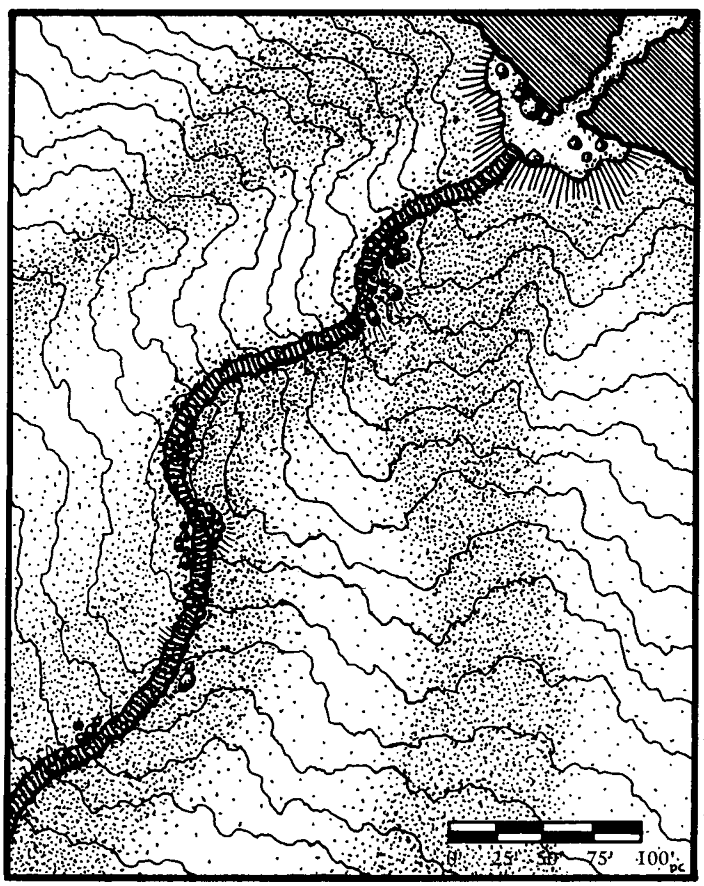
This Umitic settlement, located on the Bay of Cracking Ice, survives by trading with the neighboring Lumimiehet and with other Umli further east. Puolihmisten Satama is named for the great stone quay the Umli have built for the harborage of the Lumimies whalers. The Umli associated with the harbor do not dwell there year-round; rather, they seasonally mine the rocky, northeastern edge of the bay, where the Everhir once eroded large underground caverns before cutting its now well-established course to the sea.

These Umitic communities consist almost entirely of young males, and their numbers undergo a steady turnover, as miners leave for their homes in the east and are replaced by new arrivals. Stalwart enemies of the Trolls and Orcs of Angmar, the Umitic camps are well-armed and well-defended. More than one Orc-raid into their caverns has never been heard of again. For this reason, the Orcs have learned to raid the Half-dwarves only in great force or not at all. The Umli are allied with the Lumimiehet of the bay, and the two peoples often fight side-by-side to repel such attacks. For those who wander the bay or its environs, Puolihmisten Satama is a pleasant oasis amid the cold and danger-infested shores.

RAMMAS FORMEN

See entry for RAMMAS FOROD.

The Stairs to Hell



RAMMAS FOROD

(S. "Great Wall of the North")

The Rammas Forod is a low line of hills marking the divide between the downlands of northern Arthedain and the watershed of the Wash Tundra. To its west the Rammas broadens to form the Talath Muil, while eastwards its hills fade into the Lone-lands. In origin wreckage from the downfall of the Iron Mountains in the War of Wrath, the excess rock and soil of the Rammas eroded into the vales on either side of it, enabling the growth of modest forests. Its clear air and narrow defiles offered excellent opportunities for small farms and gardens, and at one time the Rammas, much like the lower but more precipitous downlands to the south, served as a religious retreat for the Faithful of Arnor.

When the snow melts in the spring, the plateau bursts forth for a few weeks of spectacular, multicolored beauty as the grass grows and wildflowers bloom. As spring passes into summer, the lack of moisture and rainfall turns the grass brown and causes the wildflowers to wilt and wither. While many blame the Witch-king of Angmar for this, the dry fields are actually a natural phenomenon caused by the landlocked character of the plateau. The Blue Mountains to the west and the vastness of the Endless Plain to the east combine to shield the area from the spring and autumn rains. The Rammas Forod receives about 10 to 20 inches of precipitation a year, but most of this falls as snow, blowing down from Forodwaith in winter (rainstorms are rare, occurring only when conditions are right).

When the fortunes of war turned against Arthedain in T.A. 1325, a line of fortifications was built along the Rammas, anchored upon its eastern flanks by the great keep of Dol Gormaen. After that citadel's fall to Angmar in T.A. 1408, the Rammas became an exposed frontier, hotly contested by Arthadanian and Angmarean troops. Any who wander here may find themselves suddenly in the midst of battle or taken for a spy by either side. Orcs of Angmar are plentiful, and lone travelers are ill-advised to spend the night in these highlands.

The Lumimiehet wander the northernmost portions of the Rammas Forod from early spring to mid-autumn. Perched upon the rocky slopes of the hills, Lumimies settlements are usually no more than crude hunting camps established to serve a day's or a week's sojourn, but no more. Shy and reserved, the hunters may pack up and move rather than deal with uncouth strangers; however, if approached cautiously, the camps are an excellent source of information concerning local geography, nearby hazards and other points of interest.

RAST LOSNAETH

(S. "Cape of Biting Snow;" La. Koira Saari)

Wrapped around the western side of Sheltered Bay like a great, bent, protective arm is the peninsula of Rast Losnaeth, a low, rocky chain of hills extending southward out of the Fire Tundra. The hills turn slowly southeast, cradling the Sheltered Bay on the west. The calm waters of Sheltered Bay extend away eastwards from the cape, disappearing into blur and haze. The view to the north reveals the occasional spark or gleam of sunlight, reflected off the snows of the Bleak Mountains. In the west, the cold waters of Berg Cradle Bay stretch away as far as the eye can see. On clear days, those standing at the highest point on the southernmost tip of Rast Losnaeth can see the far and distant Eriadorian shore as a dim, murky blue line on the horizon.

Trapped between two icy bays, the cold air of Rast Losnaeth is moderated by the sea-climes, often five to ten degrees warmer than a landlocked area of the same latitude. Unfortunately, the cliffs of its eastern shoreline (usually between ten and fifteen feet in height) makes the cape a poor haven for seal and walrus. On the western coasts, these cliffs have collapsed, leaving a shoreline of tumbled boulder and rock. While hospitable to sea mammals, these slippery rocks, worn smooth by the surf, are a peril to hunters. The rocky soil of the cape does not support sufficient vegetation to draw herd animals, though snow hare, fox and other small mammals make the peninsula their home.

The summer months bring the Merimetsästäjät to fish and hunt whale in the nearby waters, abandoning their camps when the wind turns north; but the lack of readily available game leaves Rast Losnaeth virtually unoccupied in winter. The encompassing Bleak Mountains and the Ered Rhívamar funnel storms from Ekkaia and the Landless Land straight down the Fire Tundra and across Rast Losnaeth, raking the peninsula with savage, winter-long blizzards.

RUNE MOUNTAIN

See entry for OROD CERTHAS.

RUSKEA VENE

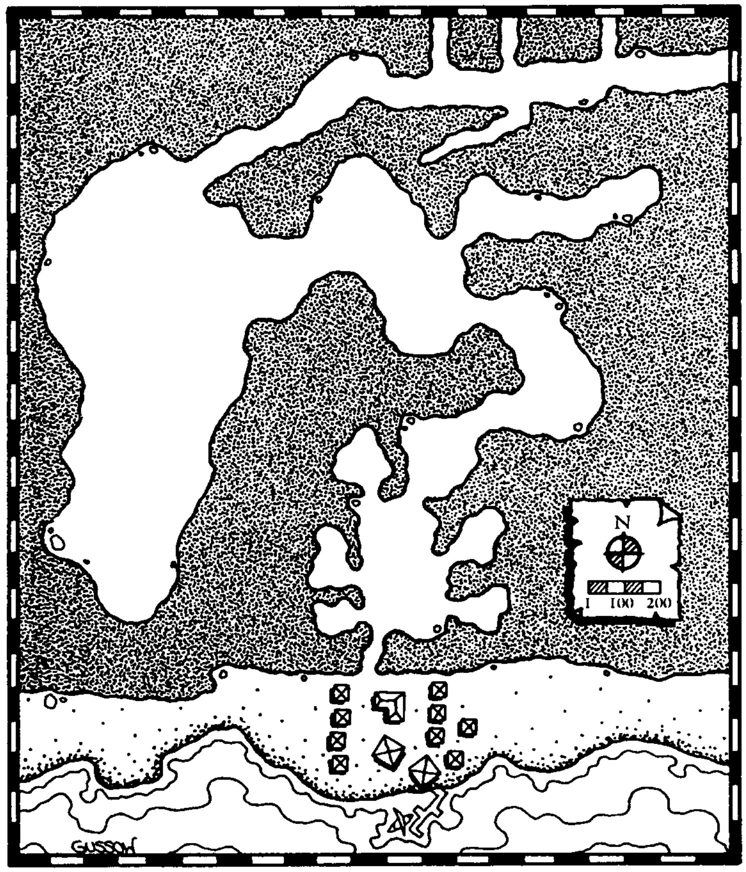
(La. "Brown Boat")

The large Lumimies village of Ruskea Vene stands where the Everhir surrenders its waters to the Bay of Cracking Ice. The village is an excellent haven for both river and sea-boats. The Lumimiehet here are used to Cardolanian whalers, and are less shy with strangers. The good-will in which the folk of Ruskea Vene hold outsiders stems in part from the aid rendered to them by foreign sailors and by the neighboring Umli against more than one attack by far-raiding Orcs out of Angmar. From time to time, and depending on the fortunes of war, the Witch-king has been of a mind to make Ruskea Vene a spearhead from which to exert control over the Cardolanian whaling trade. Fortunately for the village, its distance from Carn Dûm and the notable lack of sealore and mariners among the Angmarrim keep the plan from achieving fruition. However, Angmareans can be found in the village, some acting openly as traders from Angmar, others secret and unknown to any but the Witch-king.

SARCHBEL-I-FANNATH

(S. "Graveyard of Whales;" La. Valaskalanluinen Saari)

Also known as Whalebone Isle, this northernmost strand of the archipelago that lies off the tip of Forochel is aptly named, for the skeletal remains of these great mammals litter its southern strands for mile upon endless mile. Here the wounded or infirm members of this race come to die—at times accompanied by one or many kinsmen—beaching themselves on the pebble-strewn shoreline. Helpless, their carcasses are stripped by birds and other carrion, until only their immense bones remain to mark their passing. While other Jäämiehet who visit the island gather these bones for practical uses, the Valaskalan Palvonta reveres them as spirit totems, and therefore believes that they should be left in peace, lest the whales' spirits become angry and visit retribution upon the Merimetsästäjät. For this reason the Jäämiehet seldom visit the island, not wishing to come to blows with their Merimetsästäjä brethren. The Valaskalan Palvonta regards no one to be above their taboo, exerting whatever force necessary to prevent the profanation of the graveyard.



Puolihmisten Satama

The southern beaches of Whalebone Isle offer excellent harborage for the Merimetsästäjä whalers, and their camps can be found near the island's freshwater springs. While the northern and western shores are rockier and less accessible by boat, they are excellent playgrounds for seals. Female seals gather here in large harems from early to late spring, while the bulls fight and contest mating privileges with one another. The higher cliffs on the northeastern side are the domain of gulls and terns. Whalers in search of eggs sometimes make the dangerous climb on these crumbling rocks to the nests.

GM Note: *Due to the loose rocks, all Climb maneuvers are at -10 on these cliffs.*

Occupied only during the warmer weather of spring and summer, the camps of the Merimetsästäjät—whalers on the southern shores, seal-hunters on the north—may contain as many as a hundred men at the height of the hunting season, or as few as ten after the peak. The camps are mainly crude collections of sealskin tents centered around a small communal firepit. They are located on the same beaches and harbors year after year, though once abandoned for the winter, there is virtually no trace of their ever having been there. The Merimetsästäjät are willing to accommodate travelers, but travelers should not expect a great deal of aid or eagerness on the part of the Merimetsästäjät to part with much needed supplies, weapons or boats.

The entire southwestern tip of Whalebone Isle is one long strip of beautiful, yellow-white sand. It is rumored that no Elf may stand here without being overcome by the longing for Aman. For this reason, most Elves avoid the island.

GM Note: *Sindarin or Noldorin Elves coming to the westernmost cape of Whalebone Isle must make a RR against their individual level (that*

is, a 1st level character must make a 1st level RR, and 2nd level character a 2nd level RR, and so on). The RR is modified by any bonuses or penalties for the character's Intuition.

SHELTERED BAY

See entry for HÛB BERIANNEN.

SININEN TOMU

(La. "Blue Dust")

Sininen Tomu is a Beadmaker ruin standing on the north shore of Sheltered Bay. The Jäämiehet give it this name for the heavy, stone jars of blue powder which turn up from time to time at the site. Their *viisaat* make use of this mysterious substance in rituals and ceremonies (primarily in winter, when the blue dust contrasts with the white snow). The powder is actually an ancient Númenórean glaze, which the Men of Westernesse presented to the Helmivalmistajat in token of friendship, but the Jäämiehet have no knowledge of this fact, and believe the dust to be a gift from the Spirit World.

Little more can be recovered from Sininen Tomu apart from pottery sherds and the occasional unbroken jar containing glaze. The latter, however, is not without potential value to Dúnedain. The Glassblowers' Guild of Tharbad, for instance, would pay handsomely for the recovery of the glaze in hopes of recalling the lost secrets of its making. Loremasters from Fornost might also take great interest in the pottery sherds (though without any offer of compensation that could rival that of the Glassblowers' Guild).

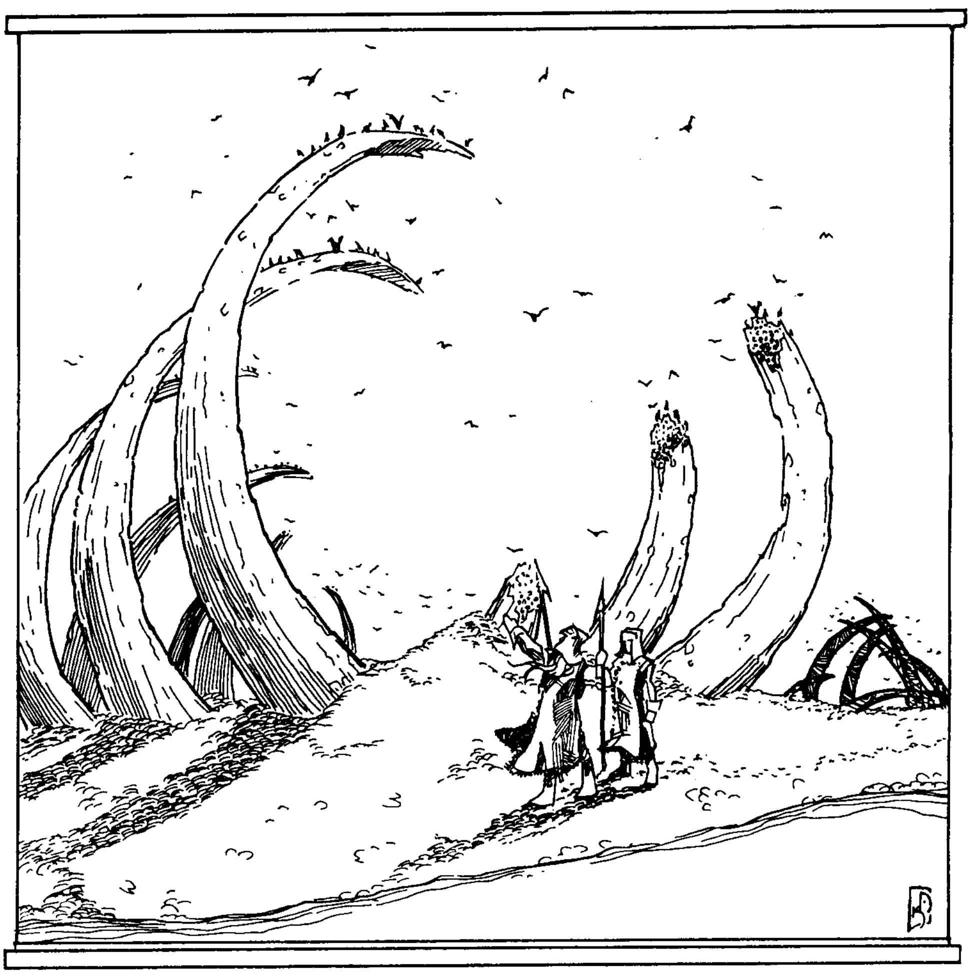
GM Note: *The more deeply buried (and therefore older) sherds of Sininen Tomu are poorly glazed and contain stylized pictographs of animals, while those found closer to the surface contain the blue glaze and depict realistic scenes of interaction between Men. It requires a Sheer Folly (-50) Perception maneuver to realize the scenes on the younger sherds are of Beadmakers trading with Númenóreans. A Very Hard (-20) Perception maneuver is required to realize that the difference between the two pottery styles was caused by the influence of Númenor. Such information would be of interest to any Dúnedain with a strong sense of their heritage. Such individuals might pay as much as 25 gp for maps and notes concerning the site.*

SPOUTING BAY

See entry for HÛB FALTHOL.

STONE TUNDRA

See entry for GONDALF.



The Graveyard of Whales

TALATH MUIL

(S. "Drear Plain")

Dividing northern Arthedain from the Wash Tundra and the Vale of the Lhûn, the Talath Muil is primarily open grassland, dotted occasionally by large wildflower meadows and small copses of ash and birch trees. The plain stretches east until it suddenly abuts the rocky western edges of the northern Hills of Evendim. This rough, rocky region is difficult to traverse on foot, let alone on horseback. While the terrain makes an excellent hiding place for Orcs, Trolls and bandits, in winter the cold can turn a hiding place into a last resting place. As the hills spread eastward from Talath Muil, they become less rocky and barren, melding into a low line of grass-covered downs. The northeastern edge of the hills spill out into the great, dry plateau of Rammas Forod.

TALATH UICHEL

(S. "Plain of Everlasting Cold")

East of the peninsula of Forochel, the countless leagues of Talath Uichel define the Northern Waste. Few may wander this wild and dangerous tundra freely and without fear, trapped as it is between the killing colds of the utter North and the ill-will of neighboring Angmar. Travelers in this land must be prepared to face both.

Cowed with fear at his sorcerous power over the weather, those Lumimiehet who still wander Talath Uichel under Angmar's shadow swear nominal allegiance to the Witch-king. Secretive

and wary, they fear to speak with strangers, lest their conversation be reported to their overlords and read as treason. The Witch-king greatly mistrusts the nomadic Lumimiehet, frowning on their constant coming and going so near to the borders of his realm. On occasion, he demands that a Lumimies *heimo* settle permanently in a given region. This "reservation" policy typically decimates the Lumimiehet, who starve unless they are allowed to follow the herds of reindeer and elk that wander the plain in spring and summer. Similar frustration is encountered by Angmarean generals who attempt to incorporate these Lumimiehet into their armies. While they make excellent scouts and pathfinders, these reluctant conscripts, resentful of the role they are forced to play, often disappear into the wilds, leaving a helpless army to fend for itself.

After the fall of Angmar, the Lumimiehet of Talath Uichel are more open and less fearful, but continue to suffer the depredations of Orcs and other creatures out of Mount Gundabad and points further east. They remain secretive and more possessive than other Lumimiehet. Their tales lean towards grim sagas of stoic endurance in the face of hardship, and lack the comedy and humor so characteristic of other Lumimies fables.

TALLMAN ISLE

See entry for PITKÄMIEHEN SAARI.

TALVEN SATAMA

See entry for CAEW-I-CHELDOLATH.

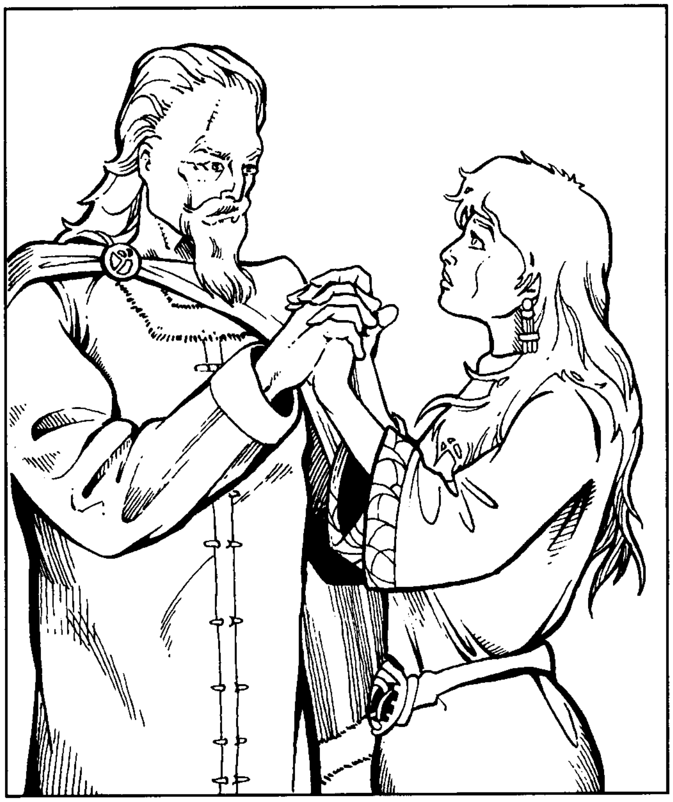
THORENAER

(S. "Forsaken Sea")

The Forsaken Sea is a great gulf of water flung south from Ekkaia. It is somewhat shallow, being only three hundred feet in depth at its lowest point near the center, and becoming gradually shallower towards the shore. The seabed is rocky near the shoreline, giving the sea a notorious reputation for large waves and difficult surf. The narrow northern inlet to this gulf is continually frozen, and is open for only one month during high summer. In winter, the ice-sheet moves south, but never completely covers the bay.

The shores and beaches of the Forsaken Sea consist of little more than great stretches of pebbles, worn smooth by the endless action of ice and water. The western shores are rockier than the rest, dominated as they are by the Bleak Mountains, towering in a great, unbroken string of barren, snow-capped peaks. In spring and summer, these shores become the breeding ground for seal and walrus. The eastern shores are less rough, and blend into the vast, open plain beyond. These beaches are covered with the nests and rookeries of birds that migrate in from early spring to late autumn. The central portion of the southern shore is dominated by two large peninsulas known to the Lumimiehet as Haarukat, the Forks; further east are the Sormivuonot, the smaller Finger Bays. Encounters anywhere on the coastline are inevitably hostile, as its denizens are primarily occupied with the protection of their young.

The Forsaken Sea is home to the great snow bears. These know no fear of the sea, as they are protected from the cold by natural layers of blubber and are excellent swimmers. In winter they pose little danger to Men, since they are off and away hunting seal and walrus far out upon the ice-packs. In summer, when the bears leave their hunting grounds in search of a mate, they become a danger to all who wander. During this mating season, the bears may travel far south, gorging themselves on roots and berries as they go. Encounters at this time are almost always unintentional, for the bears do not normally hunt the Free Peoples. However, they may do damage to a village's food-stores, sled-dogs or reindeer-herd. The bears have also been known to contest hunters for their kill and fishermen for their catch.



Lumimiehet of the Talath Uichel

TOROGMAR

(S. "Troll Home;" La. Rumain Teurastajoiden Koti)

Trapped between the frozen shores of the Bay of Desolation to the north and the Bleak Mountains to the south and east lies the icy plain of Torogmar. The peaks and foothills of the Bleak Mountains are rife with the caverns and tunnel networks of Snow Trolls. The Ystävät Talven seldom venture into the area—few of those who have done so have ever returned. The Snow Troll dwellings beneath the Bleak Mountains are barren, black holes of despair. The mountain range offers little for the Trolls to eat, and they continually raid eastward over the mountains into the Lakeland and southwards down the Fire Tundra as far as Rast Losnaeth. While they take fish, seals and sometimes even whales from the Bay of Desolation, the utter wasteland where they live limits their diet.

The Snow Trolls live singly or in isolated pockets, separated from one another by miles of mountainside. However, many lairs have secret tunnels and passageways that snake far beneath the mountains and emerge at distant points near to other lairs. The Trolls band together only to raid Ystävä Talven settlements. They occasionally cooperate in the landing of a whale or the killing of a bear, but ordinarily live their lives apart. Anyone venturing into these caves finds trouble and little else.

While the Snow Trolls steal goods and small trinkets from their victims, the amount of treasure found in their caves is usually very small. On occasion, a Troll using the same cave for many centuries may amass quite a fortune in ivory—not stolen jewelry, but the tusks of the many walruses the Troll has



devoured. The tusks can be found still attached to the skull and on the Troll's rubbish heap with innumerable other bones. On raids further south or from some unfortunate passing traveler a Troll may have captured a single precious or valuable item in his hoard, such as a necklace of gems or a magical sword.

TYHJÄ KARHUNTALO

(La. "Empty Bear's House;" For. Bernastath)

Razed by the malice of the Witch-king in T.A. 1304, the now deserted Berning steading of Tyhjä Karhuntalo stands midway between Talath Uichel and the Herd Tundra. Prior to its destruction, Tyhjä Karhuntalo was a many-towered fortress, strong in arms and men. The great and noble House of Bernabalth that once ruled this citadel maintained a long-standing friendship with the Lumimiehet of Talath Uichel, trading often with one another or joining forces to hunt the Orcs, their common enemy. Bernabalth's descendants, who now inhabit the shores of Bear Lake in their exile, hold these same Lumimiehet to be their betrayers, laying upon them guilt for the destruction of their home.

Tyhjä Karhuntalo is a collapsed, burnt-out husk of its former strength, and now serves as a lair for Orcs, Trolls, vanquished Eriadorian bandits or deserters from the Witch-king's army. The Lumimiehet avoid the area completely, fearing Bernabalth's curse and not knowing what may be lairing in the rubble. Rumor of Berning treasures still buried in the debris of the fallen citadel continue to circulate, but few have the courage to investigate the veracity of such stories. In truth, all larger objects of value have long since been looted from the rubble. Explorers might still find a "tidy sum" by careful checking and digging, but the ruin is seldom unoccupied, as various visitors shift its blackened stones, contriving for themselves such lairs and shelters from the sun, wind or cold as possible.

GM Note: *The GM may consult the chart below (1D10) to determine just who or what is located in the fallen fortress, or choose the appropriate situation depending on the level of the PC party. The GM may wish to use a different one on each occasion.*

Encounter Chart

1-2 *The ruin is empty of inhabitants. By carefully digging through the rubble, the PCs find 250 gp worth of loot (primarily gold rings and silver coins) left from the days when the ruin was used as a bandit hideout. The bandits were caught and hanged on a raid into Eriador. To locate the hidden stash requires a Sheer Folly (-50) Perception maneuver. This may be attempted every 6 hours of steady searching.*

3-6 *An Angmarean patrol of a dozen Orcs hides among the stones and fallen rock of the citadel. The Orcs carry no booty, being a mere scouting party sent to reconnoiter the area. Their orders are to report anything unusual, and therefore attempt to slip away quietly rather than fight any group approaching the ruin (unless the sun is up). A Medium (+0) Perception maneuver reveals the Orcs and their purpose (i.e., PCs immediately realize that the Orcs have seen them and are going for reinforcements). It requires 24 hours for the Orcs to report the presence of the PC party at the ruins, and another 24 before a band of 50 Orcs return to apprehend the PCs. Any captured prisoners are taken to Carn Dûm for questioning. If the GM is running in a Fourth Age setting, the Orcs may be a raiding band from the Ephel Angmar, and are simply after booty and mayhem. Unless busy fighting Orcs, PCs still have the same chance of finding the old bandit treasure as above.*

7-8 *Six Trolls reside among the tumbled stones, which they have built up into crude stone shelters. These are so well-camouflaged among the broken walls of the fortress that a Very Hard (-20) Perception maneuver is required to recognize them. The Trolls have discovered the old bandit cache of loot and have added it to another 100 gp worth of treasure of their own. Any captured PCs are bound and kept alive until devoured.*

9-10 *A mixed group of 10 Orcs and 20 Men (Angmarean deserters) are now well-established in the fortress. They have another 500 gp worth of jewelry and coins to add to the bandit's hidden hoard. However, they must be defeated before they surrender any of it or before the ruin can be searched.*

ÚDANORIATH

See entry for NO-MAN'S LANDS.

UICHITH

(S. "Evermist")

At the northernmost point of Berg Cradle Bay, where the Pitkävesi strikes deep between the Ered Rhívamar and the Ered Úmarth, lies Evermist. It is a long valley of steaming hot springs, boiling mud pots and shooting geysers. It receives its name from the veil of steam and vapor that continually hangs over its boiling, mineral-laden waters. The surrounding valley, warmed by the waters, is lush with greenery and animal life. Reindeer and elk come here to warm themselves in the long winter, and small mammals of all types make the valley their home. While hardwoods and other deciduous trees are unknown upon the Cape of Forochel, the pines, firs, redwoods and cedars of Evermist grow to immense size.

The hot-springs are a natural formation caused by the violent twisting and wrenching of the Iron Mountains in the War of Wrath. The fires beneath the earth were not able to break through, but made their presence known in the form of geysers and hot-springs. These waters collect to form a large, shallow lake at the center of the valley. The lake waters are warm and steam continually in the cold northern airs. The lake shores are multicolored from the mineral waters, which leave streaks of color along the beaches. Called the Hithaelin by the Elves, it contains no animal or plant life, and its waters are insufferably humid and hot.

The lake does hold an islet at its center: Tol Ely, the Isle of Visions, upon which stands the sweat-lodge of the Cuiviémar, the order of Noldorin mystics that quests to free Forodwaith of Morgoth's taint. The Master of the Lodge, Nestador, is possessed of great foresight, and knows the names of any who approach the vale days before they reach its borders. Those of good heart who seek Evermist should not be surprised to find one of the Cuiviémar's sentinels anticipating their arrival and ready to guide them through the many enchanted wards that defend the valley against intruders.

See Section 12.2 for the detailed layout of Evermist.

VASARAN AHJO

(La. "Forge of the Hammer")

Located north of Hyvät Kalat on the last jut of land enclosing the Finger Bays of the Forsaken Sea, this Umitic settlement is part fortress, part village and part working forge. Established in T.A. 1439 as a trading post by an Umit named Galgrin, his heirs still populate the forge. A stone fence encircles the settlement (8' high and 5' thick), pierced on its westward-facing side by iron-bound wooden gates to allow access to the bay and the trail south. There are approximately twenty stone structures within the fence and two stone quays built out into the water of the bay. The quays are used primarily by the Lumimies whalers and fishermen who trade with the Umli.

Beneath the village is a complex of forges and craft halls wherein the Umli produce fine weapons and metal utensils. These are usually traded with Dwarves and other Umli further east. The Lumimiehet have little use for the fine weaponry, and instead trade their fish, ivory and sealskins for lightweight tin cooking pots, knives and metal fishhooks. Visitors are welcome to stay above ground, but none but Umli are allowed within the subterranean forges.

The dragon Canadras desolated Vasaran Ahjo in T.A. 1545, murdering its leader. The ice-drake was making a bit of sport to enliven an otherwise dull winter day, and went about his business in a haphazard way, so that many villagers survived. Galgrinic, son of Galgrin, was one of these. Now master of his father's forge, Galgrinic has sworn to exact vengeance upon Canadras, and any who come to do battle with the dragon enjoy his full assistance and blessing. Galgrinic sorely desires the recovery of his father's enchanted hammer, which Canadras stole. Both weapon and forging tool, Galgrin's Hammer is an heirloom beyond price, and Galgrinic is prepared to surrender great wealth for its ransom, swearing undying friendship to whomever returns it to his household (and like vengeance on any who would recover the item and keep it for themselves.)

VEISTYT MUURIT

(La. "Sculpted Walls")

Veistyt Muurit is a Beadmaker ruin on the eastern shore of Sheltered Bay, north of the Lhúchir and near to the southern borders of the Lakeland. Still standing, though half-buried among rubble and debris, stand five thick stone walls, carven with reliefs depicting Númenóreans teaching and trading with the Helmivalmistajat. The walls also give some indication of the dress and manner of this lost culture. Digging reveals a well-ordered settlement constructed around the central, walled square. A loremaster among the Dúnedain would pay dearly for a rendering of these reliefs.

VENEMIEHEN SATAMA

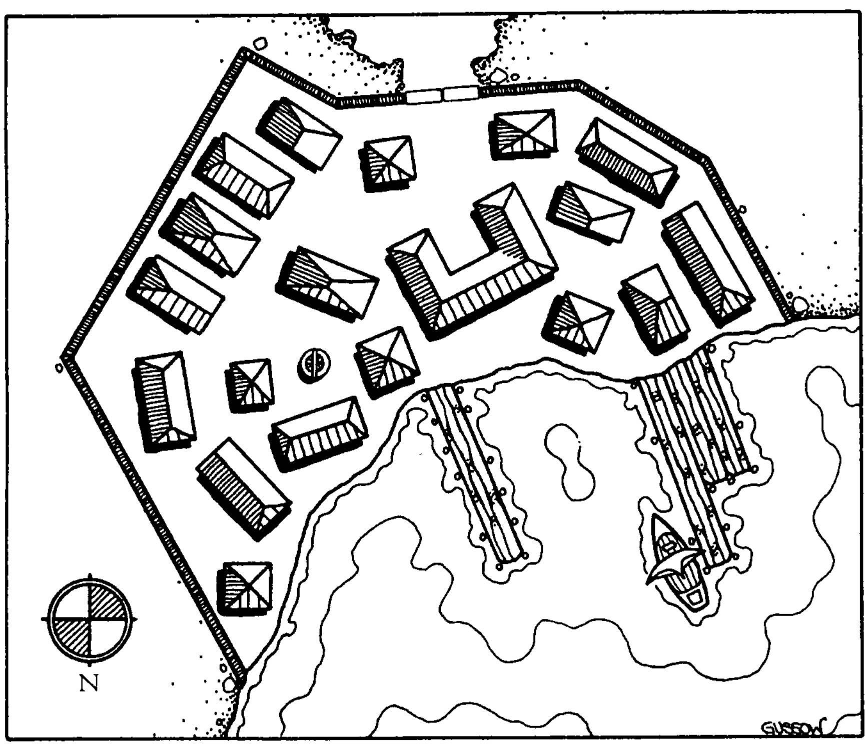
See entry for CAEW-I-CHELDOLATH.

WASH TUNDRA

See entry for LÓDALF.

WHALEBONE ISLE

See entry for SARCHBEL-I-FANNATH.



Vasaran Ahjo

12.0 SITES OF INTEREST

Of the wonders and terrors that fill the Northern Waste, six surpass all others: the surreal beauty of Helloth, the secret enchantments of Evermist, the cunning craft of Achrond, the awe-inspiring horror of Morgoth's Well, the fantastic berg-delvings of the Merimetsästäjät, and the cursed tomb of Malgolodh. All these are described here. Further general information on each site is presented under the appropriate gazetteer entry in Section 11.0.

12.1 HELLOTH

Helloth, the enchanted Iceflower of the Snow-elves, is a magical city in every sense of the word. Carved and sculpted by the ice-spells of the Lossidil, its natural chill is made bearable by the ever-present radiance of Helecthil. Losp'indel, the Lady of Helloth, watches over her people from the summit of the world, surveying the endless leagues of the Landless Land that encircle this citadel and haven of divine light.

The Snow-elves have not fortified their city apart from its walls and petal-towers, preferring to rely for their defense on sheer isolation and frigid weather (reasoning that, if any foe be powerful enough to launch an assault into Dor Bendor and to survive a veritable death march to their gates, such an enemy would also be powerful enough to overcome any further enchantments). Helloth fields many doughty warriors, which alone would make any assault on the city risky for an attacker.

In fact, the only real threat to the city might come from ice-drakes, but the lesser worms that still dwell in this part of the world are individually much too weak to overcome the Lossidil. The powerful dragons that dwell in the North of Middle-earth, especially those of the Grey Mountains, see no reason to abandon their comfortable lairs to assail a stronghold that lies in what they consider to be the middle of nowhere. Also—stronger than any other defense the Lossidil might devise—all evil things fear and dread Helecthil's radiance.

1. Wall and Towers. The outer wall of the city is 20' high and 30' thick, built of mammoth blocks of ice set one atop the other. These have been carved so as to arch outwards at the parapet; making them all but impossible to scale. The towers at the tip of each petal soar to a height of 100'. Narrow windows and arrow slits stare out at strategic points, making an unmarked approach to the city almost impossible.

GM Note: *Scaling the outer wall requires a Sheer Folly (-50) Climb maneuver.*

The portion of the walls that faces Forochel is pierced by a single, great gate, also made of ice, which can be easily slid into or out of place. In times of defense, the gate is closed and water is hurled at its base, immediately freezing the doors into place. Should a breach be imminent in either the gate or the walls, defenders need only hurl more and more water to strengthen or seal the weak points. By such actions, the defenders can make the walls or gate stronger and thicker throughout a siege.

Running the length of the outer wall is a single, titanic mural, carefully carved into the surface of the ice. It depicts the Snow-elves' long journey from the time they first turned North to the founding of the city. These reliefs and frescoes are carved with such delicate precision that they catch light and reflect it back in rainbow hues. Little ribbons and glints of Helecthil's light run and play about the sculptures, which move and dazzle the beholder at the slightest movement. Anyone viewing the sculpted walls under the full radiance of Helecthil is struck dumb with awe—so enraptured, perhaps, that they may freeze to death, transfixed by the scintillating carvings and oblivious to all else, unless woken by others from their spell.

GM Note: *Unless a 5th level RR roll is made, the enchantment of Helloth's wall mural has an effect equivalent to a* Calm I *spell for 10 + 1D100 rounds. (Other Elves, being familiar and, therefore, somewhat immune to the creations of their Lossidilrin kindred, gain a bonus of +40 to their RR.)*

2. The Petals. The five petals radiating outward from Helecthil's pinnacle house the dwellings and ice-crafting halls of the Snow-elves. Interior furnishings throughout the city are of thick fur draped over carven ice, the fur protecting the Lossidil from the cold—and, more importantly, shielding the ice from body warmth. Most dwellings and craft halls contain sculptures equal to the magnificence of the outer wall. Visitors walking down one of the city's frozen boulevards may be forced several times to simply stop and stare at the wondrous pillars, statues and columns of carefully crafted ice.

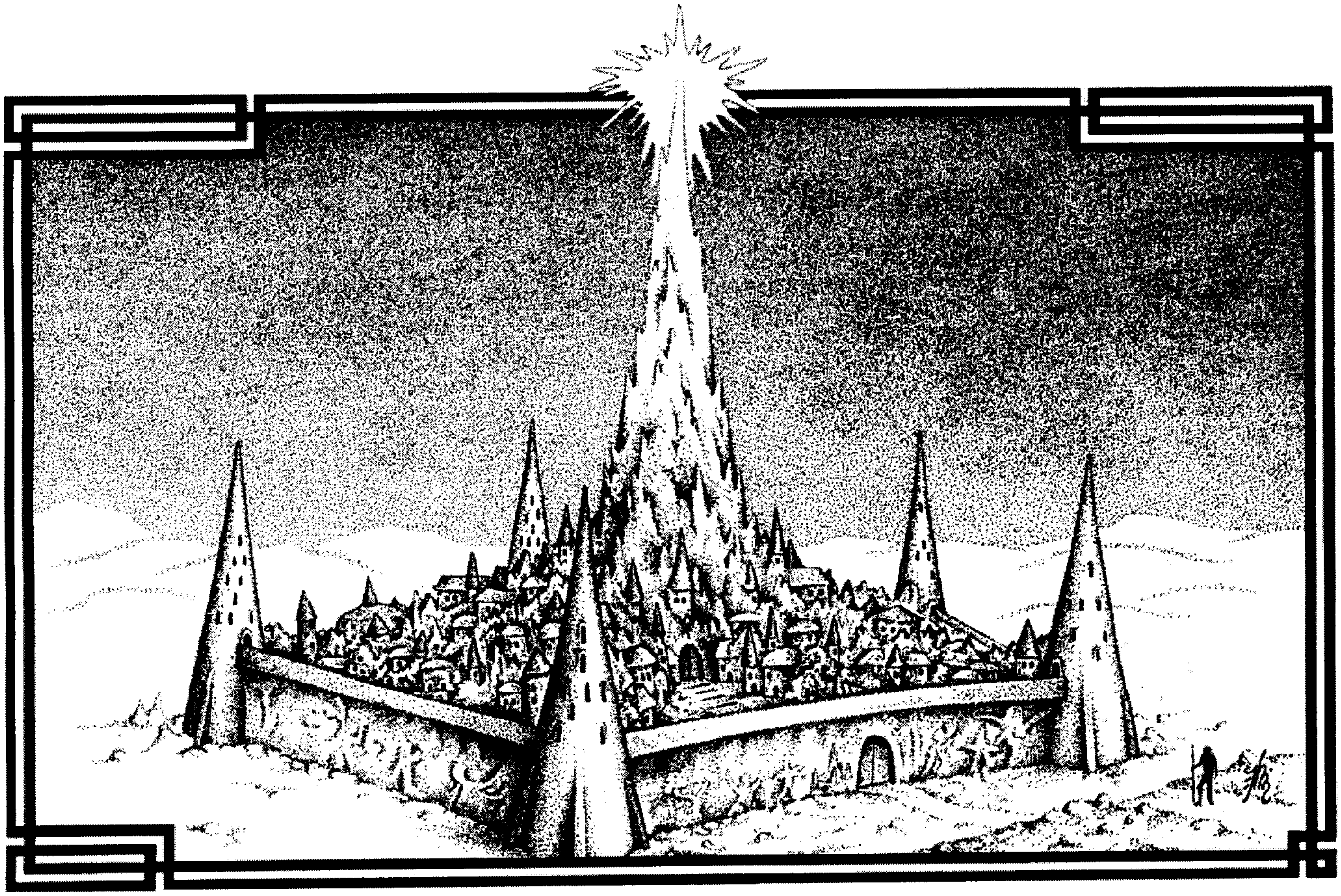
3. The Lindrund. The Lindrund (Los. "Halls of Song," sing Lindrond) at the city's center, delved into the roots of Helecthil, are used for communal gatherings. There are three such halls, each one a spectacular display of the ice-carver's art; together, their magnificence is overpowering. Finely chiseled and formed exteriors are matched by superb and ingeniously carved interiors. The halls are domed with especially clear sheets of ice, allowing a maximum amount of light to reach the interior. By night, the halls are ablaze with a sparkling radiance, as the ice catches and holds Helecthil's rays, casting them back in a shower of flashing scintillae; when Helecthil is diminished by the sun, the halls are flooded with a brilliant white luminosity.

GM Note: *Anyone viewing the halls (exterior or interior) must make a 7th level RR or be affected as* Calm I *until they are physically shaken, have their eyes covered, or are otherwise snapped out of it. Once a successful RR is made, the individual, while still awed by the elegant and graceful carvings, is no longer transfixed by them. If the Snow-elves are singing at the time, the RR rises to 10th level, striving to utterly humble the viewer.*

Above the Lindrund, encircling the base of Helecthil's spire, stretch the gardens of Losp'indel. These bizarre terraces hold beds of soil that the Lossidil transported from Forodwaith at the founding of their city. Warmed by Helecthil and blessed by the fertility songs sung by the Lady of Helloth, these beds sustain the only plant-life for many hundreds of leagues. What would be an impossibility anywhere else in the Landless Land is achieved under the shard of that lamp whose light once called forth the Tuilë Ardava, the primal Spring of Arda that Yavanna conceived in the Deeps of Time. With such staggering power to aid her, Losp'indel and her handmaidens provide for their people.

4. Spire of the Helecthil. Helecthil's pinnacle soars 700' into the air, its sheer faces interrupted by neither window nor stair. The Lossidil have not shaped this great pillar in any way, not wishing to detract from its otherworldly glory. Its smooth, shimmering white surfaces beckon the eye upwards, only to be blinded by the unsullied radiance of Helecthil. From its summit, the shard illuminates the northern sky with fantastic symphonies of light.

GM Note: *Climbing the spire is virtually impossible, requiring an Absurd (-70) Climb maneuver.*



Helloth

12.2 EVERMIST

The shrouded vale of Evermist creates an environment unique to the whole of Forodwaith. Albeit warmed by an unusually large concentration of mineral-laden hot springs, the valley's true wellspring is a grove of *cembereth* trees, beloved of Yavanna, through which the Earth Mistress spreads her restorative power across the Wounded Land. Guarded and tended by the Noldorin mystics of the Cuiviémar, Evermist is a sanctuary like none other which the Elves have made upon Middle-earth.

For further details about the Cuiviémar—their beliefs, organization and ritual life—refer to Section 6.2.2.

1. Hithaelin and Tol Ely. At the center of Evermist lie the steaming waters of Hithaelin, the Mistmere whose vapors cloak the valley from the harsh world outside. At the center of this lake lies Tol Ely, the Isle of Visions, upon which stands the sweat-lodge of the Cuiviémar. A line of oared boats rests along the northwestern shore of the mere, opposite the hearth-dwellings of the Noldor.

> **GM Note:** *Any who visit the sweat-lodge and meditate for two or more hours gain a +20 bonus to Intuition lasting six months and a permanent +5 bonus to their Meditation skill. The bonuses occur only on the first visit. Unlike the visions brought about by magical means, such as those on the direct Channeling spell lists, those bestowed on Tol Ely cost no PPs. The visions may detail what is happening in far-off places or foreshadow future possibilities. The GM may use such visions in the game to provide clues to PCs, but great care should be taken about the details of future events. To seek a vision requires 1-100 hours of meditation without food or water. It also requires an act of personal purification by the mystic, such as standing under a waterfall, or in the new-fallen snow on a mountain peak, or amid a meadow filled with the first flowers of spring. There is no guarantee that a vision will be received.*

2. Imlad Dirnen. From the north edge of the Mistmere a rock-cut path runs eastward into the high mountain peaks of the Ered Úmarth, following the course of one of the streams which feed the lake. The stream and trail wind their way through the barren defile of Imlad Dirnen, the Guarded Ravine. This gorge marks the site of the battle which took place between the Noldor and the dragons of the neighboring heights in the year of Evermist's founding (S.A. 1700). The ravine terminates in a lonely stonefield littered with the bones of fallen drakes. This nightmarish scene is presided over by the barrow-mounds of the Noldor who perished in that combat, silent sentinels against the ice-drakes still infesting the mountains beyond. Woven as they are with magical wards and enchanted banes, the mounds are held in utter terror by the worms, who dare not approach them.

3. Eryn-in-Erais. The forest which lies on the eastern banks of the Mistmere is known as Eryn-in-Erais, the Hartwood. Clans of deer and elk wander its groves, sheltered by the sheer slopes of the Ered Úmarth and the waters of Hithaelin. A freshwater rivulet tumbling down from the stony heights into the woodland provides the herds with drinking water. (No animal will drink from the Mistmere.) Because of its year-round fauna, the Noldor of Evermist favor Eryn-in-Erais as a hunting ground.

4. Glandaur. The woods that fence in Evermist from the southwest are called Glandaur, the Border Forest. Seemingly the easiest approach to the hidden vale, Glandaur is in fact the most thoroughly warded region surrounding Evermist. (See "The Wards of Evermist" below.)

5. Lanthir Annauthad. The waters of Hithaelin reach the Pitkävesi of Berg Cradle Bay by way of a winding stream which advances in a series of cascading waterfalls, hedged in on either side by steep, wooded slopes. The Noldor name these the Lanthir

Annauthad, the Falls of Memory, because along their banks the Elves have planted several stands of holly trees whose seeds were rescued from Eregion ere its fall. The Noldor are wont to wander beside the falls by means of hidden paths known only to themselves. These trails are magically concealed, and unless their eyes are able to foil this enchantment, intruders may find the narrow draw of the watercourse a formidable barrier to movement.

6. Laegirith. The low line of forested hills shielding Evermist on the northwest is broken at one point by a slender pass known as Laegirith, the Green Cleft; it is the most strategically vulnerable point in Evermist's defensive ring, and for this reason its magical wards are supplemented by a permanent guard-hearth. Noldorin archers survey the tree-clad pass from hidden sentinel points high above either side of the path. No verbal password is given for safe passage through the Laegirith; instead, those friendly to Evermist are taught a series of unspoken signs, actions which must be performed in order to pass the sentinels unharmed. These signals are periodically changed, but they usually involve kneeling beside the brook that flows out of the cleft, and arranging the stones along its bank in a certain pattern. In this way, a traveler may also communicate to the hidden sentinels silent warnings of impending danger.

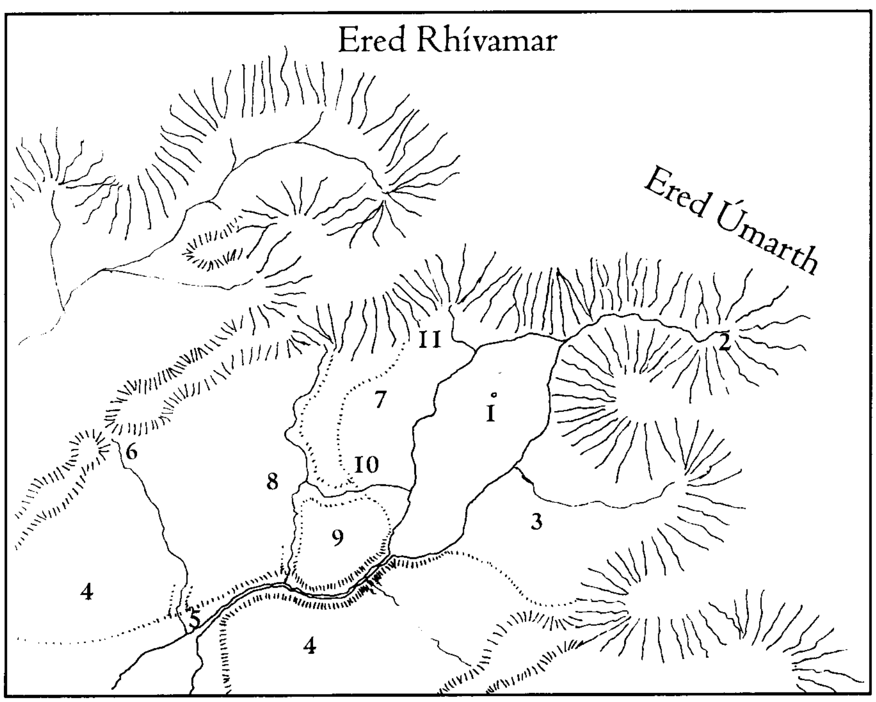
7. Urdalf. The west shorelands of the Mistmere hold the greatest concentration of hot springs, geysers and mud pots in the valley, and so are named Urdalf, the Hot Field, by the Noldor. Little or no vegetation grows in immediate proximity to these boiling waters, and many stretches of the stony expanse are perilous to cross, though the Noldor have learned all of the safe paths across them. The Noldor take advantage of the natural heats and rich mineral content of this area to assist their metalsmiths in the forging of weapons and other implements for which they have need. (See #10 below.) Nestador, Master of the Cuiviémar, also makes use of some of the less scalding springs for his legendary healing arts.

8. Ióbel Mallen. Separated from the Urdalf and its vapors by a gentle, wooded rise in the land, this open field enjoys a slightly greater degree of sunlight than the rest of Evermist. It is here that Lothwen, wife of Nestador, exercised her power as *massánië* (i.e., the highest female authority of the community) by planting this field with the golden wheat of Yavanna, from whose grain the women of the Noldor make life-giving waybread for those who undertake vision paths in the wild. So Lothwen called that place Ióbel Mallen, the Golden Field. Passage of the field is forbidden to male Noldor and all outsiders.

9. Dol Cembereth. This gentle-sloped hill is the highest elevation within Evermist, and on summer days when the warming sun assails the foggy-mantle of the valley, the hill may appear to distant eyes as an enchanted island in the midst of a glimmering sea of ether. As its name signifies, Dol Cembereth is the one place in Middle-earth that gives birth to the sacred *cembereth* tree, in whose seeds the healing power of the Earth Mistress runs. The grove clothes the hill's slopes and crowns its head in a great ring, forming an open glade upon the level summit. Here the Yavannildi perform their sacred tasks: the winnowing of the wheat from Ióbel Mallen, the harvesting of the *cembereth* seeds, the weaving of ritual garments for the Cuiviémar, the singing of hymns to the Earth Mistress.

10. Ringorn Cerediriath. Upon the southwestern edge of the Urdalf stands Ringorn Cerediriath, the Circle of the Makers. It is the place of labor for the craftsmen of the Noldor: metalsmiths, stone and wood-carvers, leatherworkers and meat-curers. A modest quarry, used both by the stone-carvers and metalworkers, bites into the side of the low ridge separating the Urdalf from the less geologically active areas of the valley.

11. Nardhaith. The Noldor of Evermist refer to their earthen-walled dwellings as *nardhaith* (S. "hearths," sing. *nardhath*), this being their central feature. Delved partly into the ground, these single-chambered lodgings are well-insulated by sod and turf against the vagaries of the weather, and are remarkably frugal when compared to the grander architectural themes of Noldorin history. The hearths of Evermist congregate around a freshwater stream that flows down from the Ered Rhívamar into the northwestern end of the Mistmere.



The Wards of Evermist

The Noldorin refugees who founded Evermist brought with them a secret lore from their former domain of Eregion, the art of warding an area with magical enchantments. These wards are bound to specific locations, such as a mountain pass or forest meadow, covering all points of entry into the valley. Cunning and elaborately routed "safe-paths" run through these enchanted borders, enabling the Noldor and those to whom they allow entry safe passage through their guarded home.

GM Note: *The following is a listing of the various enchantments that defend Evermist. If a character should inadvertently stumble into one of these wards, roll 1D100 and consult the table below to determine the consequences. The GM should note that the wards are not evenly dispersed, and a given locale may possess more of one type than another. The Noldor are aware of those entering the warded areas, and may or may not—depending on the circumstances and who is involved—send guides to help travelers through the maze of enchantments. Anyone entering one of these zones of magic must make a RR vs. 10th level attack for every 15 minutes they are in the area or be affected by its ward. The wards are laid out in such a way that it is a Sheer Folly (-50) Moving maneuver to avoid all of them. The wards have no effect on Elves or wandering animals, but are very effective against Morgoth's creations and the evil-minded (who suffer a -30 penalty to RRs).*

Enchantment Results

01-35 Lumnalórë (Q. "Heavy Sleep"). *The most often encountered ward in the Glandaur is* lumnalórë. *This causes anyone in the area to feel tired and bone-weary. Those affected want only to withdraw from the area and lie down to sleep. This ward is especially effective against the ice-drakes of the Ered Úmarth, reinforcing the natural inclination of a worm to slumber. More than one dragon has been seen approaching the valley, only to suddenly yawn and turn back up the mountain for a nap in his lair. The* lumnalórë *also affects Intelligence and Agility; the victim, overcome with lethargy of both mind and body, suffers a -25 penalty to both statistics.*

35-60 Aicatalan (Q. "Dread Ground"). *This ward overcomes its victim with dread and fear. The individual is certain there is some horror up ahead, each step forward breeding greater reluctance. The terror is never defined and the victim, overcome with fear, leaves the area as quickly as possible.*

61-70 Naicerossë (Q. "Pain Spray"). *Located near any geyser, mudpot or boiling spring throughout the valley, the* naicerossë *causes the heated substance to erupt when the victim is within range, spraying scalding water or mud (treat as "C" Heat critical). These wards are very effective against cold-dwelling creatures, who may take double damage from the spray.*

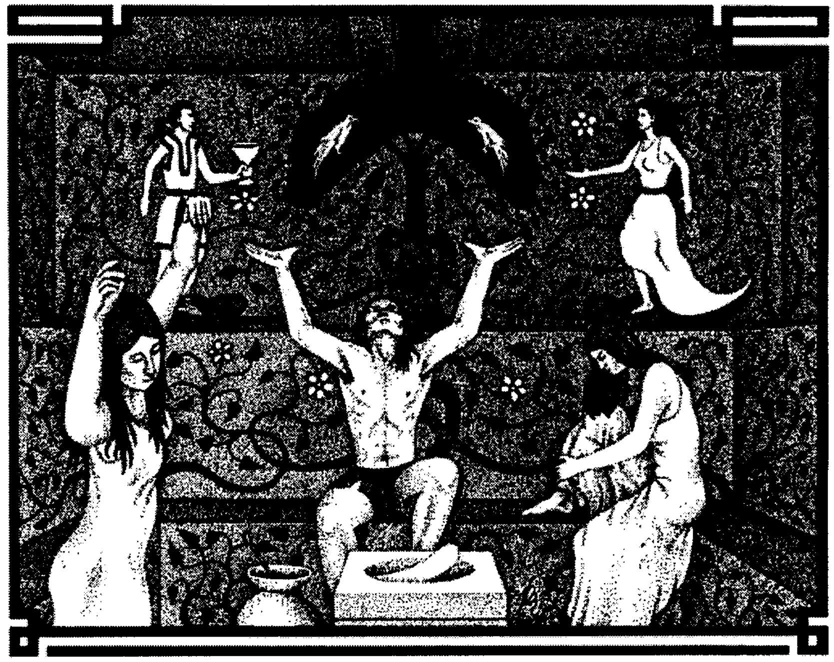
71-85 Úrequámë (Q. "Heat Sickness"). *These wards create the illusion of near tropical heat and humidity. The individual affected may actually begin to feel nauseous in the illusory heat and desire to find a cooler environment.* Úrequámë *is very effective against the ice-drakes and Trolls of the region.*

86-90 Isilrauco (Q. "Moon Demon"). *This ward functions only on moonlit nights. Its victims behold fearsome creatures stalking them in the pale light of the moon. The creatures are pure illusion and cannot harm the victim, but few have the strength of will or stout enough hearts to brave the valley in the moonlight (20th level RR every 100' or turn back). The apparitions appear different to each individual. An ice-drake may imagine powerful Elven warriors armed with weapons of withering fire, while a Man in turn may behold dragons wandering the woods ready to make a meal of him. The nearer to the warm valley of Evermist the victims approach, the more apparitions they behold.*

91-00 Mingwalmë (Q. "Inner Torture"). *Victims of this ward experience minor pains in the head, lungs and stomach. As they advance, the pains become sharper and more severe until they wrack their victims with excruciating agony and cramping muscles. The torment automatically becomes less severe the moment a victim turns away from Evermist. It is not surprising that no one ventures far into these areas or tests the limits of the pain. This particular ward is used to protect the easiest and most accessible entry points into the valley.*

12.3 ACHROND

To the powerful and learned Númenóreans, Achrond was but a spare and rustic shelter off the wild and wind-blown Cape of Forochel. Delved into the side of the single hill dominating Pitkämiehen Saari, the subterranean hall has remained in fair condition over the long years. It is a veritable monument to the skill and knowledge of lost Númenor. To the Ystävät Talven, the hall would seem—even in its ruin—a magnificent palace beyond their dreams of opulence, its vaulted ceilings and carved stone pillars far beyond any skill of their people.



The Lodge of Awakening

1. Entrance. Though buried for years, the entrance to the hall can be easily located. Two rune-engraved stone pillars, straight and tall, on the western edge of the hill mark the doorway. They record a greeting in Adûnaic: "Welcome, sailors, to the warm hearth of Achrond." The great, copper-sheathed doors of the entrance are corroded and utterly decayed. However, while dirty and yellowed with age, the ivory door-frame still stands, its lintel constructed of two huge, finely carved, walrus tusks. The tusks are joined together at their bases by a large bronze band, each curving slightly downward so that the door has the appearance of an arch. The bronze joiner is inscribed with a *Sign of Warmth.* Activated whenever someone passes through the doorway, this enchantment acts as a *Cold Resistance* with a duration of 20 minutes. Supporting the tusks on either side of the door are what appear to be knobby backbones or spinal vertebra of a sperm whale. The entire door frame is worth from 2,000 to 5,000 gp (the price increases the further south it is sold—2,000 in Arthedain, 5,000 in Harad or Rhûn). Ice and water have weakened the stonework near the ivory, and it is an Easy (+20) General maneuver to remove the doorway intact. Sold for its ivory alone, the doorway is worth approximately 1,000 gp.

2. Domed Hall. This perfectly round chamber is lined on its walls, floor and domed ceiling with stone quarried from the Ered Rhívamar. The dome is supported by five stone columns, carved with great skill and accuracy into the likenesses of Men, who appear in the archaic dress and manner of the ancient Númenóreans. Each figure's hands are raised high overhead, with the palms placed firmly against the ceiling. Inside this circle of pillars, the flagstones of the floor are etched in gold with a large map of Númenor. The map depicts only the major features and little else, but the thin layer of gold outlining them is worth 200 gp.

Huge stone fireplaces punctuate the walls of the chamber on its north and south. A great quantity of wood, brought in from forests further south and preserved for centuries in the dry, frigid air, is still stacked neatly beside each hearth. However, the fireplaces are now useless, choked as they are with dirt and debris. Their chimneys have long since collapsed and the flues have caved in. Each of the fireplaces sports a spectacular ivory mantelpiece, the sides of which are carved from four long walrus



tusks, bound at top and bottom by bronze bands. Resting atop the tusks are four huge whale ribs, bound together in the middle and at each end with similar joiners. The ivory of the mantelpiece, so long exposed to fire and smoke, is a lustrous, light brown.

GM Note: *If they can be removed intact, the mantelpieces are worth between 3,000 and 8,000 gp each (exact values varying as with the ivory in #1 above). However, they are difficult to remove, being a Very Hard (-20) General maneuver. The ivory from both fireplaces can be sold piecemeal for 2,000 gp.*

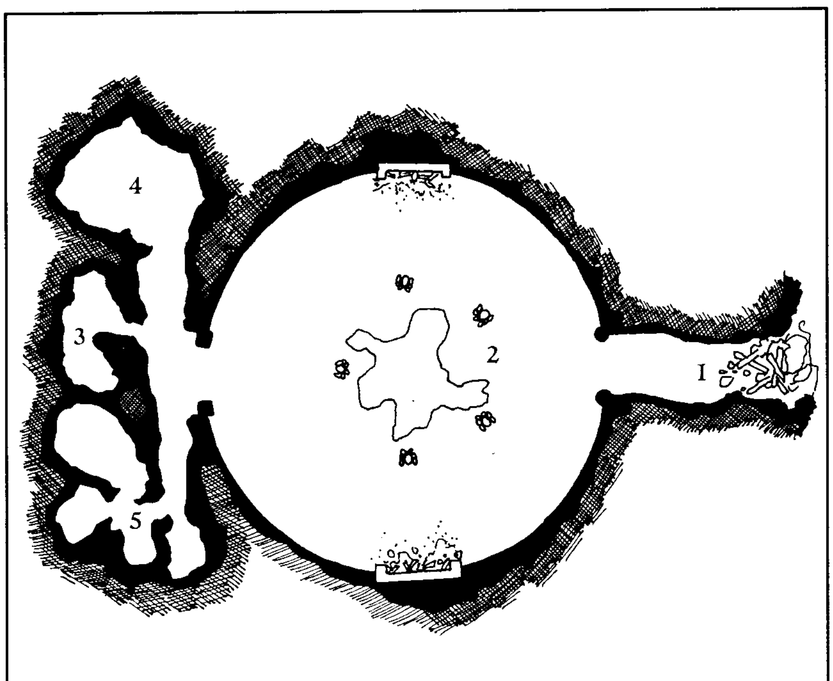
3. Kitchen. This is now no more than an empty room containing two large, stone ovens. Like the fireplaces of the Domed Hall, these too are clogged and filled with dirt that has washed down their chimneys over the centuries. The floor is covered with fine, glazed, porcelain tiles depicting aspects of Númenórean life and various scenic views of Númenor itself. They are worth from 1 to 100 gp each to any Dúnadan. There are 111 undamaged tiles and another 20 that are cracked, chipped or broken.

GM Note: *The tiles were cemented to the floor, and removing them unharmed is an Extremely Hard (-30) General maneuver. Any Blunder means the tile shattered and is worthless, while Absolute Failure means the tile has broken in two on being removed. If the PCs have acid or other solvents, the tiles are Hard (-10) General maneuver to remove. Roll 1D100 to determine the selling price of a tile (dividing by 5 if the tile is cracked or chipped, and by 20 if broken in two or more pieces).*

4. Sleeping Quarters. Filled with rows of wooden bed frames. The cold, dry air has kept the wood from rotting, though some frames have split and collapsed under their own weight, and others are bowed in the middle, bent awkwardly to one side, or bizarrely twisted upwards into the air. The rooms contain unidentifiable rubbish left behind by the Númenórean whalers.

5. Empty Rooms. The purpose and contents of these chambers disappeared with the Númenóreans. They were most likely used as storage, dining, and bath and latrine facilities. Half-buried in some rubble in a corner of one of the rooms lies a leather-bound tome written in Sindarin. The book contains the log of the Pride of Rómenna, a vessel sent to explore the possibilities of fur and whale trade along the northernmost coasts of Endor. Its scribe names himself as Certhir.

Achrond



Log of The Pride of Rómenna

*12 **Cerveth**—We anchored in a cold but pleasant little harbor near a group of stone lodgings that, for want of a better term, I must call a village. The people are friendly enough and stand somewhat in awe of our great ship. While their life here must be hard, they seem well-fed on seal meat, fish and other bounties the sea provides. There are a number of domed, peat-fired ovens in this village that resemble bee-hives, but we have yet to discern what these people without wheat or grain of any kind might possibly be baking.*

*13 **Cerveth**—Today we discovered what the ovens are used for. These people craft small, hard beads of cunning design and shape. Indeed, they regard these things with much significance, for they name themselves the "Beadmakers." There is some religious significance to their creation, though it has not as yet been explained to us. Therefore, we tread lightly concerning them and seem not to pry, lest some offense be taken.*

*14 **Cerveth**—We journeyed to a larger village further inland. It was well laid out, with straight and narrow streets among three-score small stone dwellings. It appears that, as in our own land, spiritual authority among these people confers the prerogative to rule, though such authority as these have seems quite limited. Here, the leaders must truly lead and be the first to bend their backs in any labor or put forth their effort in any project, commanding respect through example rather than dictate. Here, none may be fed who cannot also feed.*

*21 **Cerveth**—Today we were invited by several priests to a heathen rite of seemingly great import. Much of the pomp and ceremony was lost upon me and my companions, but it was evident from the most serious nature of our hosts that the ritual was not a trifling matter. I made a certainty of assuring the priests how honored we were to witness it. However, truth to tell, it was a rather dull and tedious affair. They were, in fact, merely making beads. They sang many monotonous songs and made many obscure gestures and incantations while they fired their ovens. I am not at all sure that some of these movements and mumbled speeches still hold meaning for them, and are not rather merely being repeated by the dictates of tradition. In any case, we were eventually presented with our own personal beads. Their quality is undoubted and, while language is still a problem, we learned that these beads were in some way special. It must be noted that only the priests and ourselves attended the beadmaking ceremony. It seems the priests* are *the "Beadmakers."*

*23 **Cerveth**—Today we discovered that our beads are indeed special. The first mate has divined that they bear enchantments—not powerful, but rather helpful to those persevering in a cold climate. I have now at my disposal one such that aids me in the prediction of weather. Though I have an accomplished and worthy helmsman aboard ship, I am thankful nonetheless to these heathen people for their generosity.*

12.4 MORGOTH'S WELL

This volcanic crater is the largest and most visible testimony to Morgoth's ancient dominion in the North. While few unaided by magic can hope to endure the heats of its lowest tiers, the upper reaches of Morgoth's Well may offer shelter as well as adventure. Here the tomb of Thilgon still stands as a warning to the overbold who would dare the depths of the Fire Veils or of Durlach's Prison.

1. Rim. From this, the very edge of Morgoth's Well, one can discern the Bleak Mountains as tiny, broken teeth off to the southeast. To the northwest, faint and blue, the nearest marches of the Ered Rhívamar rear their snow-capped heads. To the



south, a shimmer on the horizon suggests the Bay of Forochel. To the north, the Fire Tundra stretches to the edge of sight. The slick, rock-strewn slope descends approximately 300' at a hard, 80° angle. The difficult angle of this initial step prevents animals of the tundra from venturing into the friendlier climes below. The air here is warmer, but maintains only about a constant of 10°F above that of the tundra. Thus, the slope is either continually slick with frost and ice, or with water from melting ice and snow.

GM Note: *Unless securely fastened with rope or similar line, all Moving maneuvers are Sheer Folly (-50) while on this slope. The rock is rough and bare, with many sharp and pointed edges. If a Moving maneuver fails, any notation indicating the character has fallen (FT-4, Moving maneuver Failure Table), means the character falling also takes a "B" (-10) Slash critical.*

2. Grey Stones. The rim ends abruptly at the Grey Stones, a wide field of stone and rubble that gets its name from a greyish lichen that covers it. This flat, rough circle stretches nearly 2 miles across at the narrowest portion of the ring to 3 miles at its widest point, sloping away toward the Green Circles at a gentle 20° angle. As wind blows over the caldera, it rapidly draws the heat of the Fire Veils upwards. While this warmth dissipates quickly in the frigid airs, it still keeps even these uppermost areas of the crater warmer than the tundra above. The temperature of the Grey Stones seldom reaches below 25°F. Snow from passing storms often melts in the warmer air here, falling as mist and rain. This running water has weathered the rock and smoothed its sharper edges. It has also gouged out steep gullies and rocky ravines. The mist leaves travelers miserably cold and wet. The Grey Stones meet the Green Circles nearly 1,000' below the rim of the caldera.

GM Note: *The mist of the Grey Stones reduces visibility, making any Perception maneuvers Extremely Hard (-30). This penalty may be increased during heavier rains. Movement on the Grey Stones is easier than on the rim, Moving maneuvers are now Medium (+0) and, as the rock here is less sharp-edged and more rounded, no critical rolls need be made for falls.*

3. Green Circles. The next five tiers are the Green Circles, a remarkable, 15 mile-wide oasis, trapped between the ice above and the fire below. These are a series of gentle slopes, each blending into the next without distinct or clear boundaries. The temperature here remains between 45°F at the boundary with the Grey Stones to a sweltering 150°F at the lip of the Dead Circles. Any snow or ice swept into the crater by blizzards above reaches the Green Circles as rain. Here Thilgon and his companions planted *cembereth* trees and all such green things as would grow and prosper, unaware of Durlach's presence until it was too late.

While rocky and infertile in spots (especially the southern end where the poisonous volcanic vapors wither the plants), the Green Circles are covered throughout with short, tough grass, sedge and small shrubs. Stands of twisted, gnarled conifers can be found near the edges of small, shallow tarns in the central rings of the Green Circles. In all, the assortment and variety of plant life is not great, but the entire area is stunted due to the dearth of insects. Only the *cemberethath* have held fast; yet these are ever at war with the immoderate heats of the Well, and have never grown to their full height. Still, they continue to serve as anchors of life in this hostile environment.

Without the ability to cross-pollinate (usually provided by insects such as bees and butterflies in more temperate surroundings), flowering plants cannot reproduce in significant numbers and eventually die out. So it happened in the Green Circles that, in its early history, there were many flowering meadows and glades; but, by the early Third Age, most of these were gone, and grass and sedge had claimed their place. Amazingly, the flowering *unikukka* and *sinitähti* both still maintain stubborn footholds in the Green Circles. Being serviced by the sole insect species of Morgoth's Well, the yellow and black striped *magloth*. The little winged beetles pollinate as they devour the flower petals. Unfortunately, they are particular about the flowers they ingest, and are interested only in the petals of the *sinitähti* and *unikukka*.

The trees and shrubs survive by growing in close proximity to one another. A small copse of flowering shrubs with intermingled branches has no need of insect assistance in reproduction. The first and third tiers of the Green Circles (the Barrow Circle and Stone Circle) are distinctive in character, being linked by a line of stone pillars, warning of Durlach's presence, and by the stones of warding and guard, placed to keep the curious out and the entrapped evil within.

GM Note: *The -30 penalty to Perception and Track maneuvers during a rain on the Grey Stones is no longer applicable here.*

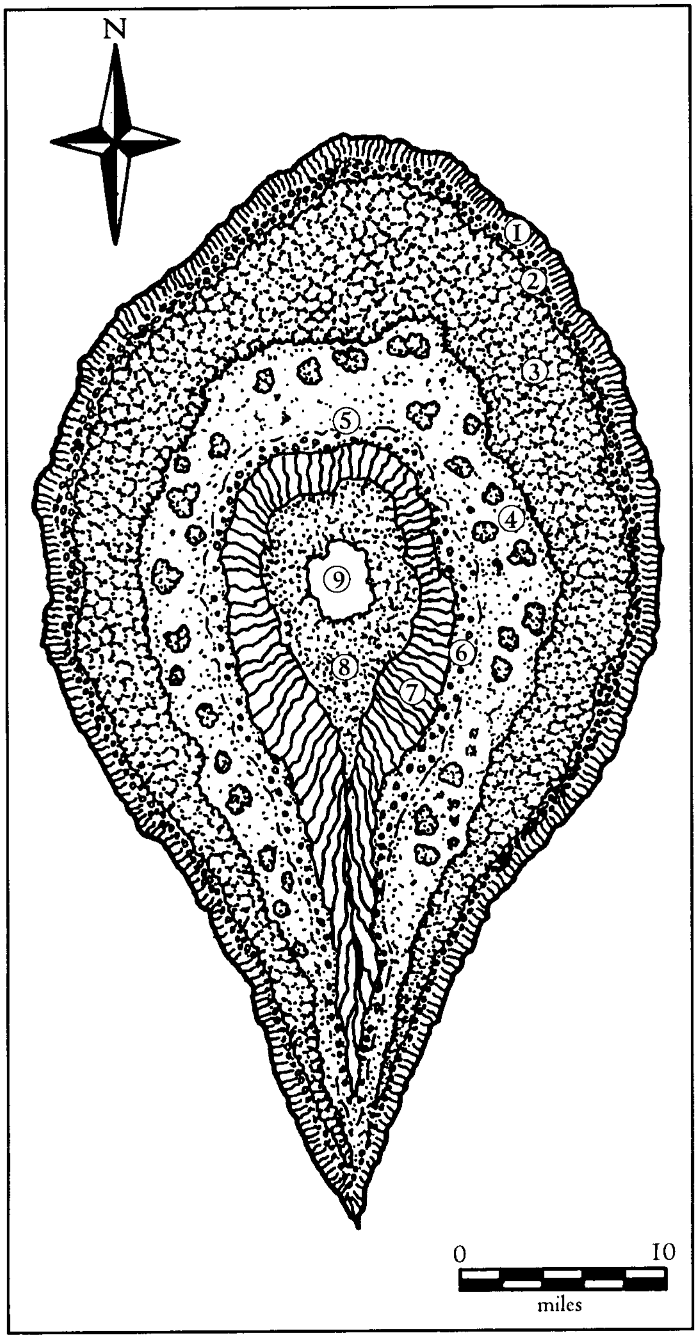
4. Barrow Circle. Bordered by the Grey Stones, the Barrow Circle is less fertile than the inner frontier of the Green Circles. It does contain several small tarns and stands of stunted fir, but no flowers. Several barren spots testify to the defeat of sedge and grass. On the northern edge of the tier a shallow, mirror-like pool of icy water (4' at its deepest) surrounds a raised mound. Two tapering, four-sided pillars once graced the south side of the mound. The west pillar has fallen and broken in two. The base of the broken obelisk rests on the shore of the pool, while the upper end lies among the stones of the bottom. The eastern pillar leans precariously out over the water. Its reflection is oblique and skewed against the sky. Any disturbance of the pool, such as strong wind or the ripples of someone wading through the water, causes the reflection of the eastern pillar to sway and curl in a sinuous, serpentine manner. The standing pillar is slimed and covered in multicolored layers of lichen. Each side of the pillar is engraved with one line of the following:

Sí Thilgon caeda dirgon mên
Delu-Durlach nuithant guil dîn
Sí anno ane îdh a hîdh
Na drenarchad en Ambaron

Here lies our captain, Thilgon
His life ended by the evil Durlach
Here let him find rest and peace
Until the world is unmade

GM Note: *Anyone entering the cold water of the pool without magical protection takes a "T" (-50) Cold critical every round in the water. If the layers of lichen are removed, the ancient, weathered runes covering the four sides of the obelisk can be read (requires Rank 3 or better ability in Sindarin and an Easy (+20) Perception maneuver).*

The uppermost portion of the fallen pillar lies beneath the water and has not been significantly weathered. When it was broken in two, the upper portion overturned as it fell in the water, such that the correct sides must be reassembled to make sense of the runes. The lower portion lies at the edge of the pool, covered in lichen. The runes on the side facing the sky are so weathered as to be almost illegible. The central part of the obelisk shattered on a stone, damaging portions of the inscription beyond recall. Small bits and pieces of this fragment lie among the stones at the bottom of the tarn. If these can be recovered and pieced together properly, a few more words may be reconstructed.



Morgoth's Well

GM Note: *To recover the smaller pieces of the pillar requires an Extremely Hard (-30) Perception roll with any "Success" result (Near, Partial or Absolute), meaning the character has found a missing piece. If a "Blunder" results, a rock or stone with natural indentations that only appear to be eroded runes is found. Rather than deliberately misleading players with bogus words or phrases, the GM is advised to allow PCs to believe they have found something they simply can't read.*

If the pieces of pillar are not located by a Perception roll, it requires the time-consuming, and possibly life-threatening, task (due to the coldness of the water) of picking up and handling each of the hundreds of stones and pebbles in the water (this requires 1-100 hours of careful searching to find the missing pieces). Before the pillar suffered its damaging fall, it read:

Tiro! I fae thaur a gorthob
Durlach ne naur athar dortha
Avo gano! Avo lútho!
An i lavan ui lasta.

Beware! The spirit vile and horrible
Durlach in fire beyond dwells
Utter no summons! Cast no spell!
For the beast ever listens.

The GM may use the following transcription to describe the pillar. The left-hand side of each line comprises the submerged upper portion, while the fragments on the right are those covered by the lichen (X = the rune for *ch*, and Q. = the rune for *th*). The words "no spell" are on the extremely weathered side and to read these runes requires a Very Hard (-20) Perception maneuver.

TIRO.I..........A.GORQOB
DURLAX.........AQAR.DORQA
AVO.G........LUQO
AN.I.L......I.LASTA

Beware! The..........and horrible
Durlach.............beyond dwells
Utter no s...........spell
For the b.........er listens

The pieces of pillar that may be recovered from the water are inscribed with the words: Line 1: FAE "spirit," QAU (part of *thaur* "vile"); Line 2: NAUR "fire;" Line 3: AR (part of *garo* "summon"); AVO "do not;" Line 4: AVAN (part of *lavan* "beast").

All else has been either weathered or destroyed beyond recovery. To make sense of the runes, the PCs must use simple trial and error to properly align the upper and lower portions of the pillar and insert any found words.

5. Thilgon's Tomb. Though Durlach slew him in the Dead Circles below, Thilgon's companions recovered the body of their captain and set it to rest here. This simple but well-crafted tomb is built of natural stone and rock. The entrance is blocked by a large, heavy slab. Thilgon's remains lie upon a raised shelf opposite the door.

GM Note: *There is no treasure in the chamber other than the personal items on Thilgon himself: a silver headband set with a small ruby (c. 50 gp); a* mithril *ring set with fire opal (c. 40 gp); a silver cloak pin (10 gp); a belt of* mithril *and gold (100 gp); at his feet, a +20 shield; clasped in his hands, a +20 sword, its hilt inset with gold and surmounted by a large green emerald. The sword allows the wielder to cast* Light I *(at 20th level) 2 x/day.*

6. Stone Circle. Named for the special inscribed warding stones left by the Noldor (not to keep Durlach in, but to keep the curious away). They are placed widely in a ring about the inner perimeter of the Stone Circle, each standing about a thousand yards from its neighbor. The circle itself is a green field of sedge with small shrubs huddled here and there.

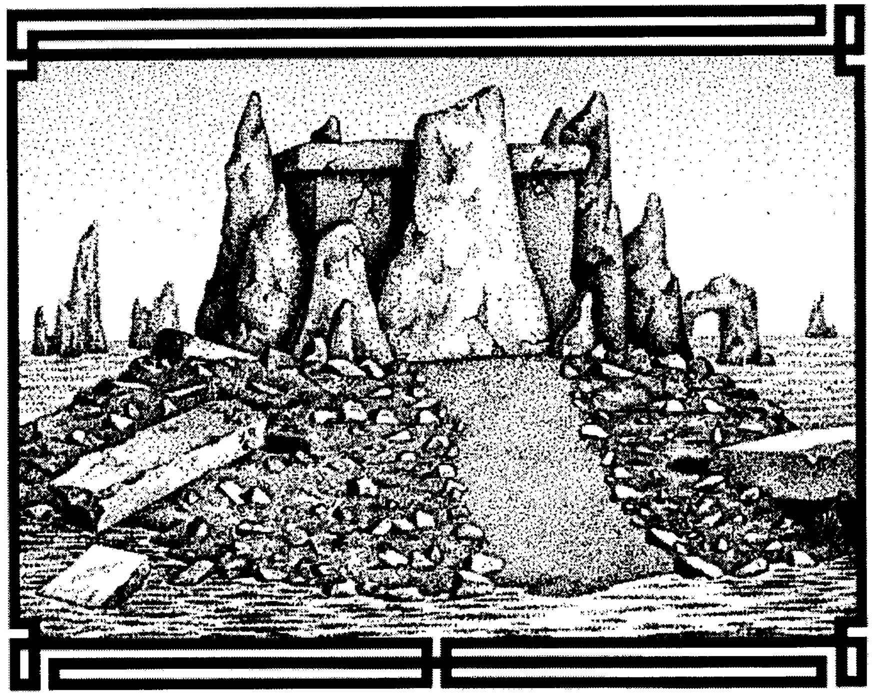
GM Note: *The magical stones of ward and guard in the Stone Circle are akin to those found in Eregion. (See Section 4.0 of ICE's* **Arnor: The Land** *for details.) The stones do not affect Elves, Half-elves or Men friendly to the Noldor. The stones are large, hundred-pound rocks that are not buried or hidden in any way (though sedge and grass have covered many over the years). To discover any one of the inscribed stones requires an Extremely Difficult (-30) Perception maneuver, and an Extremely Hard (-30) Read Rune maneuver to discover their nature.*

They strike when a victim passes within 500' of a stone and when triggered (RR vs. 10th level attack). The stones cause oiolumbë *(Q. "evergloom"), afflicting their victims with a great weariness and despair, so that all actions seem pointless and futile, accompanied by a "Let's give up and go home" attitude. An affected individual abides by the decisions of respected companions, but if enough of these are affected, entire groups may abandon their explorations and leave Morgoth's Well. The effect lasts 1D100 hours, in addition to the loss of 1 point of Presence for every 5 hours affected by the* oiolumbë. *(Points return naturally at a rate of 1/week.) Each stone may be triggered only 1 x/day, affect only one individual, and cannot be triggered by an already affected victim. However, it is possible for an unlucky individual to be affected multiple times by the stones, the effects wearing off and then reactivating as the unfortunate wanders through the Stone Circle. If the stones are moved (even to a new location within the Stone Circle), their magic quickly fades and they cease to function.*

7. Dead Circles. The Green Circles end as abruptly as a pleasant dream. The grass at their bottom tier is marked, here and there, by fragments of cooled magma, hurled from below by some huge internal cataclysm of Durlach's Prison, splashing onto the lip of the Green Circles in bizarre, nightmarish shapes. At this point, the Green Circles cease at a sudden 45° drop, and the Dead Circles begin. Precipitation is no longer a problem for travelers here. Even the huge amounts of snow and sleet from the harshest blizzards melt and evaporate long before they reach the sullen stone face of the Dead Circles. Unlike the rim, the Dead Circles are rough, solid rock. They are easy to climb, due to their many shelf-like outcroppings. There are occasional scars left by huge gouts of lava splashing against the sides of the tiers. These are relatively few in the upper tier but in the steeper second tier they are much more common. The first tier of the Dead Circles is the most amenable to exploration. While insufferably hot (remaining 150-200°F throughout), it is not yet hot enough to do damage by mere proximity—the real danger lies in dehydration and heat exhaustion.

Explorers may find in the Dead Circles many caves leading off into the Underdeeps and interior workings that once served the forge and armory of Angband. Save for Durlach, forever imprisoned in the lava below, none of the original workers or inhabitants remain (in living form, at least). That is not to say there are no guardians of the Well's secrets; Trolls and evil spirits wander the maze of tunnels, and there is rumor of evil, vile things of slime and fire that number among the unnamed monstrosities of Morgoth's hateful creation. What these tunnels now hold is a matter of conjecture. Whether any of the mighty weapons of old survived the downfall of Morgoth and the destruction of Angband is unknown, though some explorers claim to have found precious gems.

The second tier of the Dead Circles is by far the more baneful of the two. The 45° angle of the first tier drops to an almost sheer 90°. Trapped inside the cylindrical walls of this tier the heat becomes intense. The temperature here ranges between 500°F at the rim to nearly 1000°F where it meets the Fire Veils. Streamlets of water running from the Green Circles down through the first tier of the Dead Circles cause loud, hissing waterfalls here. These send up great clouds of steam and dangerous, boiling spray. Travelers may climb from ledge to ledge, but for those not securely anchored by a (fireproof) rope, a fall means almost certain death in the molten rock below. The second tier is scoured and scarred everywhere with the molten spew of the Durlach's Prison. Like the first tier of the Dead Circles, it too was once riddled with entrances and openings to side passages, but the lava has sealed many of these, and many more have been made impassable by rock falls and collapsed ceilings. Without the endless labor of Morgoth's slaves to keep them open, the tunnel openings have vanished. However, careful exploration might reveal small openings a Hobbit might squeeze through.



Thilgon's tomb

GM Note: *The occasional gusts of ultra-hot vapors from below make an "A" (-20) Heat critical roll necessary. (Roll once for every four hours that PCs are in the first tier of the Dead Circles). If a deadly strike is indicated, the individual has been spattered with molten lava. The second tier is even more dangerous. Any unprotected character within 30' of a waterfall takes a "A" Heat critical every other round while there. This increases in severity by one critical for every 10' closer the character comes to the steaming water ("B" critical at 20' and "C" critical at 10'). The heated air and poisonous vapors venting up from below make breathing impossible. Without magical protection of some kind from both heat and poison, any air-breathing creature takes 2-20 hits in heat damage to lungs per 10 rounds and 2-20 hits per 20 rounds to the nervous system from noxious vapor. From the rim of the second tier of the Dead Circles, discovery of the small tunnels is an Absurd (-70) Perception maneuver. Once within the second tier itself, finding an opening into the interior is Sheer Folly (-50).*

8. Fire Veils. The sheer drop of the Dead Circles ends in the more moderate slope of the Fire Veils. The name is derived from the red mist of deadly vapor that hangs some 100' above the lake of lava and appears to be a great red cloud or veil. The lava-encrusted bank of the molten lake is about 1,500' wide. Here, on this deadly shore, the great vaulted roofs of three mammoth entrances to Morgoth's primeval forge can still be seen. In past years, the lava rose to claim the entrances, blocking them from easy exploration. The lava oozes slowly and lethargically through these ancient portals. Above the northernmost entrance can be seen the archway's capstone, carved in a the shape of a hideous, three-armed beast. At one time each arm held a great gem, but now the clawed hand of the eastern arm is empty and that of the western arm is gone altogether. However, the arm pointing southward holds a great ruby (500 gp). It hangs there, tantalizingly close, suspended precariously over the molten rock below it. What other gem-encrusted or golden treasures lie beyond these lava-filled entrances are left to the GM's discretion.

When Durlach is active, the Fire Veils are constantly splashed with lava by the thunderous explosions erupting in the pool of magma. The Fire Veils are alive with little rivulets of hissing, steaming, liquid rock, oozing their way back to Durlach's prison. Here is death. To be on the shores of this hell at such a time is to be instantly incinerated. When the lava is erupting, spirits of flame can be seen chasing one another through the veils and down into the lava. When conditions are hot enough and the eruptions in the lake become spectacularly violent, Durlach's sinuous coils can be seen writhing amid the superheated liquid rock.

9. Durlach's Prison. The great lake of lava at the bottom of Morgoth's Well is nearly three miles in diameter. In ancient days, Morgoth used the heat of the caldera to serve his dreams of war. Now it serves as a prison for Durlach, once a mighty spirit of fire serving Morgoth. In the destruction of Angband, Thilgon's brother bound the creature to the pit of lava. Now he is doomed to remain entrapped within the molten rock. The lava pit is a dark and angry red, sending forth occasional deadly belches of ultra-hot vapors skyward.

It is a measure of Durlach's condition that, when the lava is active, rolling and bubbling, his dread spirit is fully conscious and awake. When the lava is quiet and its surface disturbed only by the natural venting of gas and heat, Durlach slumbers (sometimes for entire decades), his sole respite from the agony of his age-long entombment. There, in the world of dream, he can wander realms of violence and conquest and boundless destruction. Upon waking and finding himself still imprisoned, the lake of lava erupts in his despair and wrath, covering the Dead Circles with the marks of his anger.

When awake, Durlach appears as a serpent of monstrous size—150' long and 10' thick, with 10' wide bands of shimmering red and yellow—whose sinister coils writhe slowly through the lava. His eyes, mounted high on either side of his triangular shaped head, are centered in a yellow band and are themselves bright red, with black, slitted pupils like a cat's. In this form, Durlach may physically attack in many different ways, either by biting, swallowing or enveloping an opponent in his fiery coils, or he may use his head or tail to butt or bash a victim. Durlach also at times takes the shape of a demon, his *fana* fluttering and rippling with heat waves, like a mirage in the desert. It is often in this form that Durlach is encountered within the other tiers of Morgoth's Well. In this form, his physical attacks are limited by his form.

GM Note: *There is a 99% chance of Durlach being asleep when PCs venture Morgoth's Well. However, the very appearance of an adventuring party is cause enough to rouse the evil thing from his slumbers. While physically entombed in the lava, the watchfulness of the vile and loathsome creature fills the caldera. He is always at least partially aware of all that takes place within the tiers of the Well. Even in his long periods of hibernation, he keeps one eye half-open.*

This evil consciousness has its costs for anyone attempting to explore the volcanic crater. Durlach drains PPs from anyone casting a spell within the Well—thus the warning pillars marking the Barrow Circle. Once any individual is past the rim, any spell cast for any reason requires twice the normal PPs. Only half of these points empower the spell; the other half feed Durlach, rousing him to full power and consciousness. Durlach can drain PPs only while a spell is being cast. After the creature has drained 100 PPs or more from victims, he is fully aware and active (but still seeks to drain PPs).

12.5 A BERG-DELVING

The large berg-delvings of the Merimetsästäjät can hold as many as a thousand occupants (though two to six hundred is more usual). The *jääsilmä* looks primarily for large bergs that can be delved with a minimum of exterior reshaping, save that which is needed for ramparts or parapets. These are contrived to blend in with the natural contours of the berg, such that it appears free of noticeable signs of occupation. These measures protect the Merimetsästäjät from the unwanted attention of dragons and other manhunters.

GM Note: *It requires a Very Hard (-20) Perception maneuver for those actively looking for a berg-delving and Sheer Folly (-50) for those merely passing near to one.*

One immediately noticeable feature of Merimetsästäjä architecture is that all berg interiors have convex ceilings and floors, the ceilings adorned with a short spike located over a shallow hollow in the floor. The design allows condensation caused by body heat or warm air in summer to run to the center of the ceiling and drip off the spike into the hollow of the floor. The convex slope of the floor similarly draws any water running down the walls into a natural channel around the edge of the chamber or passage. This allows the majority of the berg interior to remain dry. A central pillar serves the same purpose for larger rooms. The berg-delving of Torikaupunki has one such pillar, surrounded by a dozen spikes which drip steadily in summer, like a fountain, into a large pool at its base. When the sun is bright, the room is awash in a diffuse, white light, each drop of water flashing as it falls, as though diamonds were raining into the pool.

The most striking feature of any Merimetsästäjä delving are the exquisite sculptures and reliefs carved into its walls and ceilings. These may stand anywhere, and the Merimetsästäjät often carve them during winter for the mere lack of anything better to do. Merimetsästäjä sculpture often depicts the natural world around the bergs, such as spouting whales, or a flock of seagulls flying endlessly across a wall. The sculptures are ever-changing, since the warmer summer airs cause them to slowly melt, so that a wall or statue may be sculpted and re-carven many times. The Merimetsästäjät are also masters of adding dyes and colorings to the ice to give a relief a remarkable, fresco-like effect. Elves visiting a berg might spend many long hours examining the sculptures and talking to the artists.

A lesser berg-delving seldom exceeds a population of two hundred, rarely comprising more than two *heimot*. These satellite bergs act as outlying staging points for whalers and hunters. They are designed to resist the elements and natural enemies, but should a raiding party of Orcs or Sled-warriors chance upon a lesser berg, its occupants would retreat to the nearest larger delving for safety. While their interiors are less lofty and expansive than those of their larger cousins, the lesser bergs maintain the typical Merimetsästäjä design.

GM Note: *For those not born and raised aboard the seaborne mountains, the gentle rocking and swaying of a berg in summer makes for slight seasickness. A 2nd level RR vs. disease is required every 24 hours or a character becomes extremely nauseous. Just as the majority of a berg rests below the waterline, so do most of the Merimetsästäjä dwellings. This may cause a certain amount of unease to those unaccustomed to the experience. A RR (level at GM's discretion) might also be rolled against claustrophobia.*

1. Upper Citadel. The entrance to the berg is guarded by exterior fortifications which (when viewed from the outside) are often difficult to distinguish from the natural contours of the ice. Armed with harpoons, spears and bows, the Merimetsästäjät can put any raiders to flight. The defenders are also armed with large, jagged shards of ice to hurl into boats. These shards can literally shred boats made of animal skin and knock large holes into those made of wood.

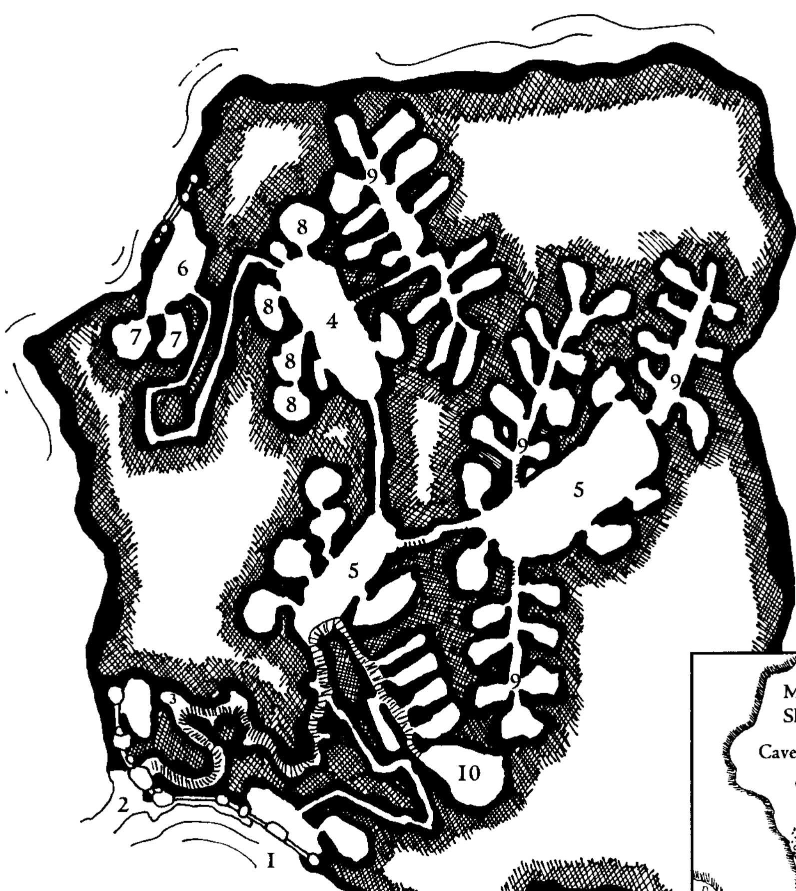
2. Entrance. Opens just above a low boat ramp. The ramp descends at a very shallow angle into the sea, allowing boats to land on the berg itself without the necessity of those in the craft having to wade through ice-cold seawater to come aboard. The entrance is little more than a large, cavernous hole chiseled into the side of the berg, often deliberately sealed with blocks of ice in winter. When in use, it is covered with large, sealskin curtains, the outer drapery bleached or dyed white for the purpose of camouflage, the interior skins decorated with colorful murals depicting a whale hunt or perhaps a landscape of the bergs floating in the bay. The skins help to regulate the internal temperature, keeping out warm or cold drafts. It is through the main entrance that visitors and traders and their goods must enter.

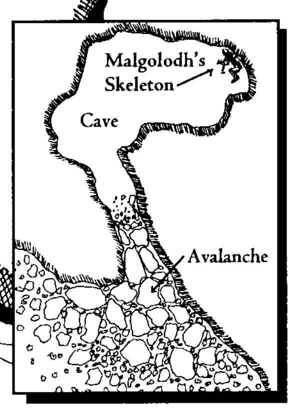
3. Central Stair. Actually a winding, spiraling ramp, delved from the topmost sentry position to the temporary tombs deep within the berg. The ramp is divided into many landings and shallow alcoves, and a certain amount of skill is required to negotiate the ramp without falling. The Merimetsästäjät think nothing of it, having played upon the ramp since childhood, but anyone else requires a Medium (+0) Moving maneuver roll every 100'. At the landings and alcoves, passageways lead off to the various sections of the berg.

GM Note: *Penalties or bonuses to the Moving maneuver are left to the GM. A PC able to walk carefully down the ramp may gain a +10 bonus. If forced to carry heavy objects or run, a penalty of -10 or -20 may be applicable. If the Moving maneuver is failed, it means the character has fallen and the results are determined by a Light (-20) roll on the Moving maneuver Failure Table. If the roll results in a number, the number is the percentage chance the character has of remaining upright (e.g., a score of 60 means individual may slip but has a 60% chance of remaining standing or a 40% chance of falling, whichever the GM prefers).*

4. Kitchens. Access to the kitchens is available to anyone needing to cook. They are equipped with large oil lamps for the boiling of stews or open roasting of meats. (Baking and smoking meats are done on the shore immediately after the animal is killed.) The kitchens are built high on the berg to avoid releasing heat into the interior and possibly damaging rooms or chambers. They are constructed much like a Lumimies' *pyöreä talo,* with blocks of ice used to construct the ceiling. If it is storming outside, the blocks can be set to protect the kitchen and those cooking. if too much heat is building up in the kitchen, these can be removed to let in colder air. In the world of the Merimetsästäjät, who spend days surviving on jerked seal meat and dried fish, kitchen and cookery are a luxury rather than a necessity.

5. Great Halls. The large meeting rooms of the Merimetsästäjät maintain a typical rectangular design, but are much loftier than other berg chambers. The chambers are used for singing, dancing, feasting and certain initiation rites held by the Valaskalan Palvonta. They are also the gathering places of the *heimot.* They come into their full flower in winter, when the *muistajat* tell long tales, sometimes consecutively, through the nights of blizzard and storm. The crowded halls are filled, wall to wall, with people silently listening to a lone voice recounting the legends of the Merimetsästäjät and telling tales of heroes from long ago.





A berg-delving

The most intricate ice-sculptures are located in these halls. Every inch of the walls, ceilings and pillars are carved and etched with designs and figures, often recounting stories and tales in mural. A good *muistaja* often uses the icy frescoes to illustrate the tale he is telling, moving slowly along the frozen mural and subtly pointing out the various scenes they depict as he comes to that part of the story.

The halls are only occasionally used by traders who come to show their wares and trade with the Merimetsästäjät. (More often, such trades take place upon the shore.) When not in use by the *heimot*, the halls are the playground of children. Especially in spring and autumn, when not in daily use, the shrill cries and shouts of children at play can be heard throughout the length of the halls.

6. Whaling Bays. These large, cavernous chambers are used for cutting up harpooned whales. Their entrances are very low and difficult to discern from water level. For someone unfamiliar with the berg, it requires an Extremely Hard (-30) Perception maneuver to notice the bays. The overhanging lip of the cave-like bay is standard camouflage and helps prevent large waves and storm surges from washing into the berg. Even those seated in a boat must bend forward to avoid the ice ridge. Whales being towed into the bay are forced underwater to avoid the lip of ice. To defend the bay, a small boom of driftwood and ice is hauled across the entrance further discouraging any attackers in boats. Thus, hung up by the boom, attackers are bombed from above by defenders throwing large blocks of ice. (In some cases, two-ton blocks of ice have been positioned so they may be cantilevered onto attacking boats.)

A whaling bay is a long, narrow chamber with a large, wide ramp set at a shallow angle, leading down into the water. The *merivene* towing the whale docks to the side, while the whale is hauled manually by rope up the ramp onto a wide, square platform of ice. There it is cut into manageable pieces for meat, blubber, bone, hide and so on. The bays are also used by fishermen and hunters.

While there may be a number of storage rooms radiating out from it, each bay contains only one through entrance into the berg. This entrance is very narrow, as is the passageway beyond, containing an number of severe angles and turns before straightening out. This is the Merimetsästäjät's defense against dragons. While they know they cannot keep a sea-drake out of the whaling bay, they can prevent it from entering the berg proper. While the beast is attempting to negotiate the narrow confines of the passage, the Merimetsästäjät have an opportunity to collapse and seal the tunnel.

At certain, prescribed times, the Valaskalan Palvonta forbids all but whalers from entering the bay (usually at the very start of a whale's dismemberment, when the welcoming and departure rituals are performed to appease its spirit). However, as there is seldom a ritual being performed in all bays simultaneously, other Merimetsästäjät can usually find a place to dock and unload.

7. Storage Chambers. Located anywhere within the berg, these chambers are stocked according to need. (Armories near the citadel contain spears, bows and arrows, while those near the whaling bays hold rope, oars, harpoons and other equipment needed by hunters.) The rooms are open to all, the stores within being communal property. However, this does not mean strangers can simply walk in and help themselves. The equipment is for use by Merimetsästäjät, and outsiders must barter or trade for the items.

8. Larders. Storage rooms for food are located high within the berg, near the kitchens or among the family dwellings. Any who are able or have recently contributed to the food-stores are free to make use of them. Because of the cold, insects and spoilage are kept to the barest minimum. A mountain of venison may be stored without danger of it going bad over the long winter months. Herbs and vegetables are stored in sealskin pouches, bags or earthenware jars near the kitchen where they can be kept warmer. However, for all the protection, frost-burned vegetables and berries are common, and visitors must acquire a taste for them.

9. Family Lodgings. The chambers used by families are located near the center of the berg. They lie below the waterline, and should there be a crack or breach in the berg, the loss of life would be catastrophic. The entrance to each lodging forms a short, U-shaped hallway, which allows for some privacy. Many entrances are also covered with decorative sealskin curtains. The curtains serve both to identify the resident (either by totem or by some other pictograph) and to keep chill drafts out. Lodgings are grouped into *heimo*-holds, with the separate families grouped into *suut*. (Thus, all the rooms on one level may be occupied by the Sea Bird *heimo*, subdivided into the Black Wing Gull *suku*, the Sea Hawk *suku*, and so on.)

Interiors are furnished with sealskin and whalebone stools, and floor mats of fur and whale ribs joined together. Whalegut hammocks take advantage of the narrow dimensions of the chamber, strung from wall to wall when the family retires. Both the mats and the hammocks keep their bodies off the ice and reduce melting.

Family lodgings are lighted with small whale oil lamps, and often decorated with bone and ivory carvings in niches along the ice walls. The family's possessions are scattered throughout the room. There are always a number of furs, hunting weapons and children's toys strewn about. At the rear of each dwelling is a latrine called the *virtsareikä*, little more than a deep hole in the ice. It is considered good manners to cover the hole with a skin after each use. (This is actually done to avoid accidentally knocking objects down into the hole—the waste itself quickly freezes, loosing any unpleasant odor.)

10. Temporary Tombs. Deep within the berg, at the very end of the descending, central stairway, lie the temporary tombs. These *jäävuoteet* (La. "ice-beds," sing. *jäävuode*) amount to little more than a large chamber wherein fallen warriors, drowned whalers and any others who die are placed in a temporary sarcophagus until such time as the ice on the bay allows a proper interment in a burial berg. The bodies are placed in their coffins fully clothed, and the sarcophagus is then sealed with a lid of ice. The lid is heavy and solid, and carefully carved into a likeness of the deceased. In spring, when proper burial may be performed, the sculpted, frozen death-mask is smashed and tossed into the sea. This signifies the release of the individual's *tarmo* and its dispersion into Ympyrä, to return again as some other portion of the world. The bodies are placed in their frozen sarcophagi with all the possessions they had on their person at the time of death. Therefore, such things as ivory tokens and totems are common, as well as runeknives, amulets and pouches of herbs. Robbing the dead is considered a heinous crime by the Merimetsästäjät, and anyone caught doing so is immediately put to death.

12.6 MALGOLODH'S TOMB

Above Spouting Bay, in the southern reaches of the Pitkäyön Vuoret, stands the stone of Malgolodh, grandson of King Amlaith of Arthedain. The stone is a rough slab engraved with a warning: *I, Malgolodh, son of the son of King Amlaith, forbid any to pursue further my quest. I will entomb myself in the hills to protect happier lands from the evil which has devoured my companions.* The evil which Malgolodh loosed is lost to history, and those with the curiosity and strength of can only discover it by locating his lost tomb.

No records remain of the search parties King Amlaith sent out to find his beloved grandson. Other than the name on the stone, the Ystävät Talven have never heard the name Malgolodh. But those familiar with Arthadanian history may glean some clues as to his fate from *Laulu Hullun Rautamiehen ja Hautajaistensa*, the Lay of the Mad Ironman and His Funeral. This poem is told by both the Merimetsästäjät and the Jäämiehet, but they regard it as little more than a children's fable. The lay does not tell what terror the young man roused, reporting only that he fled northward from some evil thing that destroyed his companions but would not harm him. Fearing to bring this evil among his people, the Ironman closed himself off in a cave.

And the Mad Ironman would let none come near.
He waved his hand good-bye;
He waved good-bye to the world of Wind and Sunlight;
He waved farewell to the Trees and Sky.

I go into the Earth where my Spirit is safe;
I go into the Earth to die;
I go where the terror cannot be loosed;
I wish no others to die.

And the Ironman filled a wooden cup.
He hailed the Sea and Mountains;
He hailed the Wind and Weather;
He drained his cup and waved his hand.

I go where none shall find me;
I go where my Spirit may find peace;
I go into the Mountain of Stone;
I bury myself alive.

As any wanderer from the South soon learns, "Ironman" is a term used by all Ystävät Talven to refer to anyone wearing metal armor. If the PCs are familiar with the area or ask enough questions, they can learn there is a peak in the Pitkäyön Vuoret named Kivi Vuori (La. "Stone Mountain"). Once Kivi Vuori has been located, the possible locations for the tomb are easy enough to find; though a rough, wild, boulder-strewn spire of granite, only its lower eastern slopes contain caves. The entrance to Malgolodh's cave is blocked by an avalanche. Within lies the now skeletal remains of the once proud Dúnadan. A silver ring still rests on the bony middle finger of his right hand. This is the Corma Varyaro, the cursed artifact which brought about Malgolodh's demise. Any who claim it suffer the same fate as him. (For a description of the ring's powers, see Section 10.0.)

13.0 ADVENTURES

Whether they be foreign or native to its lands, the Northern Waste beckons the bold and the adventurous. Here, amid this rugged wilderness of bay and berg, mountain and tundra, one may explore ancient ruins, visit strange and mysterious peoples, defy the forces of Nature, or combat titanic forces of Darkness. This section provides an array of such adventure possibilities.

13.1 THE IVORY HOARD

Whale and walrus-hunting are just about the only pursuits which the otherwise alien cultures of Eriador and the Northern Waste share in common. Yet even these endeavors reveal the radically different values that motivate the Men of North and South. To the Ystävät Talven, the hunt means survival—meat to sustain themselves and their families—and the maintenance of *tasapaino*, Nature's balance; but to the Dúnedain and others, whalebone and walrus-tusk are luxury goods to grace their palaces and mansions, and enrichment for those that procure them. For the most part, the Ystävät Talven and the southerners who visit their lands respect these mutual differences; yet occasionally respect and understanding break down, giving way to greed and violence.

13.1.1 THE TALE

In the summer of T.A. 1408, just prior to the Witch-king's devastating assault on the Dúnedain which would spell Cardolan's death-knell, King Arveleg of Arthedain financed an ambitious whaling expedition in a desperate attempt to enrich the royal treasury with a view to shouldering the crushing burden of the imminent war. To this end Amhir, a prominent noble of the court, captained a vessel bound for the Bay of Forochel. It was there that Amhir heard rumor of Sarchbel-i-Fannath, the legendary Graveyard of Whales. Disregarding the warnings of his Cardolanian crew that the site was guarded by powerful and vengeful spirits, Amhir set his ship on a course for that storied coast.



Grimabalth and Sionnach

Loyal to his king, and fervently convinced that the nobility of his cause justified the breaking of any "heathen" taboos, Amhir set about to plundering the bone-covered strands of the Sarchbel. The Merimetsästäjät encamped there opposed Amhir's desecration with force, and were slaughtered. At that heinous act, even Amhir's own Lumimies guides abandoned him, believing that his ship and all who sailed in it were accursed. Growing still more contemptuous of the superstitious rantings of these "savages," Amhir angrily departed the island, his hold weighted down with more than a thousand pounds of whalebone and walrus-tusk.

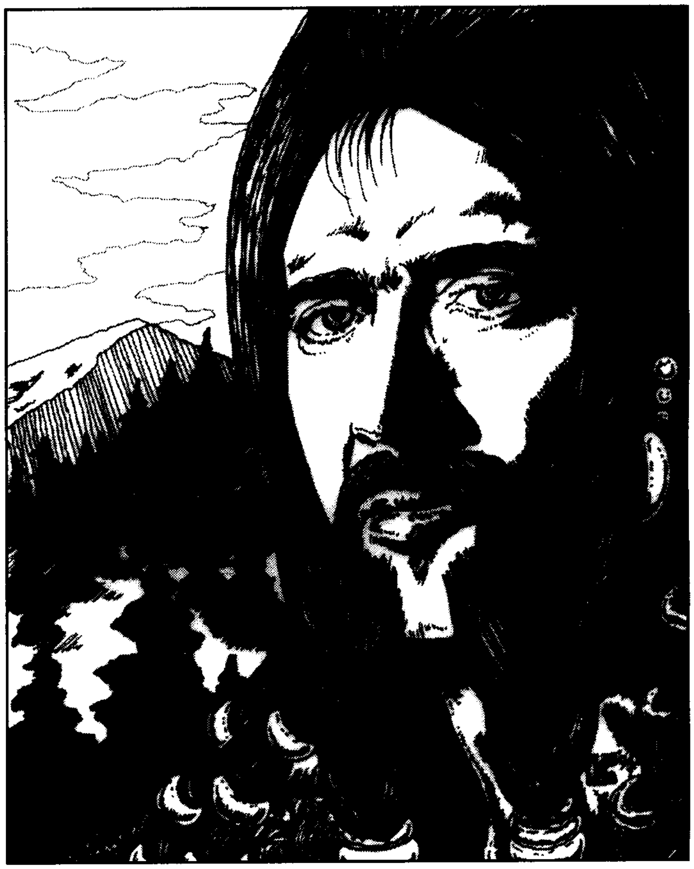
Whether it was the curse or unhappy chance, neither Amhir nor any of his crew ever returned to port with their booty. They had tarried overlong, and an early storm grounded their ship on the coast of the Wash Tundra, trapping the vessel in its frozen grip. Amhir thought to winter on board with the cargo, but his Cardolanian crew mutinied, taking their chances on the perilous landward journey across the frozen tundra. Of their fate no tale tells, but none ever returned to the lands of the living. Amhir, refusing to abandon his precious cargo, perished with the ship, which was locked in a permanent, ice-choked channel of one of the many streambeds of the tundra.

The fate of Amhir's ship did not go wholly unnoticed, for Lumimiehet from the nearby village of Aamukuu discovered its remains, buried—and nearly intact—beneath a sheet of ice. The Lumimiehet, though unaware of the vessel's origin or the deeds of its captain, knew that it carried a great hoard of ivory, and began to spin cautionary tales about the foolishness of southerners, who would lay down their very lives for something as worthless as bones, rather than enjoying the life-giving meat that once clung to them.

In this way, the memory of Amhir's ill-fated ivory hunt was transformed into the stuff of *muistaja* story-telling. In time, though, rumor of this "bone boat" reached the ears of one who saw through the mythic embellishments of the legend and perceived the kernel of truth that lay behind them. This was Grimabalth, one of the Rivermen of the Lhûn valley who often had dealings with the Lumimiehet of Aamukuu. Yet Grimabalth did not at once act on his hunch, realizing that, if he guessed right about the sheer bulk of ivory the buried ship contained, he could not extract the cargo or transport it back to civilization alone. He would need the help of others....

13.1.2 THE NPCS

Should it become necessary at any time in the adventure to introduce a new PC, either due to attrition or the addition of new players to the group, the GM may draw upon these NPCs as source material. Possible characters can be drawn easily from the Rivermen, as these are tough, resourceful and used to living in the wilderness. The Lumimiehet of Aamukuu are another good source for characters. The village is home to many brave adults and adolescents who would be more than willing to go wandering. For more exotic characters, Morvran's band might supply members who are unhappy with the outlaw life and wish to defect to a more lawful, if not less dangerous, lifestyle.



Morvran

Widuhund and Sigiswulf

Widuhund and Sigiswulf are typical Rivermen plying the waters of the northern Lhûn. The two are actually just partners, but they seem more like brothers. Their long association with one another has given them the same habits, mannerisms and patterns of speech. They are rough and rustic, their faces like old treebark, and use language that would make an Orc blush. Widuhund always calls Sigiswulf by the nickname "Siggy," while Sigiswulf always calls the other "Gimpy" (so named for Widuhund's slight limp, a permanent reminder of a knee shattered by an Orc's mace long ago). However, they frown severely on strangers calling them by these nicknames.

They are both excellent fighters and are skilled in hunting, trapping and the ways of the wild. While often downright grouchy, rude and taciturn, they are always open to any barter or trade. While not particularly fond of coins (having little use for them in the wild), they are fully cognizant of their value and do not reject them outright. In any trade or barter with the PCs they much prefer to exchange goods and/or services for goods and/ or services of equal (or greater) value.

In their riverborne existence, these men of the North are always in need of blankets, boots, rope, weapons and armor. They also barter for spellcasting services. The most commonly preferred spells being any from the Item Lore list, to assess the value of some object or item they have found or traded for. Other spells, especially those that heal wounds, are traded for as need demands. The Rivermen in turn can provide travelers with food, shelter, guidance and transport up and down the river. They also possess a wealth of information concerning the surrounding area

and can inform wanderers in the area of any havens or hazards nearby. Always equipped with four canoes, each paddles one while towing another as a barge for freight or ferry for passengers.

GM Note: *As it is impossible to tow a canoe through rapids, Rivermen confronted with white water abandon the river, portaging their goods and canoes. In such cases, any passengers are expected to carry their own weight (and canoes).*

Grimabalth and Sionnach

Grimabalth and Sionnach are unusual among the Rivermen in that they are a husband and wife team. While Grimabalth is large and burly—a true Riverman—Sionnach is small, dark and lithe. She was once a thief in Caras Celairnen and is actually of Daen origin. Some six winters ago, Sionnach was caught stealing and barely escaped with her life. Grimabalth found her wandering, wounded and at her wits' end, near the banks of the Lhûn and nursed her back to health. Sionnach found the free life of the wild Rivermen to her liking and Grimabalth a kindred spirit. The two have been inseparable ever since.

The couple journey in two canoes, riding in one and using the other for freight or passengers. They travel the Lhûn and the Baranduin, ranging far and wide, and doing a good deal of business with the Lumimiehet of Aamukuu. Grimabalth speaks fluent Labba (Rank 3) and Westron (Rank 4). Sionnach, less conversant, is still learning the Labbic tongue (Rank 2), but she is fluent in Westron (Rank 4) and her native Dunael (Rank 5). These two are thus excellent guides for any group heading north, and might act as intermediaries between the PCs and the Lumimiehet. They are also aware of the ivory hoard near Aamukuu.



While still a thief at heart, Sionnach lives by the Riverman's code of keeping one's word. However, as other Rivermen say teasingly to Grimabalth, "Her word is given seldom and only at a high price." Of the two, Sionnach is by far the more dangerous, being skilled in the long bow, thrown weapons (especially knives) and the sword. More than one group of ruffians has regretted their mistake in dismissing the small, dark-eyed beauty out of hand and concentrating their attack on Grimabalth. The couple is fully aware of this incongruity and exploits it in any fight.

Yhdeksän Taivasta

Yhdeksän Taivasta (La. "Nine Skies") is a trusted and long-time villager of Aamukuu. A master tracker, Yhdeksän Taivasta always takes several youths with him to teach hunting skills and pass on lore of the wild. The adolescents in the village clamor at his door and vie with one another for the opportunity to be allowed to join in these hunting parties. If the PCs are short on cold weather survival skills, Yhdeksän Taivasta is an excellent source of training and knowledge.

In his youth, Yhdeksän Taivasta wandered widely and, having traveled as far east and south as Angmar and Arthedain, is more familiar with other peoples and customs than the average Lumimies. He has also traded with Rivermen at the Lumimies town of Mulkan Kaupunki. While he has never personally traded with Grimabalth and Sionnach, he recognizes them as Rivermen if they are with the party. This can be a boon to the PCs, as Yhdeksän Taivasta has always had good dealings with the Rivermen and regards them as friends. In addition to his native tongue, Yhdeksän Taivasta speaks Westron (Rank 2).

Yhdeksän Taivasta is short and stocky, even for a Lumimies, standing barely 5' tall and weighing in at 180 lbs. His long, fair hair is thin and balding and his piercing eyes are so pale a blue as to be almost grey. Yhdeksän Taivasta is a master of the "stare-down" wherein the opponent is forced to blink first. At the age of 49, he is considered old by Lumimies standards; but is still hale and strong. In any fight, whether against an animal, an armed opponent or the weather, Yhdeksän Taivasta is as calm and fearless as any battle-tested knight from the South.

Morvran

Morvran is a bandit chieftain who is slowly running out of villages to rob and plunder. Initially raiding his homeland of Rhudaur from Eregion, the Hillman's exploits drew the ire of the local authorities, driving him and his band into northern Cardolan, and from there further west into Arthedain. An ill-advised attack upon Sarn Ford cut his band to pieces, and Morvran, fleeing with the remnants ever westward, has finally found himself wandering the Lhûn valley. With so many losses and after being driven from one side of Eriador to the other, his followers are grumbling and mutinous.

Short, stocky, handsome and charismatic, it is Morvran's easy-going style and his martial prowess that keeps his men from turning on him. He lets them grumble and mutter as much as they like, but should they raise sword against him or one another, they face quick and merciless justice at Morvran's hand. Regarding himself as neither kind nor cruel by nature, Morvran assumes either of these demeanors as circumstance dictates.

Yhdeksän Taivasta

Driven from the prosperous lands of the east, Morvran is looking for one final lucrative raid to pay off his rebellious men and retire in comfort. Rumor of an ivory hoard along the river came to his ears two weeks ago, and so he has a head start on the PCs. However, Morvran and his men could not see eye to eye with the Rivermen. While they never came to blows, the two groups did not part as friends.

Morvran's gang is a motley collection of Hillmen from Rhudaur, thieves and footpads from Cardolan, and outcasts of Arthedain. These twenty men often quarrel among themselves, and fist-fights are common. However, when danger threatens, or prey and treasure are in sight, they close ranks, forgetting their individual quarrels. Individually they are a cowardly and untrustworthy lot; but while neither brave nor disciplined, the knowledge that the gallows assuredly awaits them should they lose a battle welds them into a cohesive fighting force.

All are well-armed, armored and mounted. They travel with spare horses and pack animals, and are always on the look-out for additional mounts. For all their faults, the bandits are not Orcs. While they would steal anything from anyone, killing whomever puts up a fight, they never kill wantonly or for sport. Once they have taken what they want, the bandits leave the victims to fend for themselves. (Though, as was pointed out at the trial of one of the bandits captured and later hung at Sarn Ford, "Leaving a man in the wild, stripped of his horse, weapons and armor, is the same as killing him.")

Lumimiehet of Aamukuu

There are approximately a hundred people in Aamukuu, counting children and infants. They are wary of strangers and remain aloof and watchful until the social ice is broken. However, should there be Dwarven, Elven or Hobbit PCs with a party, the villagers' curiosity may overcome their natural reticence. If the PCs make no serious social blunders (such as refusing to share their own food or refusing to eat what is offered by the Lumimiehet), friendly relations with the villagers should warm up quickly. The villagers fully expect any visitors to live by Lumimies rules and customs of behavior. Not to do so may result in ejection from the village or complete and total ostracism.

Several villagers may be used as a source of amusement or danger by the GM. A currently unmarried woman named Pieni Kukka (La. "Small Flower"), who weighs in at well over 350 lbs, may take an interest in one of the PCs as a possible future husband. While Rautakäsi (La. "Iron Hand"), who has his own designs on Pieni Kukka, looks on disapprovingly. This may be a ticklish situation, as PCs attempt to extricate themselves from the romantic intrigue without hurting anyone's feelings or becoming involved in a blood feud.

13.1.3 THE SETTINGS

The Shield and Banner

The PCs first hear rumor of an ivory hoard in the common room of the Shield and Banner, an inn and tavern run and owned by a Northman named Rumawerdu. While not particularly bright, Rumawerdu is not particularly stupid either. He knows a wealth of tales, jokes and songs; but, having inherited the inn from his father, he has never traveled, and is apt to believe most tales from or about far away places ("far away" being anywhere beyond a hundred miles of the inn). He is also likely to believe any tale concerning strange races such as Dwarves, Elves, Hobbits or Lossoth.

Those frequenting the Shield and Banner are primarily the local farmers, herdsmen and tradesmen. These people are a friendly, open, gregarious and unassuming lot. They are likely to be far more concerned with local gossip than with distant events. They are unable to expand on or enlighten the PCs as to the truth or falsehood of any rumors concerning anything outside a five-mile radius. There are also a good number of travelers, including a few Dwarves, whose business takes them back and forth between the Blue Mountains and Arthedain or Cardolan.

The River Lhûn

After leaving the Shield and Banner, the PCs should journey northward either by boat up the mighty river Lhûn or along its banks by horse or foot. The adventure assumes that the PCs have started further south than Round Rock. If the GM wishes to speed things up, the PCs can come into immediate contact with Widuhund and Sigiswulf on the banks of the Lhûn and go from there. However, if the GM prefers to let the PCs test their own mettle on the river, they may purchase or trade horses and mules for small boats at many locations, poling or rowing their way upriver. This requires at least some of the party to have boat-handling skills.

The Lhûn gets progressively rougher and wilder the farther north the PCs travel. Sand bars, unruly currents, driftwood and rocky shoals are all present on the Lhûn. The GM should require five Boat Handling maneuvers per day of travel—one for boarding and launching, three during the day's travel (morning, noon and evening), and one for landing and disembarking. The difficulty of the maneuver is left to the GM's discretion, and is dependent on exactly what the hazard (if any) may be.

If the party journeys up the banks of the Lhûn, it takes twice the amount of time as traveling by boat, but the river hazards are avoided. The extra time reflects not so much the speed of boats but rather the fact that those on foot must make long detours from the riverside to avoid bogs, impassable thickets and other obstacles. The longest detours result from looking for a place to ford the many small tributaries of the Lhûn. As bridges are nonexistent, these deep and swift streams are very difficult to cross. As such fords are used by predators and prey alike, and an encounter roll should be made at each stream crossing in addition to the normal encounter rolls. Regardless of the surrounding terrain, the fords or crossings are always treated as Open Terrain (+20) for the activity roll (See ST-10 Encounter Table in ***Middle-earth Role Playing***). The GM may make this journey north (whether by boat or land) as eventful or uneventful as desired.

Round Rock

Round Rock is a convenient landmark for all who travel the Lhûn, protruding squarely from the middle of the river. As its name implies, it is a huge round rock, worn smooth by the river at its confluence with a large tributary from the Talath Muil. It is a typical Riverman shantytown, with lean-to's straggling along river's edge up the hillside to a watch tower on its summit. To the inexperienced or those unlearned in warcraft, the village appears only as an irregular and random scattering of dwellings; yet the settlement has been constructed with an eye to its defense. The lean-to's are built in such a way as to form a series of screening walls around the entire encampment, with an inner ring of dwellings at the settlement's center.

Aamukuu

The village of Aamukuu (La. "Morning Moon") is a cluster of twenty-five widely scattered lodges. Unlike many Lumimies villages, Aamukuu is a permanent dwelling place, its lodges constructed of earth, sod and timber. The village derives its name from its location west of two low hills. From almost any point within the village it is possible to see the last moon of autumn and the sun rise together between the two hills. Any Longbeard Dwarf can delight and amaze the villagers by explaining to the Lumimiehet that the name of their village relates to Durin's Day, the Dwarven new year. For one month after his tales, the Dwarven PC receives a +20 bonus to all Influence maneuvers involving the Aamukuu villagers.

The Bone Boat

Amhir's ship was unfortunate enough to be hit by an early and powerful winter gale and driven up a wide, shallow stream at the highest point of an unusually high tide. The very same storm that beached the ship also clogged the stream with such debris and clutter that the little river changed its course around the obstructions. When the storm passed, the crew found themselves in a dry channel some distance from the bay. The winter cold froze the ship to the shore, and those attempting to forcibly tow or drag the vessel back to the bay could get no foothold on the icy ground. The ship has thus been in virtual "dry-dock" for centuries, listing slightly to port, frozen and preserved by ice and snow.

13.1.4 THE TASK

The purpose of this adventure is to introduce adventurers to the Northern Waste—its treasures, its perils and the lifeways of its inhabitants. While the material objective (the recovery of Amhir's lost ivory hoard) is fairly straightforward, PCs soon discover that it takes more than mere martial prowess to overcome the obstacles that lie in wait for them. Above all, they learn the expediency of accommodating themselves to the customs of the Lossoth, and that to achieve their goal they must play by the cultural rules of their hosts.

The scenario is designed for adventurers starting out in Arthedain or the Lhûn valley, but may also be used by a band of adventurous Hobbits from the Shire or Dwarves from the Blue Mountains. The PCs should represent a good mix of professions, but as the adventure involves learning about a strange and exotic culture, having Ystävä Talven (and especially Lumimies) characters in the party would spoil much of the fun. The average level for PCs starting the adventure should be 4th to 6th for a large group, and a few levels higher for a small group. (The combined total levels should add up to about 26.)

The plot consists of a series of small, connected episodes. If the GM wishes to drop or add episodes, it is important that the overall story still forms a complete, coherent and logical whole. As the adventure begins south of Forodwaith, the GM may find ICE's ***Arnor: The Land*** helpful in fleshing out the myriad details concerning northern Eriador. Whether run as part of a larger, ongoing campaign, or as a one-time trip to the North, the point of this adventure is to establish friendly relations with both the Rivermen and the Lumimiehet, thus opening a gateway for further adventures in the Northern Waste.

Starting the PCs

The GM may start the adventure at any convenient location within the given area, either paraphrasing or role playing the following information.

Rumor, gossip and tall tales wander regularly and aimlessly through the shops, inns and taverns of the frontier settlements of northern Arthedain and the Lhûn valley. Stories and idle canards are especially numerous in winter. The inactive and seemingly endless days spent indoors give rise to imaginatively embellished and extravagantly embroidered yarns and narratives. In some cases these stories have a small grain of truth in them, but it is often so deeply buried under an avalanche of balderdash, that separating fact from fiction is all but impossible.

A rumor has been spreading along the Arthadanian frontier, the tale of a treasure-laden Lossothren funeral raft sent down the Lhûn. Differing versions of the story may be found throughout the villages of western Eriador, as far south as the haven-town of Caras Celairnen, and as far east as Greenfields in the North Farthing of the Shire. In fact, this particular tale reveals complete ignorance of the Lumimiehet and their ways. (It does, however, provide the necessary lead for hooking the PCs into the adventure.)

The PCs are resting quietly in the common room of a comfortable old inn called the Shield and Banner (the "S 'n' B" as the locals call it). Rumawerdu (the innkeeper) and a mixed band of wanderers are sharing a bottle of wine and swapping travelers' tales. Their conversation is dying a slow death by the drowsy warmth of the fire and sleepiness induced by the wine. Finally, a Dwarf from the Blue Mountains stretches out his short, stout legs and yawns loudly, asking the innkeeper: "Tell me, Rumawerdu, what became of that raft of treasure you were telling me about the last time I was here?" At this, many voices speak up: "Raft of treasure?" Rumawerdu rubs his stubbly, unshaven chin and stares blankly at the fire for a moment. Then, in a lowered voice, like a child telling ghost stories by the fireside, he begins:



"Weeell, I'll tell you. As some here don't know about the raft, I'll just begin at the beginning. Now, mind you, I'm just telling what I heard and not what I saw; but I have no reason to think that those as told me would lie about such things.

"Anyway, early last spring there were three Rivermen poling up the Lhûn away west of here, when up ahead like a run-away horse comes a wooden raft as big as a house! Poor Rivermen had to give way and head for shore or be runned over! They was a shouting and screaming and callin' down curses on the rafters. But when the raft got even with them, they saw there wasn't anyone on it—just full of clutter and mess.

"The Rivermen weren't slow on the uptake! They gave chase to the runaway and boarded it. They wrastled and fought and poled and oared, and finally got the raft to the riverbank. Tying it down, they turned and took a look at what they had.

"Weeell, what do you suppose they did have? There in the center of the raft was the body of a man! All laid out with braided hair and wrapped in a fur-lined cloak, just like a king. The Rivermen had snagged themselves a funeral barge! An' all 'round him were the treasures of his house. About his waist was a big, heavy gold belt, and he wore a powerful enchanted knife that could kill just by touching you! The Rivermen said there must have been a thousan' pounds of ivory on the barge. Some of it was all carved and shaped pretty, some just raw and heaped in a corner.

"The Rivermen said it must 'ave been the funeral boat of one the Lossoth-kings. (The Lossoth being the peoples that live up in the way-far North where there's ice and snow year-round I hear. I've heard tales telling about them and their ways. They're a queer folk to be sure, but I've never seen one of them.)

"Well anyway, the Rivermen said: 'What's the point of wasting all that ivory? The northerners have honored their king and sent him downriver with it. What do they care what happens to it?' It took them two whole days to unload the boat and get all the treasure off. When they was done, they guided the raft back out into the river and set it adrift again. The river boys wasn't being mean or disrespectful, not wanting to stop the old king from going to his final rest. And, when providence lands a load a treasure in your lap like that, you got to grab with both hands no matter what!"

"So where is all this ivory and treasure? Weeell, I've heard two stories on that, but can't tell you which one is true. Maybe neither's true or maybe both are a little bit true, if you take my meaning. Now the first fellow who told me the tale said the Rivermen had the ivory hidden somewhere in the forest along the Lhûn. They didn't want to sell it all at once or keep it all in one place because it would attract thieves and bandits. They were just going to bide their time and dole it out in drips and drabs as they needed to live comfortable.

"Now, that's how I heard the story the first time; but a second fellow come along and told it different. He said the Rivermen hid the ivory in the forest all right, but they went back south to fetch more of their people to help them with the treasure. They never told the others exactly where it was, and on the way back north they were attacked by a band of Orcs. And when the fight was over—wouldn't you know—the very three that knew where the treasure was, was full of Orc-arrows and stone cold dead! The other Rivermen looked high and low along the banks, but they never found nothing.

"The fellow as told me this story said he thought the king's treasure was probably cursed and never would be found again; or, if it was, the person finding it had better keep his eyes open! But as I see it, either way there's a fortune in ivory somewhere in the forest up north just waiting to be found. For I know for a fact there's been no raftload of treasure floating through my inn!"

A ripple of laughter breaks out at Rumawerdu's joke, followed by a buzz of amazed excitement: "Imagine! Finding all that treasure! And it's out there just waiting to be found." These and similar statements pass back and forth among the listeners, but the Dwarf stretches and yawns loudly once again before saying: "It would be nice, but it would also be nice to grow wings and fly to the moon!" With that he drains his wine cup and wishes a hearty "Good morrow and a better one after that" to all in the common room and goes off to bed. Rumawerdu rises and begins, somewhat unenthusiastically, to wipe tables and put away mugs and cups while the remainder of his listeners drift toward their rooms.

After hearing such a tale, any adventurers worth their salt should be more than willing to journey north to verify the treasure story. If the PCs need more goading, an NPC can mention the fact that a jeweler in Tharbad is paying top bounty for ivory; another brings up the point that "If these Snowmen can waste that much treasure on a funeral, imagine how much more there must be further north."

The morning finds many of the travelers have already breakfasted and departed. If the PCs ask whether any others have heard the tale of the treasure raft, two or three admit they have (some saying that only a small amount of ivory was ever found, others claiming it was a large amount of silver, not gold or ivory). If interrogated further, Rumawerdu knows no more than he told the night before. If asked whether he might be interested in hunting for the treasure, Rumawerdu makes it very clear where he stands: "What? Me go wandering off looking for some dead king's cursed treasure! No thank *you*!! I've a business to run."

Aids

Unless the GM provides some other means for the PCs to get wind of the ivory hoard, their success depends on encountering and making a favorable impression upon the Rivermen whom Rumawerdu spoke of. From their meeting with Grimabalth onwards, the PCs' greatest asset is their personal integrity and their willingness to adapt and respond to the social expectations of the Lumimiehet. PCs accustomed to resolving conflict through bloodshed may well be able to overcome Morvran's band by force or cunning, but this in itself does not persuade the Lossoth to reveal to them the location of the ivory—indeed, it may have the opposite effect.

Obstacles

The Lumimiehet are, in fact, only too happy to show the wreckage of Amhir's "bone boat" to courteous inquirers. The real obstacle lies in getting their loot back to civilization, the PCs' main antagonists being the logistics of the situation and Morvran's intention to rob them of their prize by any means possible. Were the PCs to inform the king of Arthedain of their discovery, they would eliminate the logistical problem, but might have less to look forward to in terms of profits; on the other hand, what they lose in monetary reward they might compensate for in social honor and prestige among the Arthedain. As for Morvran, he must either be outwitted or confronted in the end.



Outcomes

Unfortunately for the PCs, the very success of their adventure may adversely affect the price they receive for their loot, since so much ivory would literally glut the market. Should the PCs return to Arthedain with the ivory, the king would demand one fifth of the recovered hoard, since it came from an expedition financed by the royal house. Should the PCs attempt to enrich themselves without surrendering to the king what is his right, they would do so at the expense of making the most powerful mortal lord of Eriador their enemy. After giving the Rivermen and the king their respective shares of the booty (and a somewhat lowered price, due to the quantity of ivory involved), the PCs should eventually receive about 50% of the value of what they originally recovered from Amhir's ship.

The GM should award experience points for how well the PCs handle themselves among the Rivermen and how well they are able to interact with the Lumimiehet. Likewise, if the PCs alienate or make enemies of these peoples, they should receive no points. If the PCs resolve to stop Morvran from doing mischief among the Lumimiehet before Grimabalth asks them, award them an additional 5,000 xps. A special 2,000 xp bonus should be awarded to the PC singer in the song duel. Any quick and easy adaptation to cultural differences should also be given recognition. If they are able to return to civilization with 60% of the ivory they recovered, the GM should award an extra 5,000 xp bonus to each PC.

13.1.5 ENCOUNTERS

To locate the ivory hoard the PCs must first find the Rivermen of Round Rock who allegedly came across the funeral raft. The first encounter (Upriver) is a random meeting with some Rivermen who know Grimabalth; it gives the PCs an opportunity to put the Rivermen in their debt and so make them communicative. In the second encounter (Round Rock), the PCs are introduced to Grimabalth, who sizes them up as potential allies in his scheme to recover the hoard. Next stop is the Lumimies village whose *tietäjä*, Yhdeksän Taivasta, knows the site of Amhir's buried vessel (Arrival in Aamukuu). Overtures on the part of the PCs to obtain this information are interrupted by their ivory-hunting competitors (Morvran's Arrival), and tension builds to a confrontation in good Lossothren style (The Song Duel). With Morvran out of the way temporarily, Yhdeksän Taivasta shows the PCs to the hoard (The Bone Boat), leaving them with the greatest challenge of all: how to get the loot back to civilization.

Upriver

As the PCs journey north, they hear a great deal of barking and howling from a thick stand of trees on the river bank ahead of them. A Routine (+30) Perception roll reveals the barking and snarling to be a pack of dogs.

Even as you are wondering what a pack of wild dogs has cornered in the cluster of trees, you are answered by a shout on the wind. "Get on with ya, ya bloody mongrels!" This is answered by a chorus of barks and angry yelping. Then the voice yells again, apparently at the dogs. "You can bay and growl 'til the river runs dry ya bleedin' cur, but I'll stay in this tree 'til I die before I'll be yer supper."

There are more growls and barking, but another man's voice speaks up suddenly. "Ha! They'd 'ave a time swallowing yer tough old river-rat of a carcass Siggy!" At that there is the sound of bitter laughter from the two men, followed by more growling and snarling from the dogs. Then there is a sudden uproar, as if the dogs had somehow reached their prey and were tearing them apart, but then the first voice yells "Blast it, Gimpy! The rotten scoundrels have found our food packs."

If the PCs decide to help the treed men, they find fourteen large to medium-sized mongrels meandering through a Riverman's camp. Three of the wild dogs are pacing about under a large tree a hundred yards from shore, while two more sit looking up another tree twenty yards further on. The Rivermen are clinging to the branches. On the river bank, four canoes rest, carefully hauled up from the water, and about these the remaining dogs are sniffing, barking and fighting over food sacks. Many are happily shaking, shredding and tearing the leather and cloth bags, sending waybread, jerked meat and various other foodstuffs over themselves and their companions, while the remainder of the pack is snapping up the food and fighting one another over the tidbits.

When hunting or in combat, pack tactics are simple: they use their sheer numbers and greater speed to encircle and bring down prey. Unless very hungry, they do not attack Dwarves, Hobbits or Men (they do not attack Elves of any kind unless driven mad by disease or spellcraft); but, as they *are* often very hungry, such attacks are not unusual. Dogs invariably go for an opponent's legs in the hope of bringing the victim down, so that the rest of the pack can swarm in and overwhelm the prey. If the pack is confronted with a strong threat or seemingly superior force, they make a loud, snarling show of bravado, but retreat rather than fight. However, individual dogs or small groups separated from the main pack may fight to the death if locked in combat or cornered.

Due to their barking and snarling, the pack may not hear the PCs approach. If attacked, the pack immediately scatters into the trees, but regroups not far from the edge of the camp. Any wounded dogs (those suffering more than 5 hits) run yipping and yelping into the forest and do not regroup with the others. Also at this point, Widuhund and Sigiswulf come down from their respective perches in the trees. As the pack bristles and barks, working up their courage at the edge of the camp, the dogs take stock of the situation. If the pack has a two-to-one advantage or better, it attacks; otherwise the dogs quickly cease their posturing and skulk away into the forest. If they experience difficulty defeating the dogs, the PCs may take to the trees as the two Rivermen did. If this should be the case, then shortly after sunset the dogs become bored and hungry, wandering off in search of easier prey.

If rescued, Widuhund and Sigiswulf welcome the PCs to their camp and curse them for arriving too late to save the food bags. If the PCs ask outright if the Rivermen know anything about the rumored ivory hoard, the two men erupt into uproarious laughter. Then, just as the two seem about to stop laughing, they glance at one another and begin guffawing and spluttering anew. It is sometime before they can get the better of their mirth.

When you have had just about enough of the Rivermen's endless laughing and cackling, they finally collect their wits and wipe the tears from their eyes. Widuhund explains their laughter, Sigiswulf occasionally interrupting with "Aye lads, that's the truth" and "Listen to 'im lads, he's saying right and proper."

Widuhund says "I'm sorry lads, me an' Siggy here meant no disrespect, but someone's playing a powerful funny joke. You see, you lads aren't the first to come up the Lhunny nosing about for ivory. There were a bloke named Morvran and his rough band through here, not more than two weeks ago, askin' about it; then you lads show your faces and ask the same—It was just more than me an' Siggy could hold inside."

Widuhund looks at Sigiswulf at this point and the two burst out laughing again. Before you can ask just what the joke is he gets a grip on himself and continues: "You see, we know what were found, where it were found and who found it—and it weren't no load of ivory and gold. It were just a funeral boat of the Snowboys, come downriver with only one or two bracelets and trinkets. So you see, you and them other lads is come all this way for nothing." With that said, he glances at his partner and the two explode with laughter again; but this time it is short-lived—apparently, the joke is wearing a bit thin even for the Rivermen.

"But, anyway lads, we're obliged for the help with the bark 'n' biters. We'll be glad to shows you the way north if you've a need. We'll take you up the Lhunny to Round Rock and you can talks to those as knows first hand about the ivory."

If the PCs have their own boats, they need only follow Widuhund and Sigiswulf (and endure a good many ribs and jibes from the Rivermen about their boat-handling skills). If the PCs are on foot, the two have room for as many as eight people and equipment in their canoes. If the PCs have horses, ponies or other pack animals they do not wish to leave behind, the Rivermen give the party directions on how to find Round Rock: "Follow the Lhunny 'til you spies a big, round rock in the middle of the river. You can't miss it—if you do you've no business bein' on the river anyway." If the PCs ask for information on Morvran and his band, the two only scowl and say "Wait'll we reach Round Rock and there'll be many to answer your questions."

Round Rock

When the PCs reach Round Rock, they are received with friendliness, especially so if they are in the company of Widuhund and Sigiswulf. However, when the two Rivermen explain the PCs' reason for coming north, the adventurers must be prepared for a good deal of laughter at their expense.

Shortly after sunset, Widuhund beckons you to follow him. He guides you to one of the lean-to's at the center of the camp. There he bids you wait out of earshot, and approaches a man warming his hands over a fire. There is a short conversation as the man looks you over, then he nods and waves for you to approach.

"Here's what you be looking for lads. This here's Grimabalth, and her in the lean-to is Sionnach. They've got the answers to questions which only those as knows can really give. I'm off to find a keg an' a bite of something sweet, and I hope she don't bite back."

Widuhund disappears up the hillside without so much as a wave of his hand. Grimabalth squats by the fire, still warming his hands, while Sionnach remains in the lean-to, idly balancing a knife on the back of her hand, then tossing it up and catching it by the hilt. The fire has the pleasant odor of oak, sending up a small, thin stream of smoke, allowing everyone to huddle round in a tight circle about the light and warmth. Grimabalth looks warily up at you over the open flames, and then speaks. In contrast to his gruff exterior, his voice is soft and pleasing to the ear.

"Gimpy says you're looking for some barge full of treasure. We found a little raft on the Lhûn, but that was nine or ten months ago, and it was no more than a funeral boat. The northern folk use the makeshift to send the dead to their final rest. And no, the man was no king. The Snowboys have no kings, lords or chieftains in the way of other Men. They live their lives together without much need of them. Only treasure on the raft was a copper belt, two ivory bracelets and an ivory talisman in the shape of a elk hung 'round his neck. At his side he had a bone-handled knife.

"We saw no sense in the river having these things, so we took them and let the river take the raft. I'd show them to you, but I traded the copper belt for a keg of ale down near Caras Celairnen and the ivory for lanterns and blankets over at Rood on the Brandywine. I still have the knife though—good blade." Grimabalth suddenly rises and walks to the lean-to; Sionnach hands him the bone-handled blade. Grimabalth examines it for a moment, and then returns to the fire. He does not immediately hand over the knife or allow you to look at it, but gazes at you across the fire, as if sizing you up for a fight.

"You know, you are not the first to come looking for this. As Widuhund told you, others have come wanting ivory. A charmer by the name of Morvran came with sweet words from his mouth and death in his eyes; but I've not wandered the Lhunny all these years to be taken in by such as him. He would have liked to strike me when I told him there was no ivory. I don't think he believed me anyway—watched us for a few days and tried to follow us up and down the river in hopes of finding where we might've hid it; but horses on the bank can't match a boat on the river. In the end, he gave up his watching and waiting."

Sionnach quietly stops tossing her blade and sits herself down next to Grimabalth. As Grimabalth pauses she immediately speaks up. Her voice is pleasant and lilting, and her speech traced throughout with a Daen accent: "They have headed north. Morvran would not believe we had no ivory, but I heard him talking to his men. He told them the ivory must have a source, and if we would not share ours, then they should go north and find the people who could send a raft of that precious stuff down the river. Now I fear for the Lossoth; they are our trading partners and friends. They use ivory for tools or decorations, but do not hoard it or feel the greed and lust for such treasures as men in the South do. They do not understand their danger from such men—that men may kill for such things; that some come not to trade but to take."

After this she falls silent and looks querulously at Grimabalth. He sits musing but does not speak. He stays silent a long while as the fire crackles, the thin spire of smoke rises endlessly, and about you, you hear the camp settling in for the night.



If the PCs ask, Grimabalth allows them to inspect the knife. Sionnach points out that it is ill-balanced, better used for hand-to-hand combat than as a thrown weapon. Any PC casting an Item Lore spell detecting magical capabilities may discover the true nature of the bone-handled blade. The Lumimies weapon is actually a runeknife: a x 2 PP multiplier, adding +10 to the wielder's DB and enabling use of the spells *Summons I* and *Animal Tongues* I x/day. It requires a Medium (+0) Use Item maneuver to draw on the knife's powers. Its relative value is about 485 gp on the open market. (See the Magic Item Pricing Table in ***Middle-earth Role Playing.***)

GM Note: *If the PCs desire the knife, Grimabalth or Sionnach haggle mercilessly, their initial asking price double its true value (perhaps diminishing to something more realistic). During this long process, the two complain bitterly that the PCs are taking advantage of their good nature. The GM may use a Medium (+0) Influence maneuver to decide what kind of price is demanded for the item. (As a simple guideline, Blunder means the price stays at twice the item's actual cost, while Absolute Success means the price comes down to about 80% of the real value.)*

It is plain that Grimabalth is worried about Morvran and his band, and what they may do on their visit north. He would like to venture north himself to give his friends and trading partners warning, but business and canoe repairs have delayed him. Also, he is, as yet, unsure as to the PCs' own motivations in this matter. If the PCs seem just another greedy band of ivory hunters, he sees little sense in helping one rapacious band of outlaws over another. For Grimabalth, Sionnach and all Rivermen, there is the hard-headed practicality of the situation to consider; if groups of treasure-hunters start warring with one another and with the Lumimiehet over ivory, this would disrupt trade, putting the Rivermen's very livelihood in danger.

If the PCs broach the subject first, it greatly eases negotiations with Grimabalth and Sionnach (+10 bonus for any Influence maneuvers for next 24 hours). The couple is very interested in knowing just what the PCs' intentions are and how they might regard any ivory found. The PCs need not be reticent in telling the two that they fully intend to take any unclaimed ivory they find; however, they also need to make it plain they do not intend to lay waste entire Lumimies villages for the sake of few pieces of ivory jewelry. This is exactly what Grimabalth and Sionnach want to hear.

Satisfied with your intentions, Grimabalth rocks to and fro on his heels a moment, then spits into the fire. He looks round at the camp as if to ensure the confidentiality of his next words. "You see, one thing most here don't know is that there is ivory to be had in the North. Me and Sionnach know where there's supposed to be a mountain of the stuff, or so the Snowboys say. The people in the village it's near say it's been there for ages. Between the two of us, we may be able to kill two birds with one stone. We can keep the bandits from ruining the river trade and find a little something worth our own while in the bargain. I'd rather split the ivory with you lads than deal with the others. I know a bad apple when I see one; Morvran won't share with anyone except at sword's point."

It is now plain that Grimabalth is as much worried about Morvran finding the hoard as he is about the bandit harming Lumimies villagers. He is also worried that, should the bandits destroy the village, there may be no one left who knows exactly where the ivory is. With armed and trustworthy allies to support him against the bandits, Grimabalth feels that now is the time to venture north. If the PCs ask why Grimabalth doesn't use other Rivermen to help him, his explanation is simple: "You heard the way you were laughed at. These lads have no time for treasure hunts. I am merely *hoping* that what I've heard is true—I make no guarantees."

If the PCs offer to help keep track of Morvran and search for Grimabalth's rumored ivory, the couple offers their help as guides and scouts. In exchange for their services—especially if the journey requires the use of canoes—they also demand a full share (each) of any treasure found. The PCs would be foolish to turn down the couple's offer, as their assistance as guides and interpreters would be invaluable. It also gives them a great advantage over Morvran: while the bandits must *find* their path northward, the Rivermen *know* the proper path and can take advantage of the most direct route.

The journey can be as uneventful or as wild and dramatic as the GM desires. In any event, the PCs must leave the Lhûn and strike overland where the southern edge of the Wash Tundra meets the Talath Muil. Thus, while Morvran and the bandits have a week's head-start on the PC party, they must swing much farther west and find a suitable place to ford the Lhûn. This gives PCs time to catch up or even reach Aamukuu ahead of the bandits.

Arrival in Aamukuu

The PCs' arrival in the village is a source of much curiosity and interest for the people. While most of the villagers remain shy and aloof, the old, well-traveled hunter Yhdeksän Taivasta steps forward to greet them, bidding them welcome and offering them what hospitality his small village can provide. If the PCs make no threatening moves or outrageous social *faux pas*, they are welcome to stay in the village. However, if the PCs immediately begin sounding alarms or attempting to warn villagers against the bandits, they succeed only in confusing the Lumimiehet, leading many to misunderstand the warnings and mistakenly perceive all southerners (including the PCs) as a threat. Treat such immediate warnings as a Sheer Folly (-50) Influence maneuver. If Grimabalth and Sionnach are with the party, they can advise PCs against such a course of action. If the party bides its time and allows a certain "getting to know you" period of familiarity to take place, their overtures and warnings are much more easily accepted. Unfortunately, the PCs do not have a great deal of time for exchanging idle pleasantries with the villagers.

Morvran's Arrival

Morvran and his band of ruffians ride into Aamukuu sometime within the next four days. This causes almost as much excitement as the PCs' arrival. Never before in the history of the village have two groups of strangers arrived in such quick succession. The bandits have reconnoitered the village and are well aware that the PCs are there. They realize that they cannot overcome both the villagers and the PC party, but equally have no intention of letting the PCs have it all their own way.

> *About midday there is a sudden stir in the village. Many excited voices are raised in wonder and amazement. There are riders coming! From the south comes Morvran astride a great, grey war-horse, leading a group of twenty mounted men and a string of some twenty more horses, ponies and mules. Morvran obviously wishes to appear as a conquering general.*
>
> *As Yhdeksän Taivasta approaches Morvran, the bandit reins his horse to a stop, leading the beast back and forth restively before the Losson. Yhdeksän Taivasta welcomes the new arrivals as he did you. Then Morvran leans forward insolently, folds his arms and rests his weight on the back of the war-horse's great neck. "Are we welcome indeed! Then I thank you for your kind hospitality, Snowman. To be sure, I thank you so very much!"*
>
> *After this, there is a ripple of laughter among Morvran's followers. It is plain by his attitude and tone of voice that he regards the villagers as mere rubes and bumpkins—to be ordered about or dismissed as he sees fit. Yhdeksän Taivasta returns to his place by the fire while the rest of the villagers begin to drift away by twos and threes.*

The Lumimiehet are not particularly offended by Morvran's aristocratic air, regarding it on a par with the social blunders of a child, and simply move to correct the mistake in etiquette. Morvran soon finds himself in the center of a circle of ostracized silence. The bandits suffer a -30 penalty to all Influence maneuvers (a bad first impression is hard to overcome).

> *While nonplused by the Lossoth, Morvran is quick-witted enough to realize he has made a mistake. Still seated on his horse, glaring down at Yhdeksän Taivasta for a moment, he suddenly collects himself and smiles his most winning smile.*
>
> *"I beg your pardon, kind sir. I have ridden far and am tired and out of sorts. I have no wish to offend you or the good people of this village. I and my men gladly accept your offer of hospitality."*
>
> *At this point he pauses, waiting to see if he is making a better impression. The villagers are very aloof and distant, themselves waiting to see the reaction of Yhdeksän Taivasta, who says nothing, but merely motions with a sweep of his arm that the riders are welcome to join him at the fire.*

After his initial rebuff, Morvran is very slow to show his true colors. Taking a "watch and wait" approach, he is neither glib nor haughty in dealing with the Lumimiehet. The bandit chieftain keeps his men in line and severely upbraids any who deliberately offend the villagers. It is his plan to undercut the PCs and gain the villagers' confidence. He does not warn against the PCs, since a blatant warning is simply not his way, preferring as he does a more secretive and underhanded approach of planting doubts and misconceptions among the Lumimiehet. He and his men attempt to avoid the PCs as much as possible, interacting with the party only when villagers are present. The bandits are smart enough not to attack the PCs, as they well know a guest who attacks another guest is not welcome for long.

Morvran and his men continually spread the rumor that the PCs might be a scouting party from Angmar searching for slaves to work in the mines there (though they never say so directly, and all is spoken out of the hearing of the PCs). This causes a great deal of confusion among the Lumimiehet, especially if the PCs persist in warning them about Morvran's allegedly evil intentions. Having little or no experience with foreigners, they have no way of judging who is telling the truth. While village life goes on in its daily routine, the villagers have much to think about.

During this time Morvran becomes known as Tyhjäkätinen, the Empty-handed, due to the noticeable fact he never offers anyone anything. While he does not like the name, there is little Morvran can do about it, so he merely grins and bears it. As the rumor mill grinds on, the Lumimiehet become more and more uneasy with both the PC party and the bandits. Eventually, Yhdeksän Taivasta calls Morvran and the leader or spokesman for the PCs to join him at the communal hearth.

> *Yhdeksän Taivasta crouches by the fire, warming his hands. The wood smoke rises in a billowing column and the fire crackles loudly. Many of the villagers are crowding round to hear what is said (or left unsaid). Morvran stands stiffly and slightly aloof. Ready at his side are several armed followers. He seems uneasy with the proceedings. Like yourselves, he has no idea what game is afoot or why he has been called to the fire.*
>
> *Without warning, Yhdeksän Taivasta stands and begins speaking: "Strangers to my village, I have been chosen to speak to you. The people grow ill at ease among you. Some are afraid of you, and others want you to leave. Tyhjäkätinen claims the first ones to our village are here to take us as slaves to Mustanoistuuden Kaupunki; the first ones claim Tyhjäkätinen is lying and is a bandit out of the South, here only to take ivory and steal what he can.*
>
> *"We have decided that the strangers must either leave or, if they stay, they must live by our ways and our laws. The rivals may stay only if the matter is settled rightly. Let there be song duel, and the people shall judge who is right and who is wrong. Let them sing!"*
>
> *Even before Yhdeksän Taivasta has finished speaking, a great cheer goes up from the crowd. Apparently the villagers are looking forward to the contest.*

Any side failing to participate in the contest must immediately leave the village (or be forcibly removed). It should be noted by the GM that, from the villagers' point of view, the song duel merely means that the rivalry between the two groups must be ended. It does not mean that the loser must leave. The villagers simply want the feud between the two groups ended.

> ***The Song duel***
>
> *As the sun sets, the sky turns from a bright golden-red in the west to light blue overhead and a deep purple-black in the east. A fresh, west wind from the distant sea brings a chill and just a hint of salt tang to the air. The villagers are gathering in a large circle, milling about the communal hearth at the center of the village, eager for the contest to begin. To watch such a contest between strangers is a unique and rare opportunity for them. There is much laughter and a few old songs are sung.*
>
> *The crowd is immediately hushed in anticipation of the impending spectacle as Yhdeksän Taivasta steps forward into the light. His old voice sounds strong and clear through the village. "Our visitors from the South are of two minds. They cannot decide among themselves or come to common agreement. They are of strong and angry minds, and blood may be shed because of it. So it has been agreed that, lest a feud be started, the people of the South shall settle their differences in the ways of our fathers' fathers. Now is the time and this is the place: the songs must be sung and the decision made. Let the Singers come forth."*
>
> *As Yhdeksän Taivasta speaks, his breath frosts slightly on the cold air and the silver-white mist shimmers in the firelight, punctuating the seriousness of his words. As he steps back into the anonymity of the crowd, a great cheer goes up from the villagers as the individuals chosen to do battle by song step forward.*

The villagers cheer for the contest in general and do not take sides. They are completely impartial judges, rendering as honest an opinion as possible. However, the PC party may have several things going for them, while the reverse may be true for Morvran. The GM may settle the contest as a simple Influence maneuver by each singer. The chosen PC gains all bonuses for Acting skill and for any skills from the Influence group. Any Dwarven PC who has delighted the crowd previously with tales of Durin retains his +20 bonus. Morvran, while well-versed in acting and playing the part, has inadvertently alienated a good deal of his audience by being rude to the PCs and obviously ill at ease among the villagers. In the song duel, this disaffection toward the bandit translates into a -10 penalty.

The GM might ignore actual results and simply consider the high score as winner. However, for the sheer fun of it, the GM should try to make the song duel as realistic as possible. The GM may allow the players time to produce a suitably derogatory song concerning Morvran and his bandits. The GM may contrive one concerning the PCs or use the more generic song that follows. The song below is not of a favored style of the Lumimiehet, being more accusatory than sarcastic and demeaning, but considering the song duel is a new and almost incomprehensible idea for Morvran and the bandits, it is the best they can do.

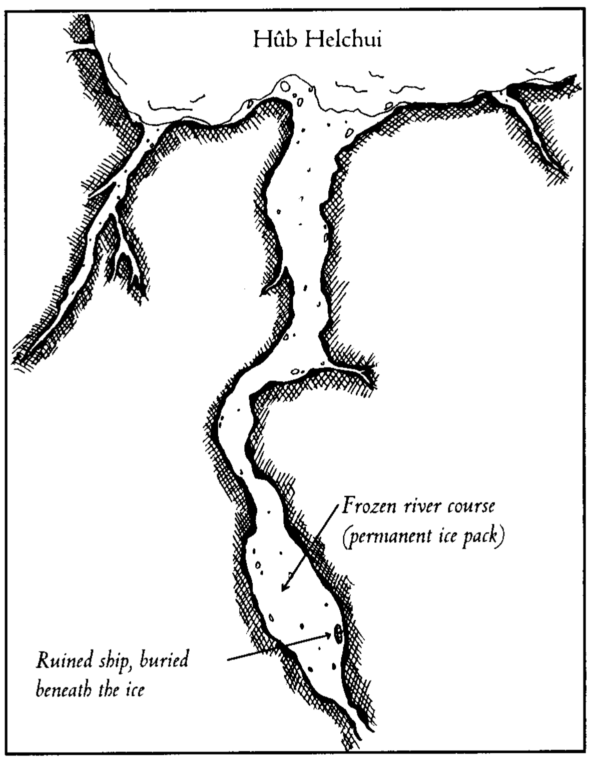
My brothers from the South,
Their hearts so full of black blood and greed,
Let my words fall upon their ears
As the skinning knife upon the rabbit's pelt.
They come empty-handed and hungry-mouthed.
What warnings can they give
That the brave and noble Lossoth need hear?
I ask why are they truly here?
My brothers from the South,
What do you seek here
Where only the Friends of Winter have need to go?
Why do you disturb the village of Aamukuu?
They are good-hearted and kind.
Do you seek to wrest them from the land,
Or have you some other dark purpose?

No matter who wins the contest, the villagers consider the rivalry between the bandits and the PCs to be at an end. If the dice rolls or the GM determines that Morvran wins the song duel, it is a short-lived victory. Morvran is not a gracious winner and lords it over the PCs, offending the Lumimiehet by such behavior. He and his band are ostracized and forced to leave the village. Any PCs who also persist in rivalrous behavior with the bandits suffer the same fate. If the PCs win the song duel, they gain repute for being "good singers," yet not at the expense of the bandits. Morvran, however, does not see it this way, viewing the contest only through the mindset of "winner and loser." If Morvran loses the contest, he and his bandits leave the village, but remain close by to keep an eye on things. Morvran has no wish to be trapped into living by the laws of the Lumimiehet.

The Bone Boat

The PCs may broach the subject of ivory at any time they wish. The villagers are surprised that the southerners find it such a wonderful and rare commodity, even feeling slightly sorry that they do not have such a useful and (what is to them) readily available item. However, until the dispute between the PCs and bandits is settled, the villagers have no interest in discussing ivory or its possible location. The Lumimiehet simply want to be sure of who they are dealing with before revealing anything. While innocent of greed or the ability to practice any sort of skullduggery, Yhdeksän Taivasta has traveled widely and has informed the other villagers of certain unpleasant truths about people in the South, and so they are not completely witless.

While they consider the great hoard of ivory more trouble to get to than it is worth, they understand that others may feel differently. If any of the villagers of Aamukuu are approached and asked about ivory, they either refer the PCs to Yhdeksän Taivasta or begin talking of hunting walrus and whale. If the PCs



The Bone Boat, map



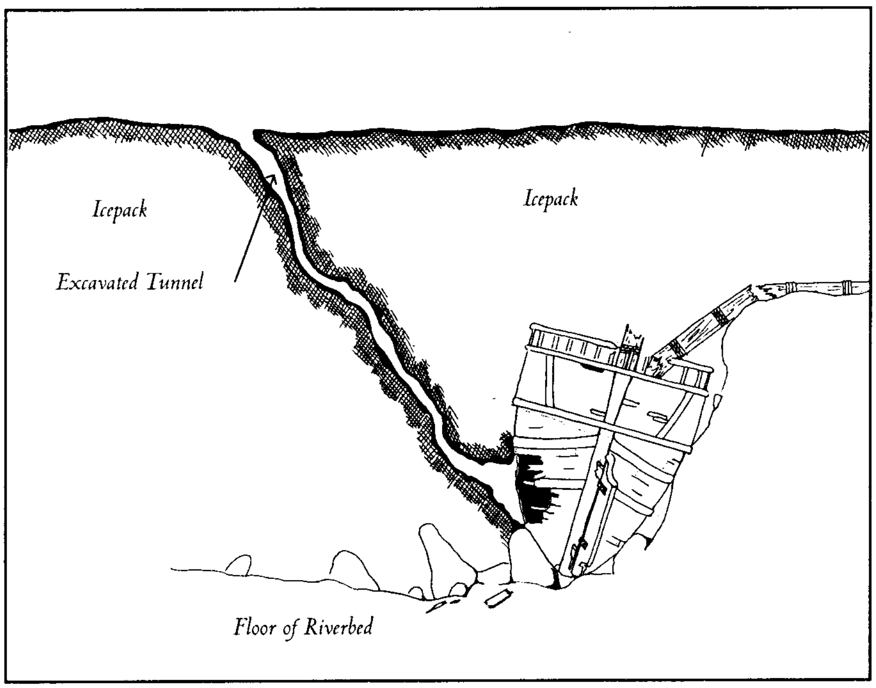
ask Yhdeksän Taivasta concerning ivory, he feigns ignorance until the PCs' rivalry is settled with the bandits. After the song duel, he is more than willing to discuss the matter.

> *You are sitting beside the firepit in Yhdeksän Taivasta's lodge. There is a light scent of herbs, earth and fir-cones. The fire is little more than glowing coals and lights the room with a soft, ruddy glow. Yhdeksän Taivasta is stretched out comfortably on a bearskin near the hearth and stares thoughtfully at the roof of the lodge.*
>
> *"You ask of ivory, but do not know what you ask. Yes, we know where there is ivory, but we do not go there. It is better to hunt walrus and whale. The hunt is part of the* tasapaino *and good for a man. To dig through the snow for things from long ago is unwise. There are things outside Ympyrä there, things best left undisturbed. My advice is to hunt; but I see your desire is strong, so I will show the way."*

If asked to explain what things from outside Ympyrä he is referring to, Yhdeksän Taivasta merely shrugs and says: "You must see to understand." The Lumimiehet think the PCs' idea of searching out a hoard of ivory is somewhat foolhardy and pointless. As far as the villagers are concerned, there is ivory for the taking in every walrus and whale, but they are willing to "go along with the gag" so long as it causes them no harm. They also believe that since Men of the South collected this ivory, the same should be allowed to take it away.

Yhdeksän Taivasta leads the expedition, but many other villagers seem to know where he is going. Amid the chatter and conversation of the villagers tagging along with the party the PCs continually overhear the word *luuvene*, "bone boat." If asked, Yhdeksän Taivasta explains that long ago, in the time of his grandfather's grandfather, Men sailed out of the South on a large ship looking for ivory, just as the PCs. They hunted and whaled all the spring and summer and late into autumn, ranging far and wide, and collected a great hoard of walrus tusk and whalebone. They filled their great ship, but it sank under the weight of the load and was buried under ice and snow. The ship is still there with its ivory cargo. Beyond this simple story Yhdeksän Taivasta supplies no further details.

The Bone Boat, cross section



> *After half a day's march north and west, the old hunter comes to a shallow valley about a mile from the sea. Yhdeksän Taivasta scans the horizon, turning full circle as if securely orienting himself. "Here," he says solemnly. "What you seek is here." As you look about, you see only an unbroken field of ice and snow. If there is ivory here, it must be mined from under the icy blanket like ore.*
>
> *The Lossoth do not understand your impatience at the slow progress of delving a tunnel to the ship: they dig, scraping out the ice and snow for a while, and then the work comes to a complete halt while they sit, talking and eating with their companions. To them this is a regular family outing. Finally, in the waning sunlight and cold afternoon air comes: Tie on auki! ("The way is open!") The Lossoth have burrowed a tunnel into the ice.*

All Mannish and Dwarven characters entering and moving along the passage through the snow risk causing a cave-in. (Hobbits and Elven characters are either small enough or graceful and lithe enough to make the passage without incident.) All Moving maneuvers in the tunnel are Extremely Hard (-50). The GM should roll for every 20' of tunnel a PC crawls through. (Contortion skill bonus applies here.) If a roll results in Failure, the GM ignores the Moving maneuver Failure Table, because in this instance Failure means 10' of tunnel has collapsed on the PC. If a number results, it indicates the percentage chance that the tunnel does not collapse (e.g., a result of 40 means there is a 60% chance of the tunnel collapsing, while a 90 indicates there is only a 10% chance of calamity). Results of 100 or more indicates the passage has no chance of collapsing.

In the event of a collapse, all light sources are extinguished and the PC is trapped until extricated. Those trapped have little chance of dying from the incident, but take a "T" (-50) Cold critical every 10 rounds they are buried. This can quickly escalate into a very dangerous situation should the tunnel further collapse on a would-be rescuer. As the tunnel is only wide enough for one individual at a time, the rescuer must be uncovered before the original victim can be reached. The time required to rescue a character buried by a collapse is left to the GM's discretion and is greatly dependent on the tools at hand and spells used. As a rule of thumb, it requires six rounds for an individual using only bare hands to remove one foot of ice and snow from the tunnel.

> *You crawl and shimmy your way through the narrow confines of the opening. As you struggle and grunt, forcing your way forward, you suddenly smell it. Where there was only the clean, almost odorless ice and snow, there now comes a musty but pleasant aroma, like that of a large library or warehouse. Before you is a small opening, revealing only darkness beyond.*
>
> *As you push your way through the dark opening, there is a feeling of openness and space around you, as if you had entered a large cavern. Your hand touches no longer ice, but something smooth and rounded. Then you suddenly realize what you are kneeling on! Your knees are pressed against a neatly stacked pile walrus tusks, which glitter with frost and seem only slightly yellowed with age.*
>
> *From your perch on the mound of ivory, you see at least a dozen other such neatly stacked piles of tusk and whalebone. As you look about in awe at the sheer quantity of ivory, you see an unwelcome sight in the far corner. There, leaning against one of the ivory mounds, is the withered corpse of a man. He sits upright, his back against the mound, his hands folded over a leather-bound journal in his lap. His eyes are gone and his skin blackened by the everlasting cold; but even in death, his face still retains a certain proud and stern majesty.*

If the PCs examine the leather-bound journal, they receive the answers to the questions of how and why the ivory hoard came to be. The journal is some hundred pages in length, and the cold has preserved it well during its long interment under the snow. Its many pages detail the ill-fated expedition, much taken up with a detailed inventory of what the hunting parties brought back. However, of real importance to the PCs are the following entries detailing how the ship and ivory remained in the North.

Ambir's Journal

2 Hithui: *Ill-tidings today. One of the first storms of winter struck us at unawares in the night and drove us aground. While the ship is in good repair, the masts have been splintered. It will be a slow journey home unless they can be repaired, and all repairs as can be made are being made. My greatest fear is the onset of winter ice: it may be difficult to force a way for the ship back to the water. The men are grumbling. They are ill-prepared for such cold, and wish to depart for warmer climes as soon as possible.*

14 Hithui: *We have tried since high tide (nine days ago) to move the ship, but to no avail. She is as frozen to the channel as a barnacle to the bow. The men desire to dump our cargo and lighten the load, but this I cannot allow. We have such precious store of ivory that it can purchase arms and men for days uncounted. To abandon such wealth on the beach is tantamount to treason, and a betrayal of the king who sent us here. I will not have it, so long as I have breath in my lungs and a sword at my side. The men become more and more restless, and I fear they will abandon the expedition ere long.*

18 Hithui: *It is as I foretold. The men have mutinied and refuse to stay with the ship. I felt that if we could but survive the winter, the spring thaw would bring hope of re-floating the ship, but the men have taken such supplies as we have left and set their faces south for the long land journey home. I feel no ill-will toward them; the everlasting cold and dreariness of this place are as much as a man can bear. I stay here alone in the hopes that the spring or summer may bring a rescue.*

From that point on the journal entries become fewer and farther between. In the end, the cold, starvation and loneliness unhinged Amhir's mind. The final entries of the journal are the incoherent ramblings of a madman. None of the mutineers survived the return trip to Arthedain to tell the tale of the expedition. The journal would be of great interest to the librarians of Annúminas, who might pay anywhere from 100 to 500 gp for it (dependent on its condition and how well PCs can negotiate).

The whalebone and ivory (c. 1,200 lbs of it) are worth about 10,000 gp on the open market in Tharbad (8 gp/lb). How much of this ivory the PCs are able to recover and transport is left for the GM to work out. The village of Aamukuu is not equipped with dog-sleds or horses. Therefore, unless PCs have their own beasts of burden, any sleds must be pulled by the PCs themselves. The Lumimiehet might agree to act as bearers, but only for one or two days journey from their village. As the villagers do not value the ivory as highly as them, the PCs must compensate the Lumimiehet with either several pounds of ivory or other objects that they value (knives, blankets, warm clothes, etc.).



Ambir's Log

The Journey Home

Morvran and the bandits do not attack the village or the PCs until they are assured of the location of any ivory. If or when the ivory is located, the bandits waste no time in attempting to recover it by theft, negotiation or brute force. Even if the PCs leave a good deal of ivory behind, Morvran is not satisfied until he has *all* of it in his possession.

The PCs' homeward journey contains the same hazards and difficulties they endured coming up the river. In fact, if they have recovered the ivory, the journey home should be even more difficult, as thieves of all sorts take particular interest in them. This is especially true if Morvran or any of his band are able to follow their trail. The bandits hound the party until the PCs are either able to take to the river Lhûn or arrive at a village or town. In both cases the bandits must give up the chase, since they have no boats and are on unfriendly terms with the Rivermen. They do not have enough men to attack a village.



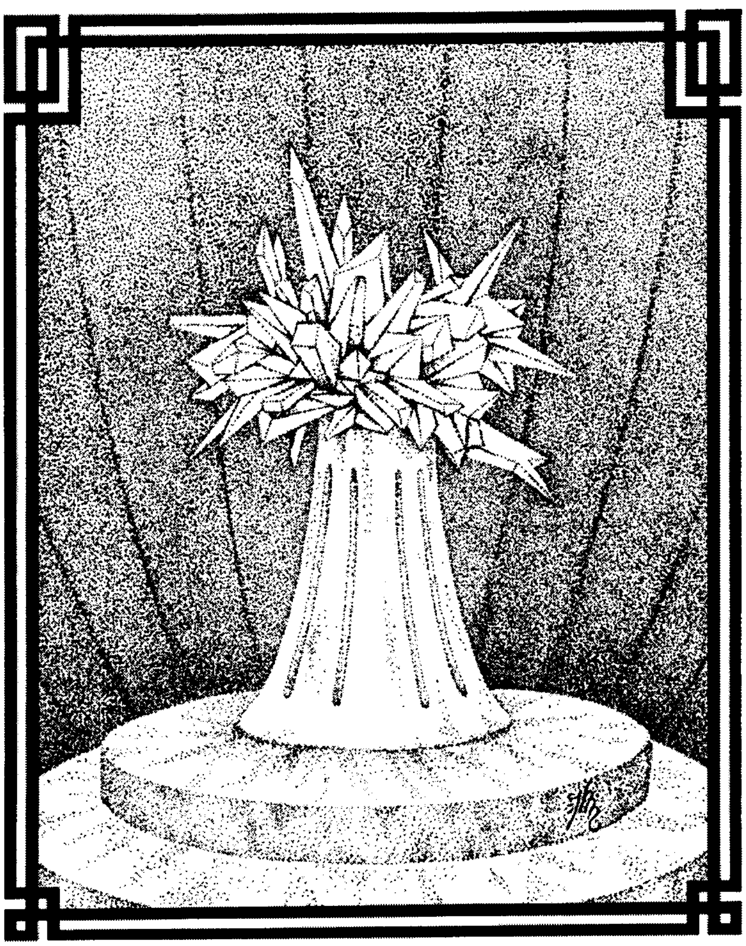
13.2 THE HAUNTED BERG

In no other deed has the Witch-king of Angmar so manifestly revealed his destructive bent than in the evils he commits against the Ystävät Talven. Incapable of posing any threat to his warlike realm, the Men of Forodwaith nonetheless suffer the Ringwraith's undying hatred because they refuse to acknowledge his rule (such concepts being utterly foreign to them). Harboring no aspirations of territorial dominion over the profitless North, the Lord of the Nazgûl persecutes his innocuous neighbors for the sole end of instilling terror and despair in the hearts of all Free Peoples.

Greatest among the horrors visited upon the Ystävät Talven at the Witch-king's bidding are the cursed spell-beads he has cast into their midst. Tainted with the Morgul-lord's inhuman sorceries, these seemingly harmless trinkets infect their victims with a malady for which there is no cure within Middle-earth: the hell of sleepless death. By drawing upon the magical energies of these *loitsuhelmet,* their wielders unknowingly bind their souls to serve the Witch-king in death—utterly enslaved, unless he himself should be destroyed and his spirit vanquished from Arda.

The spell-bead blight has taken many sinister forms since its inception some thirty years ago. Over the course of time, the spirit-namers and wise ones among the Ystävät Talven have devised protective enchantments to counter the plague and hold it in check; but ever and anon the Witch-king devises new and cunning ploys to thwart such efforts, reaping a harvest of undeath where none had thought possible. Such is now the fate of one of the *hautauskummut,* the sacred burial bergs of the Merimetsästäjät.

The Meripihka



13.2.1 THE TALE

Not long after the *loitsuhelmi* blight began, a woman from among the Merimetsästäjät of Berg Cradle Bay sought the aid of the Spirit World for the preservation of her people. This *viisas,* Elämänantaja by name, undertook a long and perilous journey into the frozen wilderness of Forochel, seeking for some power that would defend the Merimetsästäjät against the undead horror that now plagued them. Elämänantaja achieved her quest, returning to her ancestral berg-delving with a strange and wondrous artifact: a solid, resinous mass. In truth, this was one of the *yavannîri,* the Tears of Yavanna, whose tale the Noldor of Evermist were soon to learn from the wizard Aiwendil.

Elämänantaja would reveal to no one how she had come across the translucent mass, which she called the Meripihka (La. "Sea-resin"); but she bade them set it within their burial berg, maintaining that its sanctifying influence would constrain the spirits of the unquiet dead interred there and prevent other wicked spirits from infesting the corpses of the deceased. Though no cure for the affliction could be discovered by their spirit-namers and wise ones (for few yet perceived its true source), the Merimetsästäjät were spared the worst evils of the blight. Drawing upon the power of Meripihka, Elämänantaja developed protective rituals to ward off the undead, or to set binding enchantments upon their sarcophagi so that they might not break the bonds of their imprisonment to trouble the living.

In time, Elämänantaja's fame carried the tale of his foiled plot to the ears of the Witch-king. Incensed at the thwarting of his designs by a mere mortal, the Nazgûl pondered how he might be fittingly avenged on Elämänantaja and how he might rob the Merimetsästäjät of their magical protection. In the end, the Morgul-lord resolved to deal out this vengeance by his own hand.

The Ringwraith purposed to bring Elämänantaja under his evil influence through *loitsuhelmet* specially tainted for that purpose. Once under their power, these spell-beads would compel the enslaved *viisas* to enter the protected berg and destroy all of the wards confining the undead to their tombs. Then, with a veritable army of walking corpses to assist her, Elämänantaja would perform a ritual, summoning the wind-horde to drive the *hautauskumpu* away from Berg Cradle Bay. Aware that the Meripihka would not suffer the touch of any undead, the cunning Witch-king hoped through this stratagem to rid the Merimetsästäjät of their talisman by simply luring the entire berg out onto the open sea, where it would eventually melt and be lost forever.

The Witch-king's design has thus far gone almost entirely according to plan—almost, for when the Ringwraith came secretly to the shores of Berg Cradle Bay to bestow the beads upon Elämänantaja, he found only her servant Sinipilvi. Unwilling to await the return of the *viisas,* lest in the presence of many eyes his disguise be penetrated, the Morgul-lord contented himself with a lesser vessel for the fruition of his evil purpose. As a consequence, many more years would pass before the slow-working *loitsuhelmet* would take effect; for Sinipilvi was young and hale, unlike her aging mentor, and any spell-beads whose taint was less subtly hidden would risk discovery by the increasingly wary and vigilant spirit-namers and wise ones of the Ystävät Talven.

Sinipilvi's encounter with the Lord of the Nazgûl is well-known among the Merimetsästäjät of Berg Cradle Bay, for she recounted it often, and after she succumbed to the blight many perceived its ominous significance for the first time. Whether the tale refashioned the details of the meeting to fit the cultural expectations of its audience is unknown. The episode follows the well-worn pattern of a typical Merimetsästäjä morality tale: a seemingly useful gift is received, unlooked for, out of what appeared to be a fearful situation.

Sinipilvi and the Cloaked Visitor

Some twenty winters ago on a night such as this, a traveler from the South, so heavily cloaked in black robes that his face could not be seen, came to the house of Elämänantaja the viisas. *But Elämänantaja was not there; she had gone to the Feast of the New Moon in the* jäätalo, *leaving Sinipilvi her servant to tend to her affairs alone. It was a cold winter's night, and none should have been out wandering. Sinipilvi heard footsteps outside the* pyöreä talo*—crunch, crunch, crunching, like the sound of a dog eating a bone. Sinipilvi was afraid, fearing that something of Ulkopuolesta was lurking outside.*

Then came a soft call, like the hissing of spindrift on the rocks of the bayshore in summer: "Viisas!"

Sinipilvi's fear did not let her answer.

"Viisas!" *came the call, louder and clearer. In crept a large man. He filled the entrance, and Sinipilvi thought he would not get through without damaging the house. Sinipilvi snatched up her* riimuveitsi *and stood ready.*

"Where is the viisas *called Elämänantaja?" came the voice from the black robes.*

Sinipilvi was still but a foolish girl at the time, and answered primly: "Gone to the Feast of the New Moon."

Then came a long hiss, like the sizzle of fat that is cast into the fire. Sinipilvi shivered all over, but was not cold.

"I need mustasormen lääke,*" said the stranger. Sinipilvi feared what Elämänantaja would say if she handed out her mistress' small supply of that herb to a stranger, so she claimed to have none; but the stranger seemed to sniff the air like a dog.*

"There" came his voice as he pointed to the very pouch that held the herb. How he knew such a thing Sinipilvi never learned. Suddenly, the stranger reached into his black robes and drew out a small pouch of his own. "I will pay with these," he said. Into Sinipilvi's hand the cloaked stranger placed several loitsuhelmet; *and Sinipilvi took them, for the wise did not yet perceive them as the source of the blight. The stranger took the herb-pouch and left—crunch, crunch, crunch, the footsteps disappeared into the night.*

When Elämänantaja returned she was sorry she had missed the visitor, but was not angry with Sinipilvi for giving away the mustasormen lääke, *and allowed her to keep the beads as her rightful payment. Soon after, Sinipilvi discovered that the* loitsuhelmet *contained* lääke tarmo*—healing energy—as well as other powers of foresight and dream-trance, and with them she gained a reputation to rival that of Elämänantaja, who died in peace two years later.*

But alas for Sinipilvi! Her end was very evil. If only she had not perceived the signs sooner! For with the coming of spring after her meeting with the cloaked stranger, the pouch of mustasormen lääke *that Sinipilvi had traded the spell-beads for was found only a hundred strides from Elämänantaja's* pyöreä talo. *"The man must have dropped it," thought Sinipilvi, scarcely imagining the evils that exchange would bring to her and to all of us.*

Thus, while Sinipilvi drew upon the power of the *loitsuhelmet* to heal her neighbors of their injuries, predict the weather and seek knowledge through dream-lore, her heart was slowly darkened and her mind clouded with despair. To Sinipilvi, the healing of hurts seemed a useless effort to stave off the inevitability of death, bitter storms were the only weather to be predicted, and the dark, brooding dreamscapes she wandered offered no knowledge that she desired to learn. In the end, in unbearable despair, she walked out onto the ice-floes, taking her two daughters and son with her, ending her life and theirs.

Alas, this dark deed of forlorn hopelessness served only to bring the Witch-king's plans closer to fruition. Unable to find respite for her weary spirit, Sinipilvi's corpse stirred again to horrible unlife, performing only the Nazgûl's will. Together with her brood Sinipilvi entered the *hautauskumpu* of her people, and commenced her foul labors for the arousing of all creatures of Ulkopuolesta from their warded tombs, and summoning others from beyond. Soon she transformed the burial berg into a guarded citadel of terror, preparing the summoning ritual that would propel the Merpihka into oblivion.

13.2.2 THE NPCS

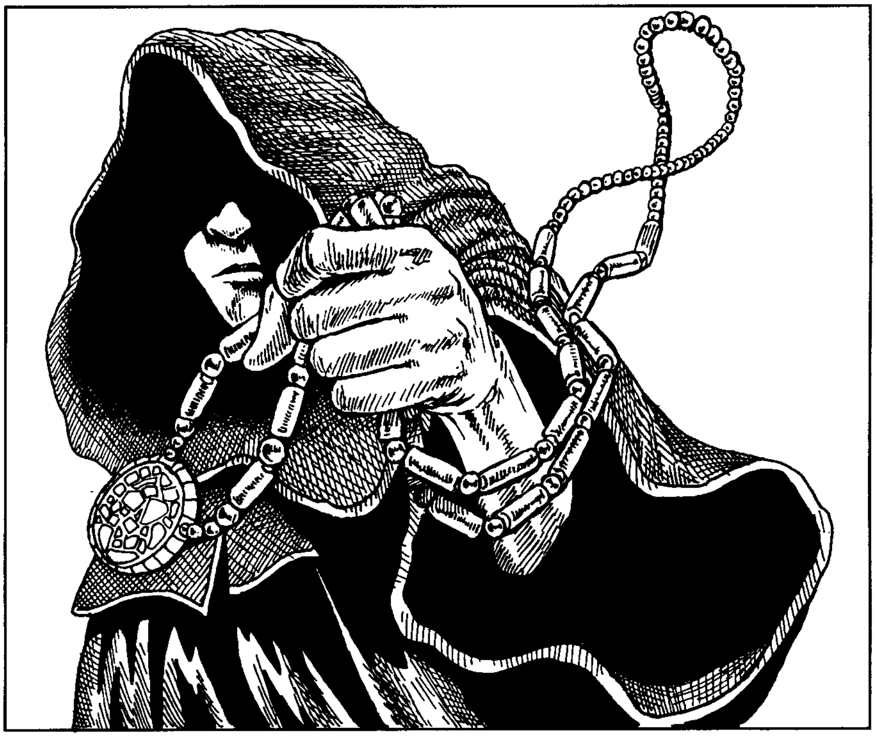
Nuorilintu

Nuorilintu (La. "Young Bird") was a Merimetsästäjä scout of excellent reputation, both for physical prowess and hunting skills, a handsome and intelligent young man in good standing with the Valaskalan Palvonta and the people in general. But then Nuorilintu volunteered to lead a party of Sea-hunters into the haunted burial berg, and now he is halt of speech and often sits for hours at a time, staring blankly at some invisible horror. At other times he is constantly nervous, starting and looking around wildly at the slightest whisper.

In truth, Nuorilintu escaped the *hautauskumpu* by sheer luck, fighting his way back to the entrance. Once there, he dove into the boat, the sheer force of his leap sending it careening out into the water, away from the undead within. He rowed away from the berg and was later found on the shore, shivering and staring blankly out to sea. If the PCs attempt to read the young man's thoughts with a *Telepathy* spell, they are quickly lost in the swirling confusion of Nuorilintu's mind. A *Mental Cures* spell might heal Nuorilintu (but would take 1-50 days to do so). While he is able to tell the full story of what transpired, under no condition, healed or unhealed, will (a living) Nuorilintu return to the burial berg.

If questioned, Nuorilintu responds in a jumbled disarray of useful or useless information. At all times it is difficult for him to speak, and he often interrupts himself, stares about wildly and yells "Ei, Serkku, Ei!" (La. "No, Cousin, No!"). What he means by this he cannot say. He repeats only that his cousin Lumilintu is there. If the PCs ask others about this, they are told that Nuorilintu and Lumilintu were cousins and best of friends. However, Lumilintu was always a sickly lad and died two winters ago of some ailment. What the others do not know is that Nuorilintu was attacked in the burial berg by Lumilintu's spirit-infested corpse. This is one of the many terrors that has unhinged his mind.

With patience and long effort, the immediately useful information PCs might finally coax from Nuorilintu is that the *hautauskumpu* is infested with undead for which he has no name. How many, how strong they are or where they are within the berg is beyond



The Cloaked Visitor

his ability to communicate. He knows only that Sinipilvi, the *viisas*, lurks in the Great Hall. If the PCs are patient and gentle enough in their questioning, Nuorilintu seems to finally come to himself momentarily and states in a flat, whispered monotone:

"Sinipilvi was there at the landing as I rowed away. I heard her laugh like the screeching of some evil bird. She called to me, and I could not keep from turning and looking at her. Her eyes were like pale campfires seen from far away. I shivered but could not look away. Her voice came wandering to me over the water. She spoke as if she were talking to everyone, not just me. She said: 'Your days are ended, Sea-hunter, now is the time of the new beginning. Your children belong to me now.' I remember nothing else until I was found by hunters the next day."

Iltatuuli

Iltatuuli (La. "Evening Wind") is a senior member of the Valaskalan Palvonta of Berg Cradle Bay. For a Merimetsästäjä he is very well-traveled, and among his people he is one of the few who speaks passable Westron. Iltatuuli is wise in the ways of wave, wind and weather, and, if he can be persuaded, the old whaler would be an asset to any adventuring party. (His boatmanship alone is worth having him along, but he is also a seasoned warrior.) In any fight, Iltatuuli is a fair strategist and as fearless as any. While Iltatuuli has no great fear of the undead, he is in no hurry to face them either.

Iltatuuli's rugged, sun-baked, wind-scoured face is marked with the deep lines of hard work and worry. He is often taciturn, but never deliberately unfriendly. Iltatuuli's silence is the habit of a fisherman who spends many long hours alone at sea, though he can be lively enough to tell a good tale when the mood or need suits him.

GM Note: *Iltatuuli's philosophy of life is to allow things to happen as they will. Therefore, to join the party, he must be convinced of the urgency of the matter. This requires a Medium (+0) Influence maneuver. However, PCs gain a +10 bonus in their negotiations for each of the following: the sailor does not have to use his own boat or equipment, the PCs may provide the boat and weapons and any payment of a good, warm pair of boots, a blanket, or a coat for joining the venture.*

If allowed to collect his thoughts and concentrate on memories of journeys taken in his youth, Iltatuuli is able to communicate in Westron at Rank 3. (However, since he does not get opportunities to speak it very often, the GM may wish to start him off at Rank 2. Then, as he continues to converse in the language, his fluency slowly returns. The GM can use this lack of fluency to cause serious or comical misunderstandings between him and any non-Labbic speaking PCs.)

Lumipallo

Lumipallo (La. "Snowball") came into the world under the shadow of his mother's hopelessness, following Sinipilvi into death and beyond. Lumipallo appears as a short but strong man. His hair is long, stringy and full of ice, clattering about his head if he moves quickly. Anyone coming within 15' of him must make a 10th level RR or be affected as if by *Fear's Song.*

Lumipallo's tactics are relatively simple. While armed with his +10 spear and +10 runeknife (which allows him to cast *Fog Call* 2 x/day), Lumipallo attempts to stay out of hand-to-hand range. Upon detection of intruders, he immediately uses the runeknife to fill the entrance to his chamber with dense fog. He then stands back, deploying his spells and undead allies to best effect. Once a scout, Lumipallo is fond of Open Channeling spells from the Calm Spirits and Sound/Light Ways lists.

Puolikarhu

Puolikarhu (La. "Half-bear") died almost twenty-five years ago, but his tormented soul has yet to find peace. This once-huge, powerful and handsome *viisas* was a happily contented family man. His downfall came when he helped choose and excavate a new *jäätalo* with the aid of his tainted spell-beads. The berg broke apart, killing all aboard including his family. From that moment on, Puolikarhu was a man without joy or heart. He died shortly after this and was entombed in the crypts. His cursed spirit was haunted by the memory of the berg tragedy and found no rest. Sinipilvi now taunts and tortures him with his old memories; but Puolikarhu is independent of her and avoids her as much as possible. His only master is his endless grief.

In life, Puolikarhu was a master of phantasms, a painter in light and shadow, a veritable sculptor of illusions. He retains this skill in undeath, and PCs entering his presence behold the following illusion: the dead within their honeycomb-like walls, sliding and pushing their way out of their crypts and sarcophagi. Individuals viewing this horrible sight must make a 6th level RR or be affected as if by *Fear's Song.* Any PC so affected runs to the boat and attempts to row to shore, leaving all others stranded on the berg. The effect lasts only so long as the PC is within sight of the burial berg. The GM should note that there is no RR against the illusion, only against the fear it instills.

Puolikarhu was a large man. In death his skin is blackened, shrunken and shriveled by its long exposure to the cold. At times, he uses his skills in illusion to wrap himself in a more comely garment of flesh, but this is rare. If confronted by the PCs, Puolikarhu appears as a large slouching figure dressed in cracked and frost-covered sealskin. He has a pervasive air of forlorn anguish. His eyes do not glow like those of so many undead, but appear instead as pools of emptiness where no light shines and none is reflected.

In combat, Puolikarhu fights with a simple spear and bone dagger, but his greatest weapon is his aura of despair. Anyone coming within 25' of Puolikarhu is affected by his utter hopelessness and loses 2 points of Intuition per round. In addition, those within the circle of despair must make a 15th level RR or be affected as if by *Silence Song* and *Holding Song*. Actions become difficult for those affected, bereft of hope, and any attempted course of action is immediately dampened by the thought "What's the use?"

Punakäsi

Punakäsi (La. "Red-hand") was a renowned hunter of the Valaskalan Palvonta. He was called the Red-hand because of a runeknife he found as a youth. The blade has a pale red sheen and casts a red glow upon the hand that wields it. No one knew that the pallid blade, like the Witch-king's *loitsuhelmet*, was of evil origin—and in the hands of an innocent that knew not his danger. It slowly usurped Punakäsi's mind and corrupted his spirit.

Punakäsi's life was one long struggle versus an empty void he felt within himself. He died nearly fifteen years ago when he became entangled in his own harpoon line and was dragged to the bottom of the bay by a wounded whale. His body washed ashore a few days later and was entombed in the *hautauskumpu*. Though his spirit was free to leave the world, Punakäsi's body was inhabited by an unclean spirit attracted to the sorcerous weapon. Sinipilvi allows him to wander the burial berg, for he is as good a guardian as she might find, hating all life.

Punakäsi's corpse is short and stocky, but recalls a man of proud bearing with a cold, ravaged face and dank, blond hair. He wears a long, bearskin cloak over a brightly-decorated, padded, reindeer-skin jerkin. His eyes glow with a faint, bluish light, like the most distant of stars, and there is a heavy, tart, sea-salt odor in the air about him. Anyone coming within 25' of Punakäsi must make a 15th level RR or be affected as if by the Open Essence spell *Confusion*. Those failing lose 2 points of Intuition per round they are in the area of effect.

Apart from threats or scare tactics, Punakäsi's possessing spirit is uncommunicative, being more interested in killing or driving away intruders. If communication is established, the spirit answers questions with the briefest responses, which are likely to be sarcastic, confusing and contradictory. In combat, he wields Punakäsi's red-bladed runeknife (+10, *Long Whisper* 3 x/day) and a harpoon. He uses *Long Whisper* to constantly harass intruders.

If Punakäsi becomes aware of the PCs before they are aware of him, a PC (chosen at random by the GM) hears a hissing, nerve-grating whisper uttering such threats as "You will die here," "I am death" and "I am waiting for you." This can have a very disconcerting effect upon a PC, hearing whispers out of nowhere that none of the other party members seem to notice. After each whispered threat, the PC must make a RR or flee the *hautauskumpu* in fear. The RRs are rolled on a simple graduated scale (the first requiring a 1st level RR, the second a 2nd level RR, and so on). The PC may realize what is going on by making an Extremely Hard (-30) Perception maneuver or be convinced by another party member who makes an Influence maneuver of equal difficulty. Should either maneuver succeed, the PC recognizes Punakäsi's manipulation, obviating the need for further RRs.



Pieni Kukka

Pieni Kukka (La. "Small Flower") was the youngest daughter of Sinipilvi, but powerful in the ways of Open Essence lists. She readily and unquestioningly followed her mother into undeath. Pieni Kukka is armed with a +10 war club she has looted from another crypt. She is also armed with a knife concealed in a sheath beneath the fur-lined cape. Anyone venturing within 15' of her must make a 15th level RR or be affected by *Circle of Cold*.

Unisoturi

Unisoturi (La. "Dream Warrior") was seduced at a young age by the darker spirits of Forodwaith. While many of these spirits at first came to her call in fair guise and pleasant countenance, she was often beguiled and would, in the end, use them for suspect and dubious ends. Unisoturi's inevitable destruction came when one of these evil creatures, wrapped in a cloak of seeming benevolence, convinced her that she could summon Eloeklo without harm. It was a vain attempt to tame and control the Demon of the North Wind, and Unisoturi and most of her

village were destroyed for her arrogance. Her body is now occupied by the tempting spirit—a minion of Eloeklo himself, summoned by Sinipilvi to gain the aid of Tuulipahauus.

If forced into direct combat, Unisoturi is armed with a *Staff of Blinding* (20 charges) and a +10 harpoon. Anyone coming within 30' of her must make a 15th level RR or be affected as if by *Fear's Song*. Anyone looking directly into her glittering eyes must make a 5th level RR or be stunned for 2 rounds. Use a Routine (+30) Perception maneuver to determine if a PC has met the spirit's gaze. Any roll indicating success (partial or otherwise) means the PC has avoided the gaze and no RR is necessary.

Sinipilvi

Sinipilvi (La. "Blue Cloud") is (or was) somewhat small by Merimetsästäjä standards, and plain looking by virtually everyone's standards. She is armed with a +20 spear made from the long, polished horn of a narwhal mounted on a stout, solid ivory walrus tusk. The horn is carved with a line of swimming fish from its tip to its base. The tusk is left unmarked, with only a small hole drilled through the base for the attachment of a wrist-line, so that the weapon may be retrieved if thrown. It is an altogether lovely weapon for so fell and deadly a foe. Sinipilvi also wields a runeknife which enables her to project a +10 *Ice Bolt* (3 x/day). She has looted both these weapons from the tombs of the dead within the *hautauskumpu*.

Sinipilvi's spell-beads enable their wearer to cast *Heal X* (2 x/day), predict weather as a *Weather Prediction* spell (1 x/day) and gain knowledge as a *Dream I* spell (1 x/month). Each time they are used, the beads add +1 Corruption Point to the caster. Sinipilvi still wears the accursed beads around her neck, and the only way to vanquish her is to destroy them. Obtaining the beads is no easy task, as Sinipilvi radiates *Fear* and *Confusion* in a 30' radius. Anyone entering this area must make a 15th level RR against both or be affected as if by *Fear's Song* and/or *Confusion*.

Sadenainen

Sadenainen (La. "Rainwoman") looked a great deal like Sinipilvi, her mother, in life; in death, the two could be twins, save that Sadenainen is slightly taller. In personality, Sadenainen is much akin to her little sister Pieni Kukka. She is uncommunicative, preferring to let her mother do the talking while she sizes up opponents and prepares spells. Anyone coming within 15' of Sadenainen must make a 10th level RR or be affected as if by *Fear's Song*. She is armed with a +10 harpoon and a razor-sharp skinning knife of iron taken from the Merilintu clan burial chamber (#5C).

Unlike her mother and sister, Sadenainen was no *viisas*, but a *henkinimittäjä*, and her most dangerous weapons are her spells. She is a mistress of ice, fire, water and wind. In any combat, she is likely to use her Fire Law spells indiscriminately, heedless of the destruction wrought on the burial berg or its delicate sculptures. Sadenainen's favorite tactic is to cast her *Warm Solid* or *Heat Solid* spells at the feet of an intruder, sending them splashing into a water-filled hole where the floor used to be. She then quickly reverses her tactics and uses *Freeze Liquid* to attempt to entrap those in the water. As a rule of thumb, any victim who has had the ice melted under them by Sadenainen and is immersed in water suffers 1-10 hits in cold damage and an "A" Cold critical. Thereafter, as she attempts to freeze the water, the victim suffers an additional 1-10 hits in cold damage for every 10 rounds in the water.

13.2.3 THE SETTINGS

The haunted berg floats in the midst of the Äänettön Meri, the Sea of Silence, which stretches for nearly a half mile in any direction. This field of open water is currently enclosed by a solid ring of pack-ice (which is, however, beginning to crack and loosen with the coming of spring). The Merimetsästäjät consider it offensive to the spirits of the dead and an ill-omen to break this silence except in life-threatening emergencies. Anyone talking, singing, crying, coughing or sneezing is immediately hushed by others, and is forcibly silenced if they persist in making noise.

13.2.4 THE TASK

While the desecration of their burial berg is a grief to the Merimetsästäjät, their ultimate concern is to rescue the Meripihka—a new *hautauskumpu* may be delved whenever there is need; the discovery of another unique and irreplaceable talisman against the banes of Angmar is not to be counted on. Confronted by a host of implacable, undead foes, outright confrontation with spell and blade is the only course of action available to those who would defeat the Witch-king's foul plot before Sinipilvi and her allies are able to summon Eloeklo's might to their cause.

Although T.A. 1640 is the assumed temporal setting of this adventure, the scenario itself is potentially applicable to any time period during or after the Witch-king's rule in Angmar. Sauron's downfall (T.A. 3019) marks its absolute terminus, since the curse of the spell-beads can only function while the Nazgûl-lord's own spirit remains bound to the world by the power of the One Ring. Moreover, the Merpihka (as one of the *yavanníri*) will have been claimed by the Noldor of Evermist for the great Song of Awakening by T.A. 2951.

This can be a difficult and dangerous adventure for an ill-equipped or inexperienced party. The average levels for PCs should be in the mid-range, the guideline being a smaller group (4 or less) having around 5 levels each, or a larger group having 3 to 4 levels each (totaling about 15 to 20 levels). Unlike "The Ivory Hoard" (Section 13.1), this adventure is designed primarily for Ystävä Talven PCs; outsiders who seek to participate must overcome several obstacles. For one thing, there is the language barrier: practically none of the NPCs involved (friend or foe) speak any language apart from their native Labba. In addition, the Merimetsästäjät are very unlikely to allow foreigners from the South (let alone non-Mannish races) to set foot in their *hautauskumpu*, defiled though it may be.

GM Note: *If the GM wishes to allow this possibility, PCs should be forced to accomplish a Very Hard (-20) Influence maneuver to persuade the Merimetsästäjät of their worthiness. If such individuals undergo the exhausting initiation rites of the Valaskalan Palvonta and win the blessings of the* viisas *performing the rite before attempting to influence their audience, the maneuver becomes Easy (+20).*

Starting the PCs

Spring weather is now swiftly approaching Forochel, and within a fortnight the pack-ice will have broken up or retreated far enough for the haunted berg to escape the Äänettön Meri in which it now rests. Naturally, all the Merimetsästäjät agree that a war-party must be sent to recover the Merpihka, but no one is standing in line to perform the feat, and few have the heart for such a gruesome task. One bold youth, Nuorilintu, volunteered to lead a small band to the *hautauskumpu*, but of the six that undertook the journey, Nuorilintu alone returned. What befell

them in the berg is unknown, but it has shattered Nuorilintu's mind. The time has come for the PCs to prove their worth in heroic defense of their people—and of all the North, for the Witch-king will turn the enslaved victims of the *loitsuhelmi* blight against other Free Peoples.

Aids

The Merimetsästäjät are neither more brave nor more cowardly than any other people. The majority are unwilling to enter the burial berg and require an Extremely Hard (-30) Influence maneuver before agreeing to join the quest. However, old Tulisydän (La. "Fireheart") and his four sons are willing to participate, if asked. These five men are excellent warriors and far-ranging hunters who have encountered many strange and dire beasts in the wilds. They are a close-knit group, having fought their way out of several tight spots. Each is well aware of the strengths and weaknesses of the others. Therefore, they are unlikely to flee in panic should the going get rough. This wilderness experience gives each of them a +10 bonus to all RRs. If the GM wishes, they may speak a smattering of Westron (Rank 1 or 2).

Obstacles

The *hautauskumpu* is constantly in motion upon the waves. If and when the PCs enter the berg, they must have their "sea legs" under them. To remain standing on a slick, icy floor is not easy. (All Moving maneuvers are penalized at -20 while the PCs wander through the berg.) Any Merimetsästäjä used to the maritime environment, and anyone with the secondary skills of Acrobatics or Boat Handling, does not suffer this penalty while in the berg.

The undead infesting the burial berg all possess bodies, and their frozen skin has the resiliency of Rigid Leather. GMs should remember that *Fear* and other spell-like effects radiated by the spirits may overlap, forcing a PC to make multiple RRs to counteract them. A character surrounded by the malevolent spirits may be literally sucked dry of Constitution points as each drains its share. The spirits are intelligent enough to realize this and may attempt negotiations or other stalling tactics while draining a victim. The GM must also keep in mind that any undead not confronted on the way in must be dealt with on the way out—claiming the Meripihka may prove to be merely the first half of the adventure; getting safely out of the *hautauskumpu* with it is the second half.

Outcomes

The Merimetsästäjät honor any who have contributed to the recovery of the Meripihka. If the PCs return without the artifact, they may try again, but must do so before Unisoturi summons Eloeklo to drive the *hautauskumpu* into the open sea. The GM may continue the adventure by having the PCs help in finding and sanctifying a new burial berg. Should the PCs commit any desecration of tombs in the course of their retaking of the berg, they must beat a hasty retreat from the Merimetsästäjät or face immediate execution, regardless of what role they may have played in ridding the *hautauskumpu* of undead.

Experience points should be awarded for actions (or inactions) that save the berg's delicate sculptures and frescoes from harm. Though doomed to destruction in the sea, the Merimetsästäjät prefer this natural end to their art over needless damage incurred by weapon or malice. The GM might award a 5,000 xp bonus to all PCs surviving the successful cleansing of the berg, adjusted to suit campaign needs.

13.2.5 ENCOUNTERS

The Sea of Silence (#1)

The adventurers approach the burial berg and land.

> *As you approach the burial berg, the white, glistening ice, framed by an azure sky, is blindingly beautiful, but difficult to look at directly for any length of time. The endless glittering play of light dazzles and bewilders the eye. The sound of small waves lapping the berg is loud in the silence. To your right, a dark-winged tern wheels away with a shrill cry and is gone in two quick beats of its powerful wings. The cry rings like a warning: "Flee! Begone! The living have no business here." Ill at ease, you look at one another, the great berg waiting before you. Then the wind turns, and above the refreshing salt tang of the sea there is the slightest charnel smell. The faint but unwholesome odor remains in your nostrils no matter how much you puff and blow to be rid of it.*
>
> *The great berg is curved like a gigantic bow used by some god at the dawn of time. It is very thick and bulky at the central core, tapering out at each end to thin sheets of semi-transparent ice. The core is citadel-like, sending two outlying minarets of ice soaring high above a vast central dome. The landing you are striking for lies at the center of the berg's arc. As you enter the silent, still waters between the two outstretched arms of the berg, a shadow falls across you like a blacksmith's hammer, ringing off the anvil of your dread and sending invisible sparks of fear scurrying throughout the boat.*

GM Note: *Upon entering the shadow of the burial berg, panic may break out in the PCs' boat. Each character in the shadow must make a 5th level RR (with Presence as a modifier) or be affected as if by Fear's Song. The effect lasts only so long as they remain in its shadow (whether cast by light of sun, moon or stars). The PCs receive a +10 RR modifier for every additional entry into the shadow.*

The Landing (#2)

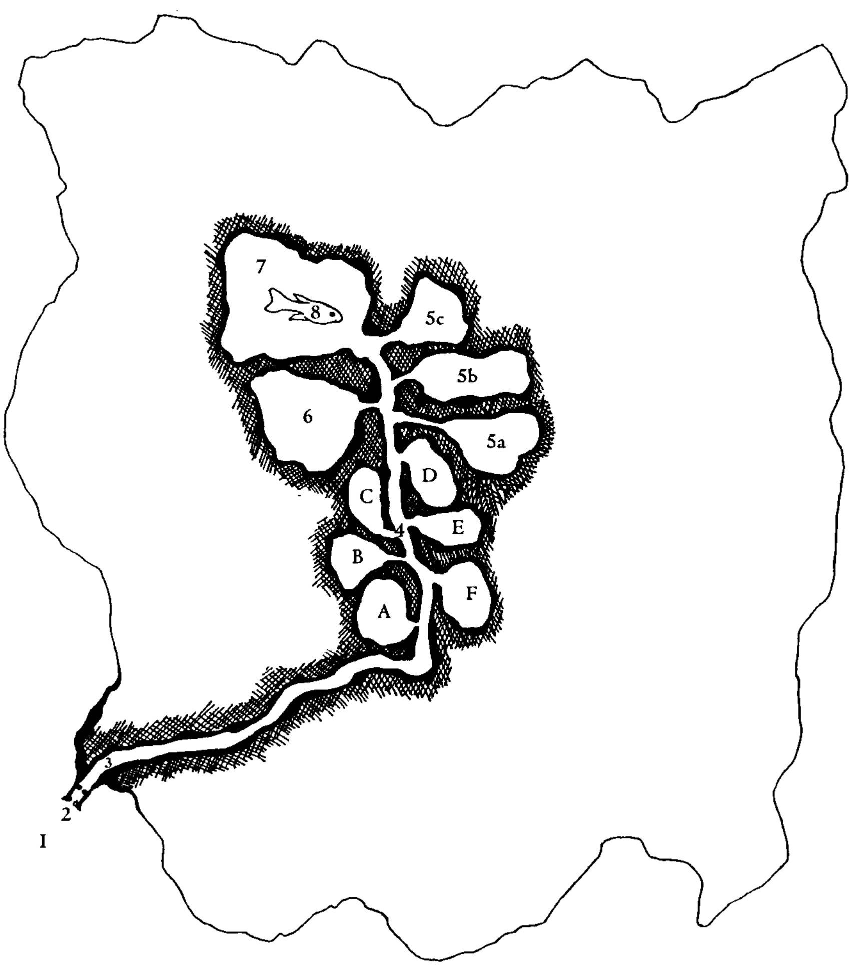
The boat-landing on the *hautauskumpu* is a 50' wide, slanting ramp, extending well out into the water. The ramp has an easy 5° slope, such that even a heavily laden funeral boat can glide almost to the very entrance. The PCs' boat grounds on the ramp from 10' to 100' from the entrance. Once the boat is actually in contact with the berg, silence is no longer mandatory, due primarily to the need for *viisaat* and pallbearers to sing and perform funeral rites.

Movement on the ramp is dangerous because its surface is slick and slushy. All Moving maneuvers on the ramp (even walking) are Extremely Hard (-30), and a Moving maneuver check must be made for every 10' that the PCs advance across the landing. This includes leaving or retreating from the *hautauskumpu* as well as entering it. If the Moving maneuver results in Failure, the roll is made on FT-4 (Moving maneuver Failure Table) as Medium (-10), the slushy ice having a cushioning effect for those falling.

GM Note: *The adventuring party may well try to attempt a landing at a different point on the berg than the one described, though this may prove extremely difficult. The burial berg has remained stable and upright for nearly a century, and the sea has cut a groove that forms a great overhang of ice about its circumference, bobbing in and out of the water. Attempting to land or climb upon the berg from any other point risks having the party's boat crushed or driven underwater as the mammoth lip of ice rises and falls in the waves.*

If the PCs attempt this course of action, it requires a Boat Handling maneuver with a -30 penalty. (Iltatuuli's boat-handling skills would be useful here to counteract the penalty.) If the maneuver fails, the boat is caught or crushed under the lip and driven underwater. Everyone in the boat suffers 1-10 hits in cold damage for every 10 rounds in the water.





If the maneuver is successful, results of 100% or more indicate that the PCs may attempt to mount the berg. This requires another Climb maneuver at -30, due to the slick, wet surface of the berg at sea level. If the maneuver fails, ignore FT-4 (Movement maneuver Failure Table) and assume the PC has fallen into the water, suffering damage as above.

PCs who do manage to mount the berg may take further action, depending on what equipment they have managed to bring with them. Tunneling or creating a new entrance is difficult and time-consuming, and requires the proper tools. The Merimetsästäjät would not be pleased at such a course of action. The noise of such labor immediately alerts the undead within, though it also provides an excellent opportunity for those who have access to the Lofty Bridge spell list to enter the berg without fighting their way in.

The Entrance (#3)

Two thin, towering minarets of ice stand out 20' from the carefully sculpted archway of the entrance. The minarets soar nearly 200' skyward and are taller than the domed bulk of the berg, each topped with a small (5' x 5') shelf or platform sheared from the ice itself. For especially important funerals (as decreed by the *viisaat*), warriors climb these towers and stand atop, bearing torches or oil lamps and loudly singing specially prepared songs that recount the life and deeds of the deceased. It requires strength and skill to climb the columns (a Very Hard (-20) Climb maneuver).

There is a small cache of dried grass, moss, torches and a fire-starting bow in a small waterproof, sealskin bag staked to the center of each platform. (This stake is also used by the warrior to tie himself while atop the sometimes very windswept towers.) It is common practice for the warriors honored with the duty of *polkun valaistus*, "lighting the path," to leave small carved ivory tokens in the sealskin pouch in honor of the individual being interred below. There are currently twelve such tokens in each bag. To southern traders, such ivory tokens are worth 10-50 gp (the actual value being dependent on the quality and intricacy of the carving, and quality of the haggling done over the price). The view from the top is spectacular, allowing a 360° view of the sea around the *hautauskumpu*. The PCs may use these towers as signal posts to call for immediate rescue, assistance or other signals the GM deems appropriate.

Past the two great columns is the entrance. Its arch is formed by the enormous likenesses of a man and woman. They have been cut and shaped from the berg with care and a concern for realism. They stand 20' high, arm in arm. The male statue's head and right hand turn downward towards the water, while the women's head and left hand direct themselves outwards to the distant sea. This motif expresses the Merimetsästäjä axiom: "From the sea all things come, to the sea all things go." The two silent sentinels stand slightly apart from one another, the open archway passing between them. The tunnel between the statues is well-made, smooth and straight as an arrow. The interior is some 8' high, 10' wide and 100' long, the walls and ceiling without mark or decoration.

While it has no name, the tunnel is often called Kuoleman Kävelymatka, the "Death Walk," by some Merimetsästäjät. That is truly its name now, for Sinipilvi has placed a guard here to deter visitors: her son Lumipallo and eight possessed corpses. If a fight is obviously going against him, Lumipallo flees the tunnel, retreating to his mother's side in the Great Hall.

The Ritual Chambers (#4)

These six chambers are used to perform the specific rites and ceremonies concerning the proper interment of the dead. The rooms are of relatively the same size and shape, and each contains a large, table-like slab of ice in the exact center for the repose of the deceased while the ritual ceremonies are observed. Each of the six chambers is decorated differently with elaborate frescoes carved into their walls.

A. Children's chamber. The walls are finely etched with figures of boys and girls at play. There are several heart-rending depictions of babies and smaller tots, as if the artist carving the ice knew first-hand the grief and sadness of their loss.

B. Women's chamber. The walls contain fine carvings of women at work preparing meals, sewing, cooking and giving birth.

C. Men's chamber. Scenes of hunting, fishing and tool-making form a continuous mural around the room.

D. *Viisaat*'s and *henkinimittäjät*'s chamber. Its walls are carefully crafted with reliefs and frescoes of a *viisas* performing the birth rites.

E. Warriors' chamber. Decorated with the simple sculpture of a warrioress on the wall facing the door. She stands with one hand pointing down and a spear pointing skyward. Her face is exquisitely carved—beautiful, calm and implacable.

F. Valaskalan Palvonta chamber. The walls are alive with carvings of whales—spouting, diving, frolicking endlessly up and down the walls and even across the ceiling. Every type of whale seems to be carved here and all in every conceivable activity known to the Merimetsästäjät.

The Clan Houses of the Dead (#5)

These are series of great, long crypts and smaller, mausoleum-like cubicles for use by the various *heimot* of the Merimetsästäjät. While the funerary rites remain the same, the actual style and type of interment is different for each *heimo*. Thus, the architecture of the charnel houses varies to suit the tradition of the individual clan. These crypts contain the bulk of the *hautauskumpu*'s undead guardians.

It is common Merimetsästäjä custom to inter the dead in the clothes they wore during life. They are also entombed with a tool, weapon or object of value they had made or created in their lifetime, ensuring that wherever their spirits may roam, they at least have a familiar and comforting object at hand. Therefore, as PCs wander through the Houses of the Dead, they find many well-made weapons and valuable objects made of ivory or whalebone. Most Merimetsästäjät would not dream of disturbing such items except in dire need. If the PCs rob the crypts, they do so at their peril.

A. The Valskalan Heimo (La. "Whale Clan") tombs divide into many maze-like cubicles and rooms, housing the innumerable *suut* and *perheet* of the clan. The walls of each room are lined, floor to ceiling, with a honeycomb of unsealed crypts, each cell just large enough to hold a body. The dead are always placed head-first into these crypts, leaving row after row of frozen feet sticking out of the wall. The many chambers also contain elaborately ornate ice-sarcophagi. These are semi-transparent, and a torch or light source on one side reveals the outline of the contents of the coffin to anyone on the opposite side. Dwelling among these dead is the ghost of Puolikarhu. If communication is established, Puolikarhu tells the PCs the following tale of woe:

> *A seeming man stands before you, tall and erect, yet bowed as if under a great weight. His appearance projects the image of an inconsolably broken heart, but you know the creature before you is fell and treacherous. He speaks in a cold, brittle monotone, and his words skitter icily toward you through the cold air.*
>
> *"I was once a man of good standing and reputation—how happy I was to help choose and build the* jäätalo*! Vanha Liukuva Lintu let me do the chore myself, paying the berg only a quick glance before giving it his blessing. I moved my wife, Hymyilevä Nainen, and my sons into the berg and went ashore for some* luulääke*. On the shore, I heard something, and turned to look at my home.*
>
> *"There, as a man might carve a piece of meat from a fresh kill, nearly half the upper portion of the* jäätalo *leaned suddenly out over the water and then crashed into the sea, unbalancing the rest and causing it to roll like a dog playing in the snow. In horror I watched as its mud and silt-encrusted underbelly thrust itself above the surface. I watched my family and a hundred neighbors die by my mistake. Over the roar of the breaking ice, over the roar of churning water, pursuing me over the waves like a shrieking gull, came the cries and wails of those so suddenly finding death where they thought was safety. My ears ring with it yet! My eyes burn with the sight of the rolling ice!*
>
> *"Later, as I helped drag the bodies from the water, it was I who found my own wife and sons. I saw their faces: their twisted, frozen expressions told me that they knew that I was responsible for their deaths. They knew that I had killed them. Oh, Hymyilevä Nainen, forgive me! Oh, my sons, my sons, please forgive me! Oh, my people, have mercy and forgive me! Let me find rest, let me find peace."*
>
> *Puolikarhu's voice dies to a hoarse, almost inaudible whisper at the word "peace," followed by a long, low, shuddering moan, as if Puolikarhu were silently sobbing for his lost wife, his lost life and the endless years of his grief. But no tears can be seen coming from the black pools of his frozen, dead eyes and he seems no less dangerous for the story.*

B. The Kalan Heimo (La. "Fish Clan") house is a long, narrow hall of shelf-like crypts. Row after row of the unsealed shelves line the walls, and two lines of sarcophagi march down the center of the chamber. There is little ornamentation here as compared with the sculpted grandeur of the Whale Clan's frozen sarcophagi. The Kalanystävä tombs are inhabited by the spirit-possessed Punakäsi.

C. The Merilintu Heimo (La. "Seabird Clan") house is a long hall whose many pillars are more than mere perpendicular buttresses to support the roof. Akin to the sculpture in the Great Hall (#7), these pillars contain spectacular representations. Each joins floor and ceiling at a 45° angle, and is carved into the image of an elongated and stylized gull, the wingtips of each bird touching those of its neighbor. The wings are sculpted in such a way that the individual feathers can be seen, their bodies crafted with equal care and precision. Some stand parallel to the floor, with head and beak projecting stiffly forward, legs and claws swept back as though in flight; others, angled oddly with the floor, look down with claws extended as if stooping to land.

Upon first viewing the wonderful sculptures, PCs must make an unmodified 3rd level RR or be affected as if by *Silence Song* for 5 rounds. Individuals failing their RR are literally struck dumb by the exquisite beauty of the pillars and can offer no suggestions, cast no spells, sense no danger. All Static maneuvers are at -20 for an additional 5 rounds.

Save for the marvelous sculptures, the hall appears to be empty. No crypts or tombs are in evidence. PCs making an Extremely Hard (-30) Perception maneuver suddenly realize the dead are buried in the floor itself. The entire floor, wall to wall, front to back, is a honeycomb of crypts, the dead entombed standing upright. The floor is actually a mosaic of tomb-lids. Near the center of the doorway is the crypt of Pieni Kukka. Even if the PCs have noticed the bodies buried in the floor, they have no chance of detecting the difference between Pieni Kukka's coffin and any other. After PCs have entered the crypt, Pieni Kukka pushes the lid from her coffin and crawls upward onto the floor.

> *As you examine the magnificent sculptures, a scratching sound attracts your attention. The lid of one of the crypts has been pushed off, sliding across the floor. It glides with a loud, scratchy, hissing noise of ice against ice. As you watch in horror, two long, white arms reach up from the crypt and firmly grasp the sides. A feminine face—stark, white and beautiful, framed by long, pale hair—rises slowly out of the floor. The rest of her stiff body follows, coming at last to an awkward, standing position.*
>
> *She is (or was) a thin, lovely waif of a woman. She is wrapped in a colorfully dyed reindeer-skin jerkin and pants, and a fur-lined cloak hangs uselessly about her ever-cold shoulders. A meticulously carved war-club of bone and ivory dangles from her belt. She smiles at you, her eyes glittering with a green and hostile light.*
>
> *The smile of so evil a will makes you shudder. Even as you stand staring at the beautiful, cold, evil thing before you, another lid suddenly pops off and goes skittering across the floor. A low moan comes from the newly opened crypt. Then another tomb-lid slides against the wall, and another low moan joins the first. All the while, the frozen, undead woman stands smiling the same awful smile.*

Pieni Kukka's tactics are fairly simple, keyed to the room she has taken as her abode. She stands in the middle of the entrance, blocking the PCs' retreat from the room, and uses her *Telekinesis* to lift the 4 lb ice-lids from any crypts nearby. This makes walking in the room (to say nothing of combat) extremely difficult: a false step means a sudden plunge, feet-first, into an ice-

tomb. Pieni Kukka may send the crypt covers skittering into the feet of the PCs. Thus, all Moving maneuvers are made Very Hard (-30 penalty to DB) as the PCs must constantly look where they are stepping to avoid the unsealed crypts. The moaning the PCs hear coming from the unsealed crypts is no more than a *Sound Mirage* which Pieni Kukka uses to create fear and confusion. She is extremely uncommunicative and refuses to deal with the living in any way except combat. If a battle is going against her, she retreats to her mother's side in the Great Hall.

Chamber of the Spirit World (#6)

The surfaces of this chamber are smooth and bare: neither sculpture nor fresco relieves its monotonous, frost-white walls. In neat rows across the floor lie shallow, lidless, ice-coffins. The majority are empty, but twenty-one contain the frozen bodies of *viisaat* and *henkinimittäjät* who once served their people. The dead lie in quiet repose, with arms folded over the chest and legs crossed at the ankle. The chamber holds the spirit-possessed body of Unisoturi, a powerful *henkinimittäjä* who died while summoning Eloeklo.

If the PCs enter this chamber, Unisoturi allows them to wander freely for a while, but remains lying in her coffin, appearing much as the other dead in the room. Before she moves, it requires a Sheer Folly (-50) Perception maneuver to spot any difference between the normal dead and Unisoturi.

> *The room is breathtakingly eerie, its stark white contrasting with the blackish-blue bodies of the long dead lying in their ice-coffins. Suddenly you notice a movement—with the slow, albeit stiff, sinuous grace of some elderly feline creature, a dead* henkinimittäjä *raises herself upright in her tomb. The old woman's hair is long and ropy, hanging almost to her waist—a gleaming, lustrous white with bits of ice and frost sparkling throughout. The face beneath the hair is withered and the skin a sickly, frost-bitten black by the long years in the* hautauskumpu. *The eyes in the devastated face glitter with a green and malevolent light. She suddenly cackles and sputters in some vile, deformed semblance of a laugh. Then you feel a sudden shudder or bump as if something has struck the berg.*

Unisoturi has called forth a huge sperm whale to ram the berg. While the whale can do no harm to the berg, it can cause problems for those in the interior. Large and small pieces of ice fall from the ceiling and can harm both the PCs and the delicate ice-carvings. So long as Unisoturi is allowed to concentrate, the whale continues to ram the berg once every 5 rounds. These sudden jolts cause all maneuvers to suffer a -20 penalty at the moment of impact. Ice falling from the ceiling can do either an Unbalancing or an Impact critical. Depending on their size and how near they land to PCs, the falling chunks may deliver further criticals. (GMs may use their own discretion, or roll 1D100 and consult the following: 01-16 = "T," 17-34 = "A," 35-51 = "B," 52-69 = "C," 70-86 = "D," and 87-00 = "E.")

The Great Hall (#7)

The center of the floor of the Great Hall has been sculpted and carved to resemble a spouting whale breaking the surface of the sea. The spray from its blow-hole serves as a giant pillar in the center of the room. As the finely etched spray spreads upwards toward the ceiling, it fans out in a great, multi-colored fresco of fish and seabirds. These ceiling friezes have been shaped and formed using several colored dyes. When the sun sends its light, penetrating the ceiling with its colored ornaments, the room is awash in an intense but diffuse white light, wherein large patches of color glide slowly across the floor and up the walls.

The overall effect of such intense beauty is awe-inspiring. Upon first entering the Great Hall and seeing the whale sculpture, the PCs must make a 4th level RR or be affected by *Silence Song* (as in #5 above). Individuals who have seen the ice-sculptures in the Merilintu house gain a +20 to their RR. Even if successful, all Static maneuvers are rolled with a -10 penalty for the first 10 rounds in the Great Hall.

> *On the far side of the hall, almost directly opposite the entrance, you behold two undead, dressed alike in typical Merimetsästäjä sealskin jerkins and decorative, hooded cloaks. One is kneeling; the other stands behind the first with its head bowed. They appear almost exactly as they did in life, save that their skin is heavily tinged with blue and, as there is no heat in their corpses, their clothes and hair are covered with twinkling frost.*
>
> *They take absolutely no notice of you as you enter. The one kneeling is engaged in a long, droning, almost whispered dirge. The mumbled words are unintelligible, and the slight echoes of the song seem to crawl up the walls and drip and dribble off the ceiling. The chant stops abruptly. The sudden waiting silence that pervades the room is worse than the sickening sussuration of echoes.*
>
> *The kneeling corpse looks up slowly at you, her face shaded within the furred hood of her robe, her forlorn expression and the faint light of her eyes perceptible. Around the bluish skin of her neck, strung on a thin leather strip, hang three shiny, black beads.*
>
> *"Fools! You are doomed here!" she screams, her voice rattling like a rusty iron chain being dragged slowly across a steel plate.*

The kneeling corpse is Sinipilvi, the other, her eldest daughter and lieutenant, Sadenainen. The women immediately separate, attempting to position themselves on opposite sides of any group of intruders. (If more than two undead are in the room, they either encircle any intruders or, should they back up against a wall, form a semi-circle around them.) Sinipilvi raises her empty right hand, palm outward in sign of peace and parley. The Sinipilvi of old was utterly devoured by the cursed spell-beads; she is beyond reasoning (though she always appears to be willing to negotiate, as it gives her time to size up opponents and to position herself and her children to best advantage). She identifies herself and her daughter. Sadenainen bows her head slightly in mock cordiality.

> *"This is a place for the dead. Have you come here to die?" Her voice, though less abrasive and more audible than before, is by no means pleasant. She does not wait for an answer, but rolls the narwhal spear between her palms absentmindedly and continues.*
>
> *"There is no victory for you here. You cannot win. My defeat is nothing. It is the mere loss of a single snowflake in the oncoming blizzard. You can run before the storm but you cannot hide. I know you are here for the Meripihka, but you cannot have it. For now and evermore, there will be no peace for the living or the dead."*
>
> *With that she ceases to idly spin her spear, gripping it firmly. Both women advance upon you.*

If Lumipallo (#3) or Pieni Kukka (#5C) have retreated before the PCs, they are also found in the Great Hall with Sinipilvi, and the encounter should be adjusted accordingly to include them.

Chamber of Meditation (#8)

The Meripihka weighs approximately 20 lbs and measures 18" in length. Its sides are smooth but angular. It may be removed from the pedestal with ease. Anyone approaching within 10' of the chamber must make a 5th level RR or be affected as if by *Calm Song* for 5 rounds.

In line with the right eye of the whale sculpture at the center of the Great Hall, an entrance opens onto a steep ramp cut into the ice. It spirals and twists oddly downward into the depths of the berg. The narrow confines of the ramp force you to move in single file. The ramp comes to an abrupt end in an almost perfectly round room.

The unadorned walls of the chamber curve away right and left, while the ceiling is dome-like and the floor dives away in a bowl-like fashion. From the doorway to the center of the room is a shallow ramp leading down the side of the steeply curving floor. The ramp ceases before a large, jagged piece of amber mounted on a simple obelisk of clear ice standing atop a raised shelf or dais. The resinous mass glows with a calming luster, while the clear ice of the pedestal catches the light, intensifies it, and casts it back to the room, bathing the chamber in its soft, golden aura.

14.0 APPENDICES

The following section offers a wealth of practical reference material for a GM wishing to run adventures in the Northern Waste. Section 14.1 indexes all abbreviations employed in the text of this module, and includes a concise glossary of basic information about Middle-earth. Section 14.2 suggests ways in which ***MERP*** game mechanics might be used to simulate the hardships and challenges of Forochel's harsh environment. Section 14.3 provides guidelines enabling players to create Merimetsästäjä or Snow-elven characters. Sections 14.4 and 14.5 list, respectively, some of the more notable flora and fauna which travelers in Forodwaith might encounter. Section 14.6 supplies further reference information on the languages of the far North. Section 14.7 offers some scenario ideas for using the Northern Waste as a setting for ICE's ***Middle-earth: The Wizards*** collectible card game.

14.1 DEFINITIONS AND TERMS

This appendix is intended as an aid to GMs who may be unfamiliar with the terminology of ***Middle-earth Role Playing*** game mechanics or the world which they help bring to life. If an unfamiliar term cannot be found in this section, the GM may refer either to the dictionaries provided in Section 14.6, or to the alphabetically arranged traveler's guide (Section 11.0).

14.1.1 ABBREVIATIONS

GAME SYSTEMS

LoR	***Lord of the Rings Adventure Game***
MECCG	***Middle-earth Collectible Card Game***
MERP	***Middle-earth Role Playing***
METW	***Middle-earth: The Wizards***
RM	***Rolemaster***

CHARACTER STATS

Ag	Agility (***RM/MERP***)
Co	Constitution (***RM/MERP***)
Em	Empathy (***RM***)
Ig	Intelligence (***MERP***)
It (In)	Intuition (***RM/MERP***)
Me	Memory (***RM***)
Pr	Presence (***RM/MERP***)
Qu	Quickness (***RM***)
Re	Reasoning (***RM***)
SD	Self Discipline (***RM***)
St	Strength (***RM/MERP***)

GAME TERMS

AT	armor type
D	die or dice
D100	percentile dice result
DB	defensive bonus
cp	copper pieces
GM	gamemaster
gp	gold pieces
Gr	greaves
Hits	hit points
MovM	movement and maneuver bonus
NPC	non-player character



Sinipilvi and Sadenainen

OB	offensive bonus
PC	player character
PP	power points
RR	resistance roll
Sh	shield
sp	silver pieces
Stat	statistic or characteristic

Language Terms

alt.	alternate form of a word
For.	Fornen (pre-T.A. 1800s Northman speech)
La.	Labba (Ystävä Talven speech)
Log.	Logathig (Easterling speech)
Los.	Lossidilrin (Snow-elvish)
Ork.	Orkish (Orc-speech)
pl.	plural form of a word
prop.	proper form of a word
Q.	Quenya (High-elven speech)
S.	Sindarin (Grey-elven speech)
sing.	singular form of a word
Um.	Umitic (Umli speech)
Urd.	Urdic (Urdor speech)
*	hypothetical form of a word

I.A.	First Age
S.A.	Second Age
T.A.	Third Age
F.A.	Fourth Age

Hob	*The Hobbit*
Let	*The Letters of J.R.R. Tolkien*
LotR	*The Lord of the Rings*
Sil	*The Silmarillion*
TL	*Tree and Leaf*
UT	*Unfinished Tales*

14.1.2 GLOSSARY

This section glosses the various terms used in this module which relate specifically to J.R.R. Tolkien's world. A more extensive glossary may be found in ICE's ***Middle-earth Campaign Guide***. Other useful reference works include Robert Foster's ***The Complete Guide to Middle-earth*** (New York: Ballentine Books, 1978), J.E.A. Tyler's ***The New Tolkien Companion*** (New York: Avon Books, 1980), David Day's ***Tolkien: The Illustrated Encyclopædia*** (New York: Macmillan, 1991) and Colin Duriez's ***The Tolkien and Middle-earth Handbook*** (Kent: Monarch Publications, 1992).

Adûnaic—The ancestral tongue of the Númenóreans (the Adûnai). In Middle-earth, it evolved into modern Westron, the common speech of northwestern Middle-earth.

Ages of the World—Time is periodized in terms of "ages" reckoned according to the different ways in which the Earth is illuminated. After the creation of the world, the Valar raised two Great Lamps to light Middle-earth (Age of the Lamps). When Melkor destroyed these, the Valar retreated to the Undying Lands and there called into being the Two Trees (Age of the Trees), though Middle-earth remained in darkness until Varda kindled the stars (Age of the Stars). Eventually, Melkor destroyed the Trees as well, plunging Aman into starry night; but Yavanna managed to recall enough life from a single fruit and flower of the Dead Trees, so that the Valar could make the sun and moon. All of the numbered ages that follow are called Ages of the Sun. It is unknown how many ages are fated to pass before the End, in which the world's history will reach its culmination. J.R.R. Tolkien believed that we are currently living either at the end of the Sixth Age or the beginning of the Seventh (*Let*, p. 283).

Ainulindalë—The Music of the Ainur, through which the world was conceived. Melkor (Morgoth) introduced discord into the Music, foreshadowing the intrusion of Evil into the world; nevertheless, Eru granted reality to the Music, bringing the Universe into existence.

Ainur (sing. Ainu)—The Holy Ones, demiurgic spirits begotten by Eru's divine thought, who sang the Ainulindalë. Many of the Ainur descended into the world to complete its fashioning and to govern it on Eru's behalf. The greatest of these Ainur became the Valar, "the Powers," while their lesser and more numerous brethren were called the Maiar, "the Beautiful." Melkor (Morgoth) was originally the greatest of the Valar, but he fell from grace, seeking sole dominion over the world. Many Maiar aligned themselves with Melkor, becoming the malevolent spirits of the world. The greatest among these was Sauron. The Ainur that took part in the history of Arda are described in ICE's ***Valar and Maiar*** people book.

Akallabêth—The account of the Downfall of Númenor, narrated in ***The Silmarillion***.

Aman—The Blessed Realm of the Valar, also known as the Undying Lands or simply "the West." When Eru punished the Númenóreans by destroying their island (S.A. 3319), he removed Aman from the Earth, so that it may only be reached by "the Straight Road," an enchanted path which only Elves can follow. Aman is forbidden to mortals; the spirits of Elves (and possibly of Dwarves) journey there when slain.

Ancient World—See ELDER DAYS.

Angband—Morgoth's ancient fortress in the northwest of Middle-earth during the First Age. Destroyed in the War of Wrath, forgotten remnants of that sprawling stronghold lie scattered about the Cape of Forochel. The most visible of these ruins are Morgoth's Well and the Rifts of the Underdeeps.

Angerthas—A runic script devised by the Grey-elves of Beleriand in the First Age. Also known simply as the ***cirth***, the Noldor of Evermist use these characters to inscribe their spell-songs into the cliffs of Orod Certhas. The Angerthas are also used by the Dwarves of Durin's tribe.

Angmar—A mountainous plateau separating the Northern Waste from the lands of Eriador to the south. During the years T.A. 1276-1975, Angmar is the realm of the dreaded Witch-king, sent by the Dark Lord Sauron to annihilate the Dúnedain of Eriador. This hostile land is detailed in ICE's ***Angmar*** realm module.

Arda—The Realm of Earth, governed by the Valar of Aman. As originally conceived and created, Arda was a flat world; but as a consequence of Ilúvatar's punishment of the Númenóreans (S.A. 3319), the Earth was globed into an inescapable sphere. Middle-earth (Endor) is one of Arda's continents. The Undying Lands of Aman in the west were removed from Earth, but new lands were raised in their stead. Earth is also referred to as Ambar.



Arnor—The original name for the realm established by the Númenórean exiles in Eriador in the year following the destruction of their island (S.A. 3320). Also known as the North-kingdom (its sister-realm being Gondor in the South), Arnor fragmented into three successor kingdoms—Arthedain, Cardolan and Rhudaur—in T.A. 861. Rhudaur fell under the Witch-king's shadow in T.A. 1349, Cardolan's royal line failed in T.A. 1409, and Arthedain perished along with Angmar in the so-called Third Northern War of T.A. 1974-1975. None of these realms returned to life after Angmar's downfall, but Aragorn Elessar re-founded Arnor at the beginning of the Fourth Age. The period of the successor realms is detailed in ICE's ***Arnor: The People*** and ***Arnor: The Land*** modules.

Arthedain—Longest-surviving of the three successor realms to Arnor. Situated in the northwestern portion of Eriador, Arthedain lies closest to the Northern Waste. After the division of Arnor (T.A. 861), the capital of Arthedain is Fornost. The Men of Arthedain wage an unending war against the Witch-king of Angmar, making the frontier between the two realms a dangerous region to travel in. The name Arthedain literally means "Royalist Edain," and may be used to refer to the realm's inhabitants (sing. Arthadan). Arthedain is detailed in ICE's ***Arnor: The People*** and ***Arnor: The Land*** modules.

Balrogs—The most powerful of the evil spirits that served Morgoth in Angband. Many were vanquished from the world in the War of Wrath, but one at least survived that cataclysmic battle. This was Durlach, imprisoned in Morgoth's Well by a binding spell. Other Balrogs may also continue to haunt the Underdeeps that run far beneath the Cape of Forochel.

Barl Syrnac—A remnant arm of the Iron Mountains that bounds Forodwaith on the east.

Beadmakers—The first known Mannish inhabitants of Forochel. This mysterious people vanished from history soon after the onset of the Urdic invasions in the Second Age. Their most enduring legacy to the later Ystävät Talven were the *riimut*, the magical runes with which they enchanted their spell-beads. In the language of the Ystävät Talven, the Beadmakers are called Helmivalmistajat (sing. Helmivalmistaja).

Belegaer—The great western sea that once sundered Middle-earth from the Undying Lands.

Beleriand—The westernmost lands of Middle-earth during the Elder Days. These sank beneath the waves of Belegaer in the War of Wrath, making Lindon the new coastline.

Berninga (sing. Berning)—These Northmen originated in Rhovanion, but were driven into the Northern Waste by the Witch-king and his evil minions. The Berninga observe a covenant with the bears of the Misty Mountains which forbids them to hunt other mammals for food or fur. In return, the bears taught these Men the art of skin-changing, enabling them to take on the form of a bear at will. Not all Berninga master this latent gift, but those that do are greatly revered by their kinsfolk and feared by their enemies. The Berninga return to their ancestral lands after the destruction of Angmar in T.A. 1975.

Cardolan—The southernmost of the three successor realms of Arnor, Cardolan had a much more ancient history as a Númenórean colony. It was from Tharbad, the great riverine haven and capital of the region, that Cardolan's whalers set out yearly to ply the waters of Forochel. Cardolan is detailed in ICE's ***Arnor: The People*** and ***Arnor: The Land*** modules.

Children of Ilúvatar—Elves and Men, so-called because the Ainur had no part in their creation. Because Eru alone is their father, it is blasphemous for Man or Elf to pay worship to any other being. While commensurate in their basic biological makeup, the two kindreds are distinguished by their differing spiritual natures. Elves (the Firstborn) are bound to the life of the world, and are therefore virtually immortal so long as its history continues; Men (the Secondborn) are mortal, and when they die (unless constrained by some special doom or heinous sorcery) their spirits depart the world forever. At key turning points in history, an Elf and a mortal have joined in wedlock; and the offspring of such a union must choose to which kindred their fate shall belong. Though more may indeed have taken place, the histories of the Elder and Middle Days record only four marriages of Elf and Man; each of these unions had earth-shattering consequences, altering the destinies of entire ages.

Cirth—See ANGERTHAS.

Cuiviémar—The Order of Noldorin mystics based at Evermist. Their quest is to rid Forodwaith of Morgoth's unnatural taint. Óleth founded the Cuiviémar in S.A. 1700, but her untimely death brought Nestador to the leadership of the order. The Cuiviémar achieved their quest at the close of the Third Age (T.A. 3019) and departed Middle-earth soon thereafter.

Cuiviénen—The awakening place of Elves in the East of Middle-earth.

Daen—A family of related peoples that spread into many parts of Eriador. Rhudaur is the northernmost of their homelands, and there they are known as Hillmen. Many of these are allied with the Witch-king of Angmar, and some serve in his armies.

Dark Years—A general allusion to the Second Age in Middle-earth. More specifically, the Dark Years refer to the centuries during which Sauron, having suffered defeat at the hands of the allied Elves and Númenóreans in Eriador, turned away from Endor's northwestern coastlands, seeking to build an inland empire of continental proportions. Sauron persecuted all who would not acknowledge him as God and King, driving many freedom-loving peoples into remote and inaccessible regions in hopes of escaping his allies and minions. This was one of the chief causes for the peopling of Forodwaith.

Demons—Malevolent spirits, both great and trivial, have their origin among the Ainur, before the creation of the world. These were swayed by the discords of Melkor (Morgoth), either cowed into his service or pledged as allies, and joined him in the ravaging of Arda. Not all remained true to the inspirer of their wickedness—some, like Ungoliant, only grudgingly rendered assistance to

Melkor, preferring to serve only her own lust; others, like the Balrogs of Angband, served their master faithfully until his vanquishment from the world. The Northern Waste swarms with such spirits—now masterless, whatever their old allegiance may have been. Among the most infamous are Eloeklo, Jäänainen and Durlach. For more information on demons, see ICE's ***Creatures of Middle-earth*** sourcebook and the ***Valar & Maiar*** people book.

Dragons—Morgoth first spawned dragons in the pits of Angband, and many continue to lair in the far North. Also referred to as "drakes" or "worms," the lineage of dragons is uncertain. Since Morgoth, for all his might, lacked the power to create life from nothing, dragons must have originated at least partly from reptilian beasts already called into existence by Yavanna, though subsequently twisted by Morgoth's foul breeding experiments; equally, though, dragons possess an intelligence and a will far surpassing any beast, so their parentage must also have included a spiritual element. For more information about dragons, see ICE's ***Creatures of Middle-earth*** sourcebook.

Dúnedain (sing. Dúnadan)—The Men of Númenor and their descendants. During the Second Age, the Númenóreans became divided in spirit. The greater part, identifying themselves as the King's Men, estranged themselves from their ancient friendship with the Elves and fell into evil ways; a minority held to their old allegiance, calling themselves the Faithful or the Elf-friends. After the Downfall of Númenor, the Faithful established the realm of Arnor in Eriador, south of Forodwaith, and their descendants continued to rule Eriador's peoples until the destruction of Arthedain (T.A. 1974); the survivors became the Rangers of the North. Those King's Men who survived both Númenor's drowning and the War of the Last Alliance became known to the Faithful as "Black Númenóreans." Many of these journeyed to Angmar to lead the Witch-king's armies against the Faithful in Eriador.

Durin—The eldest of the Seven Fathers of Dwarves. Durin awoke at Mount Gundabad, and his folk occupied the Misty Mountains and the Grey that lie south of Forodwaith.

Dwarves—Just as Elves and Men are called the Children of Ilúvatar, so the Dwarves speak of themselves as Aulë's Children; for Aulë the Maker shaped their forefathers from the very bones of the Earth (though it was Eru himself who granted them life). All seven fathers of the Dwarves awoke in the North of Middle-earth, and five of these established their tribes on the fringes of what would later become the Northern Waste. Mount Gundabad was the birthplace of the Longbeards (Durin's folk), and from it they spread throughout the Misty Mountains and the Grey. The Firebeards and the Broadbeams are native to the northern Blue Mountains, and often traffic across Eriador. Finally, to the east of the Talath Uichel, the Ironfists and Stiffbeards occupy the Barl Syrnac, an arm of the ancient Iron Mountains that divides Forodwaith from the Bay of Utumno and the land of Urd further east.

East—To the peoples of northwestern Middle-earth, all lands lying east of Rhovanion and the Grey Mountains. For the inhabitants of Forodwaith, "the East" would mean the land of Urd and the Bay of Utumno, or anything that lies beyond the Barl Syrnac.

Easterlings—Any Mannish tribe originating in the East apart from the Urdor, whom the folk of the Westlands (inaccurately) regard as "evil Lossoth." Many Easterlings serve the Witch-king of Angmar.

Edain (sing. Adan)—The Three Houses of Men from which the Dúnedain (Númenóreans) claim descent. Though the name itself means "Second" (i.e., the Secondborn), the Elves of Middle-earth use it only of those Men that fought beside them against Morgoth in the Wars of Beleriand; all other Men they call Rhevain, the "Wild," or simply Firiath, "Mortals."

Ekkaia—The Encircling Sea, now mostly covered by the polar ice-cap.

Elbereth—Queen of the Valar and Kindler of the Stars. Especially revered by Elves, because they first awoke when the stars were Middle-earth's only source of light.

Eldar (sing. Elda)—Those Elves that undertook the great westward journey across Middle-earth from the land of their awakening in the East. The Eldar are divided into three main groups: the Vanyar, the Noldor and the Teleri. The Teleri (or Lindar) comprise both the Grey-elves (Sindar) and the Silvan or Wood-elves (Nandor), of which the Snow-elves (Lossidil) form a further sub-group.

Elder Days—All ages of the world prior to the War of Wrath.

Elves—The Firstborn Children of Ilúvatar. The Elves of Middle-earth belong to two groups: the Eldar, who answered the summons of the Valar to journey westwards towards Aman, and the Avari, who refused the summons and remained in the East of Middle-earth. Elves are effectively immortal, their spirits enduring within the world until the End of Time. If an Elf is slain in body, his spirit journeys to the Halls of Mandos, Judge of the Dead, in Aman; after a purgatorial period, the Elf's spirit receives a new body. Some Elves who have been slain in Middle-earth (such as Glorfindel) actually returned from Aman; but this is exceedingly rare and requires the sanction of the Valar. It is possible for a disembodied Elven spirit to refuse Mandos' summons and remain in Middle-earth as an apparition, but to do so is the mark of a spirit heavily tainted by evil, consumed with malice or undying self-hatred. Elves are immune to all disease and sickness, and in most respects are physically superior to mortals. For more information, see ICE's ***Elves*** people book.

End—The End of Time, in which the Music of the Ainur comes to its fulfillment in a great battle, the Dagor Dagorath, in which Morgoth and his servants will be defeated by the combined strength of the Valar and Ilúvatar's Children. It is prophesied that the End will be followed by a Second Music, in which all of the themes will be played aright.

Endor—Middle-earth.

Eönwë—Herald of the Valar. Eönwë captained the Host of the West in the War of Wrath.

Ephel Angmar—The dual mountain ranges branching off westward from the Misty Mountains to enclose the plateau of Angmar. Locally, the Ephel Angmar are known as the Forjargsh and Harjargsh.

Eregion—An Elven realm of southern Eriador that fell before Sauron's onslaught in S.A. 1697. One group of refugees from Eregion founded the sanctuary of Evermist.

Eriador—The lands immediately south of the Bay of Forochel, bounded on the west by the Blue Mountains and to the east by the Misty Mountains. The three principal realms of Eriador during the Third Age are Arthedain, Cardolan and Rhudaur (the successor states of Arnor). Eriador is fully described in ICE's ***Arnor: The People*** and ***Arnor: The Land*** modules.

Eru—The One True God who created the Ainur and gave life to the world. Elves and Dúnedain revere Eru as Ilúvatar, the All-father, because he alone was responsible for their creation. The Dúnedain regard Eru's very name with religious awe; only their kings have the authority to speak it, and only on solemn occasions (though all Dúnedain may speak of "the One" without fear of impropriety). The Ystävät Talven do not acknowledge Eru as such; rather, they imagine his Providence as an impersonal force, which they call Ympyrä. Sauron's minions reject the existence of Eru, believing Morgoth, Lord of the Dark, to be the One True God. To all other peoples but the Dúnedain, Sauron presents himself as an avatar of Morgoth, and therefore as God and King of the World.

Essence—The energy or *fairë* (Q. "radiance") generated by all *fëar* (Q. "spirits;" sing. *fëa*), Essence serves as the basic medium for all forms of magic. The ultimate source of Essence is Eru Ilúvatar; but all of Eru's offspring, whether Ainur or Incarnates (Elves, Men, Dwarves, etc.), once brought into being, possess an individual and distinctive *fairë* of their own. The three realms of magic (Essence, Channeling and Mentalism) draw upon different sources or levels of *fairë* for their power. The realm of (pure) Essence derives from the Nárë Úfirima (Q. "Flame Imperishable"), the primal *fairë* through which the spirit of Eru "in-dwells" the world he has created. This energy is also known as the Muinárë (Q. "Secret Fire;" S. Naur Thurin), and is occasionally used as a euphemism for Ilúvatar himself. The realm of Channeling refers to the demiurgic activity of the Valar and Maiar, and its energy derives specifically from the Essence with which they have imbued the substance of Arda. Melkor, originally the most powerful of the Valar, corrupted all physical matter with his Morifairë (Q. "Dark Essence"), and from this element his servants are able to work wicked sorcery and black magics. The Elves often refer to Dark Essence as the Mordo (Q. "Shadow;" lit. "Taint"). Mentalism, the third realm of magic, draws exclusively upon the Essence of the individual spell-caster.

Estë—The Healer of the Valar. Estë was the teacher of Nestador, Master of Evermist.

Fana (pl. Fanar)—The physical form of one of the Ainur (Valar or Maiar). A *fana* is not the same as a body because its wearer may don, remove or alter it at will. Ainur possess this power because they are not by nature incarnate. However, an Ainu that sacrifices too much of its native power into things external to itself may in time lose complete freedom to assume, remove or change its *fana*. Both Sauron and Morgoth fell prey to this weakness. Eloeklo, the Demon of the North Wind, similarly suffers from an inability to maintain a stable *fana*.

First Age (I.A.)—The First Age of the Sun, which lasted somewhat less than six hundred years. This age was consumed with the Wars of Beleriand, in which the Noldor and their allies did battle with Morgoth for the Silmarils which he stole from them, culminating in the War of Wrath. The age also witnessed the awakening of Men and their migrations into the Westlands of Middle-earth.

Firstborn—See CHILDREN OF ILÚVATAR.

Forlindon—The northern half of Lindon, bordering the Bay of Forochel and the Wash Tundra.

Fornost—The capital city and royal seat of Arthedain. Fornost is described in Section 5.3 of ICE's ***Arnor: The Land*** module.

Forochel—The great bay and cape that divide Belegaer from the Encircling Sea.

Forodwaith—The Northern Waste. The name is also used (less frequently) as an umbrella term for any Men who dwell in the North, both the Ystävät Talven and the Urdor.

Fourth Age (F.A.)—The Fourth Age of the Sun, inaugurated by the downfall of Sauron and the restoration of the realms of the Dúnedain in Gondor and Arnor. The Fourth Age also marked the culmination of Forodwaith's cleansing by the Noldor of Evermist, who departed at last over the sea to Aman. Finally, the Fourth Age signaled the passing of the Middle Days and the coming of the Age of Men.

Free Peoples—All races or cultures that reject Sauron or his minions.

Gondor—The sister realm of Arnor, the South-kingdom of the Dúnedain. Its mariners sometimes range as far north as the Bay of Forochel during the whaling season. Unlike Arthedain, Gondor endures throughout the Third Age.

Greenwood—See MIRKWOOD.

Grey-elves—See SINDAR.

Grey Mountains—A remnant of the Iron Mountains which separates the Talath Uichel from Rhovanion to the south. During the Elder Days these peaks formed a continuous barrier with the northern Misty Mountains, but since the cataclysm of the War of Wrath, a broad gap, the Dîn Lhûg, separates the two ranges, affording passage into the Northern Waste.

Harad—See SOUTH.

Hautauskumpu (pl. Hautauskummut)—A burial berg of the Merimetsästäjät.

Heimo (pl. Heimot)—Designation for a clan among the Ystävät Talven.

Helcaraxë—The ancient precursor to the polar ice-cap, which in the Elder Days formed a continuous bridge between Middle-earth and the Undying Lands. Many Noldor perished in a tragic crossing of the Helcaraxë.

Helechoth (sing. Helegon)—Elven name for the Jäämiehet.

Helecthil—The North Pole. A pillar of ice whose pinnacle houses a lost shard of Illuin, one of the two Great Lamps that once lit the world. The radiance of Helecthil causes colorful displays of light in the northern skies. Helecthil is also the site of the Snow-elven city of Helloth. Ulmo raised Helecthil from the depths of the Encircling Sea following the globing of the world (S.A. 3319).

Hell—The subterranean domain of Morgoth, originally identified with Utumno and later with Angband.

Helmivalmistajat (sing. Helmivalmistaja)—See entry for BEADMAKERS.

Henkinimittäjä (pl. Henkinimittäjät)—A spirit-namer. A shamanic figure among the Ystävät Talven. All *henkinimittäjät* are women.

Hildórien—The awakening place of Men in the East of Middle-earth.

Hobbits—A little people, akin to Men, who inhabit Eriador during the Third Age. Though unadventurous by nature, some few have been known to visit the Northern Waste (or, at least, its southern marches).

Illuin—The northern of the two Great Lamps that gave light to the world in the first Spring of Arda. Cast down and broken by Melkor (Morgoth), Ilúvatar permitted Ulmo to raise a shard of Illuin above the surface of the sea to be a sign of hope for the Free Peoples. The shard came to be called Helecthil, the Radiance of Ice, and its rays lit the northern skies forever after.

Ilúvatar—The Father of Men and Elves, the One True God. See also ERU.

Irmo—One of the Valar. Also known as Lórien, Irmo governs the realm of dreams and visions. The Noldor of Evermist enjoy a special rapport with him, calling themselves the Irmohildi.

Istari (sing. Istar)—The Five Wizards, sent to Middle-earth in T.A. 1000 as emissaries of the Valar. Their mission is to aid the Free Peoples against Sauron or his legacies. One of the Istari, Aiwendil (Radagast), is known to have paid a visit to the valley of Evermist in T.A. 1640, but he or others of his order may well have wandered the Northern Waste at other times as well.

Jääkylät (sing. Jääkylä)—A berg-delving of the Merimetsästäjät.

Jäämiehet (sing. Jäämies)—One of the three kindreds of the Ystävät Talven. Descendants of the Tanssijat of the Second Age, the Jäämiehet occupy the Cape of Forochel, though during summer they may range as far as the Herd Tundra.

Jääsilmä (pl. Jääsilmät)—An "ice-eye," one among the Merimetsästäjät skilled in the selection and delving of icebergs.

Kementári—Queen of the Living Earth (one of the names for Yavanna). *Cembereth*, the Grey-elven form of this title, is also the name the Noldor give to the sacred trees which form the focus of their rituals.

Labba—The language of the Ystävät Talven.

Landless Land—The polar ice-cap. It formed soon after the globing of the world in S.A. 3319. Its edges touch the northern coasts of Forochel during the winter months.

Last Alliance—A league of Men and Elves (and the other Free Peoples) formed against Sauron at the close of the Second Age. The Alliance made war upon Mordor and succeeded in vanquishing Sauron for a thousand years. The Elves of Evermist participated in the war under the banner of Gil-galad, High King of the Noldor.

Leveäjalat (sing. Leveäjalka)—The ancestors of the Lumimiehet.

Lindar (sing. Linda)—The Singers, a name for the Third Kindred of the Eldar (also known as the Teleri) of which the Snow-elves are a part. The Snow-elves sometimes call themselves "Lindi," the form of the name as it was spoken by the Nandorin (Silvan) Elves of Rhovanion.

Lindon—The lands that lie west of the Blue Mountains. A remnant of lost Beleriand, Lindon is the principal realm of the Grey-elves and Noldor of northwestern Middle-earth after the fall of Eregion in S.A. 1697. Its king, Gil-galad, perished in the War of the Last Alliance (S.A. 3441); during the Third Age, Círdan the Shipwright is the acknowledged leader of Lindon's Elves.

Lodge of Awakening—See CUIVIÉMAR.

Loitsuhelmet (sing. Loitsuhelmi)—The spell-beads of the Helmivalmistajat (Beadmakers). During the seventeenth century of the Third Age, many of these became tainted by the Witch-king of Angmar.

Lórien—Another name for Irmo, the Dream-lord of the Valar. (Lórien is also the name of an Elven realm of Rhovanion.)

Lossidil (sing. Lossedel)—The Snow-elves. This Nandorin (Silvan) kindred departed Rhovanion because of the unwelcome encroachments of the Grey-elf, Oropher, into their traditional homeland. They adapted quickly to their new environment, acquiring magical powers over ice and snow. After the globing of the world (S.A. 3319), the Lossidil journeyed onto the polar ice-cap and founded the city of Helloth. Some Snow-elves continued to sojourn regularly in Forodwaith.

Lossoth (sing. Losson)—Most casual visitors to Forodwaith from the South lump all three kindreds of the Ystävät Talven under this label, though it properly belongs only to the Lumimiehet.

Lumimiehet (sing. Lumimies)—One of the three kindreds of the Ystävät Talven. The Lumimiehet range along the southern and eastern coasts of Forochel's bay and the tundra beyond, but do not dwell on the peninsula itself (as do the Jäämiehet). The Lumimiehet are descendants of the Leveäjalat of the Second Age and have the most frequent contact with the lands and peoples of Eriador.

Maiar (sing. Maia)—The innumerable lesser Ainur that descended into the world to complete its creation. Those Maiar who wander the lands of Middle-earth tend to be solitary and are often more preoccupied with the natural world than with the Free Peoples, unless they are malevolent spirits (demons) and seek their harm. Aamumeren Isä, for example, is a neutral Maia whose principal concern is with the whales of Forochel's bay. Eloeklo, Jäänainen and Durlach are all malevolent Maiar.

Manwë—The High King of Arda and Ruler of the Valar.

Melkor—The original name of Morgoth, before Fëanor named him the Black Enemy of the World.

Merimetsästäjät (sing. Merimetsästäjä)—One of the three kindreds of the Ystävät Talven. The Merimetsästäjät dwell in the icebergs of Forochel's bay, hunting its waters. They are an offshoot of the Jäämiehet.

Middle Days—The Second and Third Ages of the Sun, between the Elder Days of the Ancient World and the Younger Days of Man's dominion. The Middle Days begin and end with Sauron—his assumption of Morgoth's mantel and his final downfall in the War of the Ring. The Middle Days also mark the beginning of the fading the ancient glory of the Elves and other races, dwindling before the rising star of mortal Men.

Middle-earth—The continent of Endor, so-called because it lay in the midmost part of the Ancient World (before Arda was made round).

Mirkwood—The great forest of Rhovanion (Wilderland). Originally called Greenwood, this was the homeland of the Snow-elves. After T.A. 1100, Sauron's secret shadow crept over the forest and darkened its name to Mirkwood.

Misty Mountains—The north-south mountain range whose northernmost peaks abut the Talath Uichel.

Mithril—The enchanted silver-steel of the Dwarves, used principally in the forging of armor. It is known to exist only in the southern Misty Mountains, where Durin's folk have their great city of Khazad-dûm.

Mordo—Often referred to simply as "the Shadow," this is the residue of Morgoth's evil that inheres in the very substance of the world and everything in it. The Mordo is stronger in Forodwaith than in most regions because it was once Morgoth's realm. The quest of the Noldor of Evermist is to rid the Northern Waste of this unnatural taint.

Morgoth—The Black Enemy of the World. The fallen Ainu whose discords marred the Music of Creation. Morgoth was expelled from the world in the War of Wrath, and his evil but impotent spirit must wander the Void until the End of Time, when he will come forth once again to contest with the Valar and Ilúvatar's Children for the dominion of Arda. Sauron was Morgoth's chief servant and successor.

Morgul—Black Sorcery. A sobriquet of the Witch-king of Angmar.

Muistaja (pl. Muistajat)—An Ystävä Talven story-teller.

Nandor (sing. Nando)—A sub-kindred of the Telerin (or Lindarin) Elves. The Nandor abandoned the great westward journey of the Eldar and dwelt beside the River Anduin in Rhovanion. These Nandor became the Silvan or Wood-elves, sundered in language and custom from the Teleri that pressed further westwards into Eriador and finally into Beleriand. During the Second Age, one Nandorin group migrated north to become the Snow-elves. Another group, which renewed the westward march before the close of the First Age, came to inhabit Ossiriand, the land that would later become Lindon.

Nazgûl—The Ringwraiths. The nine mortal Men enslaved by Sauron through Rings of Power during the Second Age. One of these was Hoarmûrath, from the land of Urd, whose Sled-warriors persecuted the peoples of Forodwaith for two long ages. In T.A. 1276, Sauron sent the Lord of the Nazgûl to Angmar for the purpose of exterminating the Dúnedain of Eriador. He became known as the Witch-king.

Noldor (sing. Noldo)—The Second Kindred of the Eldar to embark on the great westward journey to Aman. Many of the Noldor returned to Middle-earth with hopes of avenging themselves on Morgoth for the murder of their king and the rape of the Silmarils. After the War of Wrath, most of these chose to depart Middle-earth; those that remained dwelt mainly in Lindon, though one group later founded the doomed realm of Eregion in southeastern Eriador. Survivors from the ruin of Eregion established the sanctuary of Evermist, and remained in Forodwaith until the close of the Third Age. Having lived long in the Undying Lands, the Noldor spoke Quenya, the High Elven speech; in Middle-earth, however, they adopted the Grey-elven tongue (Sindarin). This became the language of daily converse among them, with Quenya becoming a language only of ritual and secret lore.

Northern Waste—Forodwaith: the Cape of Forochel and the Talath Uichel.

Northmen—The Men of Rhovanion and northern Eriador, distantly related to the Three Houses of the Edain. The only Northmen to tread the lands of Forodwaith are the Rivermen of Eriador and the Berninga of Talath Uichel.

Númenor—The island realm of the Dúnedain in the Second Age. Númenor grew to become the mightiest empire among Men, but fell into evil ways and was destroyed by the hand of Eru Ilúvatar. Many Númenórean colonies survived in Middle-earth, as well as the Realms-in-Exile, founded by the Faithful survivors of the lost isle.

Númenóreans—See DÚNEDAIN.

Orcs—A stunted race of foul creatures bred by Morgoth (and, later, by Sauron) to plague the Free Peoples. Orcs are the cannon-fodder of the Witch-king's armies. Other independent Orkish tribes infest the mountains of Forochel.

Oromë—The Huntsman of the Valar.

Perhe (pl. Perheet)—Designation for an extended family among the Ystävät Talven.

Pyöreä Talo—An Ystävä Talven "round-house." Essentially an igloo.

Quenya—The High Elven speech of Aman. It is known by the Noldor and the loremasters among the Dúnedain, but rarely spoken in public.

Rhovanion—The land east of the Misty Mountains and south of the Grey. Also known as Wilderland, Rhovanion is the homeland of both the Nandorin (Silvan) Elves and many Northman tribes.

Rhudaur—One of the three successor states of Arnor. Situated in the northeast of Eriador, Rhudaur lies closest to Angmar and was the first to fall under the Witch-king's shadow.

Rhûn—The Eastlands of Middle-earth.

Riimut (sing. Riimu)—The runes of the Ystävät Talven, used to enchant spell-beads and runeknives.

Ringwraiths—See NAZGÛL.

Rivermen—Rugged Northmen of Eriador. They often ply the watercourses of the Wash Tundra, trading with the Lumimiehet.

Sauron—The Lord of the Rings. In origin a Maia of Aulë, Sauron became Morgoth's chief servant and rose to succeed him as the Dark Lord of Middle-earth during the Second and Third Ages. For most of the Third Age, however, Sauron's continued presence in the world was unknown to any save the nine Nazgûl. After his near-total defeat at the hands of the Last Alliance (S.A. 3441), Sauron's disembodied spirit fled into hiding. Around T.A. 1000 he entered Amon Lanc, a hill in southern Rhovanion, and slowly began to take shape again and recover his ancient might. Within a century his shadow had spread over Greenwood the Great, transforming it into Mirkwood, and the Elves of that land renamed Amon Lanc "Dol Guldur," the Hill of Dark Sorcery; but none perceived that Sauron had returned. Sauron assumed the alias of "the Necromancer," laying quiet while his Nazgûl wreaked havoc in Eriador and the Northern Waste. Finally, in T.A. 2942, Sauron re-entered his old fastness of Mordor, and nine years later declared himself openly to the world. Sauron was definitively vanquished sixty-eight years later in the War of the Ring.

Second Age (S.A.)—The Second Age of the Sun, which lasted 3,441 years. The age began after the victorious War of Wrath, in which Morgoth fell; it ended in the first vanquishment of Sauron his successor. Near to the conclusion of the age (S.A. 3319), the world was made round as a consequence of the drowning of Númenor and the removal of the Undying Lands.

Secondborn—See CHILDREN OF ILÚVATAR.

Sindar (sing. Sinda)—The Grey-elves, a sub-kindred of the Teleri that dwelt in Beleriand (and, later, in other regions of northwestern Endor. Their language (Sindarin) became a *lingua franca* for all the Eldar in Middle-earth, as well as for the Dúnedain who mapped the Northern Waste. The Snow-elves harbor a dislike for the Sindar because of Oropher's dealings with them in Rhovanion.

Snow-elves—See LOSSIDIL.

South—Normally, "the South" refers to the far lands of Haradwaith. In this module, it encompasses anything south of Forodwaith (i.e., Eriador and Rhovanion, lands usually taken to be "the North").

Suku (pl. Suut)—A "sept," an intermediate level of kinship between family and clan.

Talath Uichel—The vast tundra stretching eastwards from the Bay and Cape of Forochel.

Tanssijat (sing. Tanssija)—The ancestors of the Jäämiehet and Merimetsästäjät.

Tasapaino—The balance of Nature (Ympyrä). The ultimate standard by which the Ystävät Talven judge an action to be "good" or "evil."

Teleri (sing. Teler)—The third and most numerous kindred of the Eldar, comprising the Sindar (Grey-elves), Falathrim (Coastal Elves) and Nandor (Silvan Elves). The Snow-elves of the Northern Waste are a Nandorin sub-kindred.

Tharbad—The great port-city of Eriador, from which many of the whalers of Forochel embark. Tharbad is fully described in ICE's ***Arnor: The Land*** module.

Third Age (T.A.)—The Third Age of the Sun, which lasted 3,019 years (or, by other reckonings, 3,021 years). It began with Sauron's devastating defeat at the hands of the Last Alliance and ended in his final vanquishment through the destruction of the One Ring.

Tietäjä (pl. Tietäjät)—A charismatic leader among the Ystävät Talven. The closest thing they have to a "chieftain" or "headman."

Ulkopuolesta—Anything which violates or falls outside of Ympyrä, the natural order.

Ulmo—The Vala of the Sea, specially loved by the Snow-elves because he visited and comforted them in the aftermath of the Second Cataclysm, showing them the way to Helecthil.

Umbar—Perhaps the greatest maritime power in Middle-earth during the Third Age. A Númenórean colony in the South, Umbar's ships maintained a thriving trade with Tharbad in Eriador, and some even ventured into the Bay of Forochel.

Umli (sing. Umit)—A strange northern people who claim to be descended from an ancient union of Dwarves and Men. Umli maintain mining camps and other settlements in Forodwaith (though their homelands are farther eastward).

Underdeeps—Cavern systems that run deep beneath the Earth's surface. In Forochel, many of these are infested with long-forgotten legacies of Morgoth. The cape possesses several relatively accessible points of entry into the Underdeeps, including the Cirith-i-Nudevyn, the Pendrath na-Udûn and Morgoth's Well.

Urd—A land far to the east of Forodwaith. Urd became the realm of Hoarmûrath the Nazgûl, and his hordes periodically ravaged the Free Peoples of the Northern Waste.

Urdor (sing. Udorn)—The Men of Urd, known in infamy to the folk of Forodwaith as the Sled-horde. Their far-flung pogroms actually precipitated the peopling of Forochel and Talath Uichel, driving their victims ever westward. During the Third Age, the Witch-king of Angmar maintained a colony of Urdor amid the northward-facing vales of the Ephel Angmar

Utumno—The first stronghold of Morgoth in Middle-earth, far to the east of Forodwaith. Its ruins were deluged in the War of Wrath, leaving in their wake a great bay, shielded from the Talath Uichel by the mountain range of Barl Syrnac.

Valaquenta—The Tale of the Valar. Essentially a listing of the Valar and their relationships, narrated in ***The Silmarillion***.

Valar (sing. Vala)—The divine Powers appointed by Eru Ilúvatar to govern Arda. Their last great intervention on behalf of the Free Peoples of Middle-earth was the War of Wrath, though in the Third Age they sent the Istari (the Wizards) to indirectly influence events against Sauron's re-emerging shadow. The names, ranks and provinces of the Valar are fully described in ICE's ***Valar and Maiar*** people book.

Valië—A female Vala.

Valinor—See AMAN.

Varda—Queen of the Valar and Kindler of the Stars.

Viisas (pl. Viisaat)—Wise One. A shamanic healer of the Ystävät Talven. Usually a woman, but occasionally a male.

War of Wrath—The apocalyptic battle that brought about the downfall of Morgoth and the formation of the Cape of Forochel.

Westernesse—See NÚMENOR.

Westlands—Northwestern Middle-earth, though the expression usually does not include Forodwaith.

Westron—The common speech of the Westlands, the modern "vulgar" form of Adûnaic. Rarely spoken in the Northern Waste except along the Eriadorian frontier.

Wilderland—See RHOVANION.

Witch-king—The Nazgûl-lord of Angmar and enemy of the Dúnedain in Eriador. The Witch-king came to the North in T.A. 1276 and was not driven out until T.A. 1975.

Yavanna—The Earth Mistress. Of all the Valar, she is most actively concerned for the fate of the Northern Waste. The Noldor of Evermist are her champions.

Ympyrä—The natural order of the world, to be maintained through *tasapaino* (balance). The opposite of Ympyrä is Ulkopuolesta, that which is "from Outside."

Ystävät Talven (sing. Ystävä Talven)—The Men of Forodwaith, comprising the Lumimiehet, Jäämiehet and Merimetsästäjät. All three of these kindreds descended from the Tanssijat and Leveäjalat of the Second Age. In the South, they are all generally referred to as the Lossoth, though that label properly applies only to the Lumimiehet.

14.2 ADVENTURING IN THE NORTHERN WASTE

Survival in the frozen climate of Forodwaith requires more planning and forethought than, say, a journey from Gondor to Arnor. The Ystävät Talven have learned the lessons needful for survival through many deaths and maimings, but they are born and raised in the cold and it is their natural environment. Southerners venturing into the far North are apt to make mistakes through ignorance or failure to judge the effects of cold on spellcraft, magic items and metal objects.

Survival

Surviving the cold of the North requires fire, food and shelter. (Water is seldom a problem.) The tundra is generally devoid of trees, but small bushes and dried grass may be used as kindling. The most common source of fuel is dried animal dung. The great herds of reindeer and elk leave copious amounts of manure behind them as they graze in summer. In winter (when traveling is truly a matter of life and death) dried tundra grass and dead bushes must be used as fuel. The Ystävät Talven also carry small sealskin pouches of whale or walrus oil to use as fuel.

Large amounts of food may be carried in the form of jerky (of deer, seal or other small mammals) or dried fish. While hardly gourmet dining, jerked and smoked meat can keep travelers on their feet for weeks at a time. In summer or winter there is always the possibility of coming across fresh game, such as an unwary snow hare or reindeer.

Shelter is usually easier to obtain than sustenance. In summer, a tent or other windbreak is needed to keep the rain out and to block the colder night wind. A hunting party caught in a blizzard in mid-winter might simply burrow beneath the snow; though cold, this stratagem serves to negate the effects of wind-blown ice and chill.

Movement

Use the following chart to determine movement rate when traveling cross-country in the Northern Waste. The modifiers assume flat, open ground, so the GM may wish to increase or decrease these figures for varying terrain, weather conditions and so on. The number in parentheses is multiplied by the character's normal rate.

Movement Chart

Dog sled (x 5)
Reindeer sled (x 3)
Skis (x 2)
Snowshoes (x 1)
On foot (x 1)*
On foot pulling small sled (x .75)**

*The GM should decrease movement rate through loose snow at a ratio of depth of snow vs. a character's height. For example: 1' of snow decreases the movement rate of a 6' man by 1/6 (17%). The same depth would slow a 3' Hobbit by 1/3 (33%).

**The GM should deduct a .2 modifier for every 100 lbs loaded on the sled, so that characters pulling a sled loaded with 200 lbs of equipment or supplies would multiply their movement rate by .35 (.75 -.40 = .35).



Pathfinding

It is very easy to get lost on the open, trackless stretches of tundra. Moving in any intended direction is a Light (+10) Moving maneuver. The difficulty can be increased or reduced, depending on a number of factors. If it is snowing during the day, the maneuver suffers a -10 penalty. If the party is traveling at night in a blizzard, the maneuver is at -50. The GM must use his or her own judgment when deciding such factors.

Even skilled travelers may inadvertently "drift" off their line of march, especially over long distances. This natural tendency is based on whether the individuals are right or left-handed. The lead leg (right for right-handed individuals, left for left-handed) strides slightly farther than the other, causing them to turn slowly as they walk. Given a vast enough area (like the tundra), travelers might eventually walk in a circle and return to their starting point. The GM can determine the direction the party is drifting by noting their direction of travel. The party should make a Tracking maneuver each day to stay on course. It is the GM's discretion as to how far off the party has drifted, but a 1D100 roll may be used to determine what percentage of the day's mileage has been traveled off course.

Metal Armor and Weapons

The GM must keep careful note of just how cold the air temperature is around a character wearing metal armor or using a metal weapon. Once temperatures reach -20°F, standard metal weapons and armor cracks if struck against stone or other metal objects. Metal armor becomes deadly at temperatures below 0°F. It ceases to protect the wearer, inducing hypothermia. In 0°F weather, metal armor causes 1-10 hits in cold damage per hour worn. This increases by 1-10 hits for every 10°F below zero the temperature drops.

Wearing thick clothing beneath armor partially negates this effect, the temperature being reduced by 5°F for every thin garment worn and 10°F for every thick garment. Such undergarments have a detrimental effect on movement and agility, causing a -10 to all Moving maneuvers for every thin garment (such as a silk shirt or scarf) and -20 for thicker garments (such as wool or thick linen shirts). These figures assume a healthy, well-fed individual; wounded, sick or otherwise unprotected characters may suffer much more damage.

Once the temperature drops below -50°F, metal armor and weapons may completely shatter when struck. The GM may modify RRs in accordance with the quality of the weapon. Tempered Dwarven steel or Elven made-armor may be less likely to take harm, while captured Angmarean equipment of poor quality may readily break in 0°F weather. Treat 0°F as a 1st level attack on the RR table with the attack level increasing by 1 for every 5°F below zero. Should two metal-clad opponents fight with metal weapons, both the weapon and the armor it strikes must make a RR. Use the following chart to determine target level:

Item Quality	*RR Target Level*
Poor	2nd
Standard	5th
Umitic-make	8th
Dwarven/Elven-make	10th
Númenórean-make	12th
Enchanted	20th

Spellcasting

Creative spellcasting can be one of the greatest joys of a northern campaign. PCs may devise ingenious combinations of spells to overcome opponents and obstacles, and the GM should by all means reward such innovation with extra experience points. *Invisibility* spells have certain drawbacks, as the condensation of breath and footprints in the frost and snow may betray the subject's location. *Traceless Passing* and *Track Hiding* become more important for those who wish to travel unmarked over the snowy tundra. *Water Bolt* may not only do normal damage but cause the target to take a Cold critical. *Warm Solid* and *Heat Solid* may melt the ice beneath the feet of an opponent, plunging them into the cold sea or trapping them in place as the ice quickly re-freezes about their feet.

Characters carrying potions must safeguard them from freezing. Frozen or partially frozen potions may not be used until thawed. Thawing a potion is a tricky business, as a RR must be made for the container vs. the level of the spell or be ruined and useless when returned to liquid form. For example, a potion of *Heal X* (1st level Surface Ways spell) must make a 1st level RR when thawed or become useless while a potion of *Heal L* (7th level Surface Ways spell) must make a 7th level RR to remain potent, and so on.

Frostbite and Hypothermia

Two afflictions common in the North are frostbite and hypothermia. Frostbite is the freezing and destruction of the outer layers of skin, especially common on the hands, feet, face or any body part exposed to the elements. The skin dies and turns black, in severe cases leading to gangrene infection. Hypothermia is the overall lowering of body temperature, easily caused by falling into water, wearing metal armor or being insufficiently clothed in conditions of extreme cold. Hypothermia damages internal organs rather than exposed skin.

Because of the innumerable variables involved in determining frostbite or hypothermia, it is difficult to establish a hard and fast set of guidelines. Therefore, the GM must decide using common sense and the relevant factors when deciding on incidence and severity. "Relevant factors" to consider include race, weather, food and clothing. Many mountain-dwelling peoples are able to walk about barefoot in the snow without danger of frostbite.

For example, an Ystävä Talven, a Gondorian from the highlands and a Southron are caught in a mild blizzard. While the Southron and Gondorian are clothed alike, the Gondorian does not suffer the consequences of the cold because he comes from the cold highlands of the White Mountains. The Ystävä Talven, while not as well-clothed as the Gondorian or the Southron, hardly notices the blizzard passing. The Southron suffers a mild case of hypothermia because he is truly a stranger in a strange land.

The effects of frostbite and hypothermia may vary from a simple 1-10 hits in cold damage to a severe reduction in abilities. Frostbitten feet cause a reduction in an individual's movement rate. Frostbitten hands reduce all skills requiring Agility, especially the character's OB and DB. Hypothermia reduces all skills requiring Constitution and Intelligence. Hypothermia causes an individual to become overwhelmingly drowsy and greatly reduces the ability to think and concentrate. Any hypothermic spellcasters are at a disadvantage if required to cast a spell requiring concentration. Use the following to determine penalties to skills and abilities (the GM must decide as to the mildness or severity of the injuries):

Frostbite				
Severity	*Skills*	*Spells*	*Gangrene*	*Movement*
Mild	-10	-10	10%/Day	-20%
Moderate	-50	-30	30%/Day	-50%
Severe	-70	-50	40%/12 hrs	-75%

Hypothermia		
Severity	*OB/DB*	*Hits*
Mild	-20	1-10
Moderate	-40	2-20
Severe	-70	4-40

14.3 CREATING CHARACTERS

While Forodwaith is an ideal destination for adventurers from the South, it is an equally rich adventure setting for those wishing to play characters from one of the many exotic Kindreds native to the Northern Waste. Character creation templates for many of these (including the Lossoth proper) may be found in Appendix A-2 of ***Middle-earth Role Playing***. Two peoples which do not appear in that collection are the Merimetsästäjät and the Snow-elves. These are presented below.

14.3.1 MERIMETSÄSTÄJÄ CHARACTERS

The berg-dwelling Merimetsästäjät emerged as a distinct sub-culture of the Ystävät Talven during the Urdic invasions of the Second Age (See Sections 3.4.2 and 3.4.3.), weathering the ravages of history into the Fourth. Their berg-delvings wander the waters of Hûb Falthol and Caew-i-Cheldolath, though their hunting parties range as far north as Whalebone Isle. They are most closely related to the Jäämiehet, their landborne neighbors on the Cape of Forochel. For further cultural information on the Merimetsästäjät, see Section 6.1.3.

Physical Characteristics

Build: Much like the Lumimiehet and the Jäämiehet, the Merimetsästäjät are stocky and well-muscled. They tend to have the same broad, handsome features as all Ystävät Talven. They are somewhat lighter than other northern fold, with men averaging 165 lbs and women about 130 lbs.

Coloring: Very fair complexioned, with pale blue or green eyes and blond to almost white hair.

Height: Short; men average 5'4", with women slightly shorter at 5'1."

Lifespan: The Bay of Forochel is not the safest of homes, and the life-expectancy of the Merimetsästäjät is considerably brief. Men average about 45 to 55 years, while women average longer at 65 to 80 years.

Resistance: +20 bonus versus cold/ice attacks; -20 versus heat/fire attacks. As they live on the sea, the Merimetsästäjät have no fear of water (+10 bonus vs. water attacks).

Special Abilities: The Merimetsästäjät have an acute sense of smell and can pick up the scent of Man, Orc or land animal from a mile downwind and a 100' upwind. (They can also smell Dwarf, Elf, and Hobbit from the same distance, but unless they have met with these races before, they are not able to identify the scent.) They receive a +10 bonus to Perception (***RM:*** Observation).

Culture

Clothing and Decorations: Almost all clothing is, by necessity, of fur-lined leather, and tends to be utilitarian, with an emphasis on warmth and protection against the cold climate. However, the Merimetsästäjät are fond of bright decorations and jewelry (which can be added or removed with ease, so as not to attract undue attention while hunting or traveling).

Fears and Inabilities: None.

Lifestyle: The Merimetsästäjät are poor. They survive by whaling, fishing, hunting and gathering. In the close quarters of a berg-delving, *heimo, suku* and *perhe* affiliations are extremely important. They do not use domesticated animals of any kind, having no place for them on their bergs.

Marriage Pattern: Monogamous, with lineage being traced through the female.

Religion: They pay reverence to the Spirit World, especially to the spirits of whales. Ceremonial life is left largely to the *viisaat* and *henkinimittäjät*, though dancing and story-telling rituals are used by the common Merimetsästäjä in his or her relations with the Spirit World.

Other Factors

Demeanor: Though quiet and reserved towards strangers, among their own kind the Merimetsästäjät are often boisterous and playful. They are generous, open and honest (sometimes to the point of naiveté). They are also fearless and persevering, but never foolhardy.

Language: *Starting Languages:* Merimetsästäjät speak (but do not write) Labba at Rank 5 (***RM:*** Language: Labba Speak 9 / Write 0). Some might also speak a smattering of Westron (Rank 1) (***RM:*** Language: Westron Speak 2 / Write 0). *Skill development:* The Merimetsästäjät also have the opportunity to learn Umitic (Rank 1) (***RM:*** Language: Umitic Speak 3 / Write 0).

Prejudices: Above all other races, the Merimetsästäjät hate ice and water-drakes.

Restrictions on Professions: None, but either through their sheer isolation or the lack of need for such professions, few Merimetsästäjät ever become Bards or Rangers. Mages are prized because of their access to Ice Law spell lists.

Outfitting Options

Weapons: Dagger, harpoon, javelin and spear.

Armor: Their thick, fur-lined coats act as soft or padded armor.

Clothing: Both women and men wear white or grey, fur-lined, sealskin coats and hats worn over very soft sealskin pants. Fur-lined, leather boots bound with thick and wide leather leggings to keep out cold and water. They often wear decorative badges, necklaces or armbands of beads. In the endless cold, thick, fur-lined mittens or soft leather gloves are worn almost constantly. They may also wear various forms of pouches and bags—from a large, hard leather, waterproof fish pouch to a small, soft leather, herb pouch when they are ashore in summer. The pouches are worked and decorated with beads, leather fringes and embroidery.

Money: The Merimetsästäjät may sell whale or walrus ivory at 4 gp/lb, blubber (for lamp oil) at 1 cp/10 lbs. A whole smoked fish or 10 strips of jerked meat may be sold for 1 sp.

Background Options

Merimetsästäjät receive four background options (***Rolemaster: Talent Law*** 45 talent points).

Special Abilities: All available except 56-60; replace this with a +25 to all Athletic Skills (***RM:*** All available except those which deal with empathy with animals).

Special Items: All available; the Merimetsästäjät favor items made of ivory or decorated leather.

Extra Money: The Merimetsästäjät may sell a variety of rare herbs found only in the colder climes or rare furs (a whole, adult, snow bearskin is worth 20 gp).

Hobbies: *Primary Skills:* Moving and Maneuvering in Soft Leather, any weapon skills except One-handed concussion, Use Item, Directed Spells, Stalk/Hide, Perception, Body Development, Spell Lists. *Secondary Skills:* Boat Handling, First Aid, Foraging, Signaling, Sky-watching. *Artistic Skills:* Ice-carving, Ivory-carving, Dance, Story-telling. *Athletic Skills:* Ice-climbing. *Craft Skills:* Boat-building, Leather Crafts, Beadwork, Furrier. *Lore Skills:* Ice and Snow Lore, Sea/Whale Lore, Merimetsästäjä History. ***RM:*** *Armor (Light):* Soft Leather. *Artistic (Active):* Dancing, Tale Telling. *Athletic (Endurance):* Rowing. *Athletic (Gymnastic):* Climbing. *Awareness (Searching):* Observation. Body Development. Communications: Signaling. *Crafts:* Beadwork, Boat Building, Ice-carving, Ivory-carving, Leather Crafts. *Directed Spells:* Ice Bolt. *Lore (General):* Ice and Snow Lore, Sea/Whale Lore, Merimetsästäjä History. *Outdoor (Environmental):* Foraging (Arctic), Weather Watching. Power Awareness: Attunement. *Spell Lists:* Open Lists. *Subterfuge (Stealth):* Hide, Stalk. *Technical/Trade (General):* First Aid, Sailing. *Weapon:* Any except 1-H Concussion.

Stat Increases: Any stat may be increased.

Extra Languages: Due to their isolation, the Merimetsästäjät learn very few languages. In very unusual circumstances, those Merimetsästäjät coming in contact with southern whalers may learn instead of normal Westron to Rank 1 or 2 (***RM:*** Language: Westron Speak 1-4 / Write 1-4).

14.3.2 SNOW-ELVEN CHARACTERS

The Snow-elves (or Lossidil) are of Silvan (Nandorin) origin. They began wandering the Talath Uichel on a permanent basis from about S.A. 1700 onward, and joined the Ystävät Talven in their westward withdrawal from the Sled-horde, which brought them to the Cape of Forochel. (See Section 3.4.3.) After the globing of Arda, many of the Snow-elves journeyed north onto the Landless Land and founded Helloth (See Section 3.5.2.), though some continue to wander the lands of Forodwaith. For further cultural information on the Lossidil, see Section 6.2.1.

Physical Characteristics

Build: While more muscular than their kinsfolk in the South, the Snow-elves do not quite equal the stature of the Sindar. Males average about 175 lbs, with females, only slightly less well-built, averaging 165 lbs.

Coloring: Uniformly very pale of complexion, the skin of the Lossidil often resembles the whitest ivory. Eyes are usually blue (ranging in shade from pale to dark), though grey and light green hues are not uncommon. Hair often resembles silver or pale gold, though reddish-brown tones are not unknown.

Height: Snow-elven males average 6'4" and females 6'2", though individuals may depart considerably from the norm.

Lifespan: As with all Elves, the Lossidil are immortal. Alone of the Eldarin kindreds they feel little or no longing to depart from Middle-earth.

Resistance: Snow-elves cannot become ill, diseased or scarred, and are rarely affected by adverse temperatures. However, their long habitation of the frozen North has left them more susceptible to heat than other Elves (+30 against cold, -5 against heat).

Special Abilities: Lossidil share the superb vision of all Elves, enabling them to see as well under moonlight and starlight as a Man would see during the day. Under other dim conditions they can still see well to 100', though in absolute darkness they cannot see at all. Lossidil share the Elvish trait of lightness, being able to walk on newly fallen snow as if it were soft earth. This, and their affinity for the frozen North, enable them to maneuver without penalties in the worst of snowy conditions. This same affinity gives the Snow-elves a +10 to +30 to other maneuvers that could be affected by snow and cold (e.g.: Stalking, Hiding, Combat, etc.).

Culture

Clothing and Decorations: Males and females prefer close-fitting garments of reindeer-skin. In contrast with their pale surroundings and coloring, the Lossidil use a variety of dyes to array themselves in a wide range of vibrant hues. Individuals can also add ornaments such as brooches, rings, bracelets and other jewelry as the mood takes them.

Fears and Inabilities: None.

Lifestyle: The harsh environment of the North demands a greater degree of cooperation than is the norm for Silvan Elves. All Lossidil acknowledge Losp'indel as the foremost of their people, and follow her guidance willingly. Nearly all Snow-elves spend some of their lives wandering the Northern Waste in small companies, though only a few chose this way of life for long periods of time.

Marriage Pattern: Monogamous and for life.

Religion: Rather more like the Falathrim, the Snow-elves pay greater reverence to Ulmo than to Varda, because of the Sea-lord's visitation to them after the Second Cataclysm.

Other Factors

Demeanor: True to their Nandorin roots, the Snow-elves are great lovers of freedom, an attitude strengthened by their historical resentment towards the intrusion of the Grey-elf Oropher into their ancestral homeland of Rhovanion. Among those not of their race, the Snow-elves are calm and quiet. When with their own they are apt to show stronger emotions. While generally peaceful, generous and loving, anger and jealousy are not unknown among them.



Language: *Starting Languages:* The Snow-elves speak their own tongue Lossidilrin to Rank 5 (***RM:*** Language: Lossidilrin Speak 10 / Write 10). Most also know Labba to Rank 4 or 5 (***RM:*** Language: Sindarin Speak 7-9 / Write 7-9). *Skill development:* Lossidil may learn any of the languages of the Northern Waste to Rank 3 (***RM:*** Language: Speak 5 / Write 5).

Prejudices: The Snow-elves hate all creatures of Morgoth and minions of Sauron. While friendly with the Noldor of Evermist, they have a strong dislike for any Sindarin Elves (though this would never drive a Lossedel to physically assault a Grey-elf).

Restrictions on Professions: None.

Outfitting Options

Weapons: Snow-elven weapons are those used for the hunt—spears, bows, harpoons or daggers.

Armor: Only the guardians of Helloth regularly wear armor. This is a hauberk of enchanted ivory that protects as chainmail (though it is somewhat more bulky). Others can acquire soft and rigid leather.

Clothing: Both genders wear shirts, vests and breeches made from reindeer-skin. Males usually don round hats, while females prefer hoods. Footwear usually consists of boots made from toughened hide, though within Helloth lighter and more supple shoes are often worn. Bright colors and ornaments made from antlers, bone and enchanted ice add variety to their garb.

Money: Snow-elven characters may trade or sell a variety of goods: reindeer-skin cloak (1 sp-30 sp), jewelry (5 bp-50 sp) and ivory (4 gp/lb). The Lossidil, however, have little use for money, preferring the currency of friendship and reciprocity.

Background Options

Lossidil receive 3 background options (***Rolemaster: Talent Law*** 35 points).

Special Abilities: All available except 56-60, which is replaced by the ability to "read" ice. Lossidil with this ability may sense what has passed by or affected a patch of ice over the past 24 hours. The "reading" is often vague or shadowy.

Special Items: All available. Especially powerful items may be artifacts from earlier ages or relics of the war against Morgoth.

Extra Money: Herbs, tanned reindeer-skin and ornaments can all provide Snow-elven characters with extra money. Again, though, the Lossidil normally have no desire for coinage, even if they could obtain it in their icy domain.

Hobbies: *Primary Skills:* Moving and Maneuvering in Soft and Rigid Leather, 1-H Edged, Thrown, Missile Pole-arms, Track, Stalk/Hide, Perception, Body Development, Spell Lists, Languages. *Secondary Skills:* Cookery, First Aid, Foraging, Meditation, Sky-Watching. *Artistic Skills:* Ice Sculpture, Instrumental Music, Ivory Carving, Singing. *Athletic Skills:* Skiing. *Craft Skills:* Dying, Leather Crafts. *Lore Skills:* Elvish History, Fauna Lore, Flora Lore, Herb Lore, Region Lore. ***RM:*** *Armor (Light):* Rigid Leather, Soft Leather. *Artistic (Active):* Play Instrument, Singing. *Artistic (Passive):* Ice Sculpture, Ivory Carving, *Athletic (Gymnastic):* Skiing. *Awareness (Searching):* Observation. *Body Development:* Body Development. *Communications:* Languages. *Crafts:* Cooking, Dying Leather Crafts. *Lore (General):* Elvish History, Fauna Lore, Flora Lore, Herb Lore, Region Lore. *Outdoor (Environmental):* Foraging, Weather-watching. *Self Control:* Meditation. *Spell Lists:* All. *Subterfuge (Stealth):* Hide, Stalk. *Technical/Trade (General):* First Aid, *Weapon:* 1-H Edged, Missile, Pole-arms Thrown.

Stat Increases: Any stat may be increased.

Extra Languages: The languages that Lossidil may learn are restricted by their isolation. A few learn Sindarin to Rank 3 (***RM:*** Language: Speak 5 / Write 4).

14.4 HERBS, CURATIVES AND POISONS

The often frigid soil of the Northern Waste has not prevented many rare and exotic herbs from taking root on tundra, bog or mountainside. Some of these plants are common with those that grow in the South; others are unique to Forodwaith and therefore sought out by healers and herbmasters as far south as Umbar. The following is a brief list of plants native to Forodwaith that may be of particular interest to adventurers (Cf. ST-5, Herbs, Poisons and Diseases Table in ***Middle-earth Role Playing***).

JOKISAMMAL

(La. "River Moss;" alt. Luunkorjataja)

This dark green moss grows along the rivers of the Wash Tundra and the Everhir, as well as along the watery shores of the Lakeland. The moss is tasteless and usually mixed with a kind of fish or meat paste and eaten. In the South, *jokisammal* is known as *edram.*

GM Note: *A simple fracture heals within one week if the individual is able to rest and eat properly. A compound fracture heals within two weeks, but badly shattered bones require more time and may require further help from spells or other herbs depending on the severity of the injury.*

KEIHÄÄNLEHTI

(La. "Spearleaf")

This silver-green leafed bush is found in the Wash Tundra, Lakeland, Evermist and sheltered valleys of the Ered Rhívamar. Its leaves are applied to bumps and bruises. The Ystävät Talven remain ignorant of the plant's curative powers and would be happy to learn of its abilities should someone teach them. In the South, *keihäänlehti* is known as *neithlas.*

GM Note: *Heals 1-6 hits.*

KELTAKUKKA

(La. "Yellow Flower")

These bright yellow flowers grow wild in the Wash Tundra and, to a much lesser extent, around the mouth of the Everhir (treat as Extremely Hard (-30) to find near the Everhir). In Eriador, *keltakukka* is known as *arfandas.*

GM Note: *The flower stems are used in a poultice in combination with other plants to heal bone fractures. The herb doubles the rate of healing for any broken bone.*



LÄÄKESAVU

(La. "Medicine Smoke")

This moss grows in small quantities along virtually every freshwater source north of the Everhir. The moss is dried and burned, and then the smoke is inhaled. It is virtually unknown in the South.

GM Note: *The smoke heals 5-50 hits and doubles the rate of healing for any wound. If smoked in a specially blessed pipe prepared by a viisas, it cures from 10 to 100 hits and triples the rate of healing for wounds.*

METSÄSTÄJÄN KUKKA

(La. "Hunter's Blossom")

This beautiful flower grows in the high valleys of the Ered Rhívamar. Its light blue blossoms are ground and formed into a thick paste that can be applied to the edge of a weapon or smeared in a drinking cup or food bowl. The Jäämiehet use the poison to smear on spears and arrows when hunting. They find it saves them from losing wounded seals and walruses who would otherwise take to the sea.

GM Note: *The poison is extremely virulent and kills instantly.*

MIEKKALEHTI

(La. "Swordleaf")

This reddish-green prickly weed grows in the Ered Rhívamar and is noted for three dark green, spike-like leaves at the plant's base. If the sweet, dark green base leaves are chewed, it increases a person's visual perception in both range and power. In the South, *miekkalehti* is known as *megilloth.*

GM Note: *The individual can detect movement at a distance of up to three times their normal range and can pick out details at twice their normal range. However, the effect only lasts for an average of 10 minutes.*

MUSTAKUU

(La. "Blackmoon")

This black, globular fungus grows in shaded marshes of the Lakeland. The residue of oil gleaned by skimming off the surface of the water in which it is boiled attracts the insatiable *verivaras* and other insects, driving them into a frenzy and drawing them irresistibly to anything smeared with it. In the spring and summer seasons, when *verivaras* swarms are thick and troublesome, Lumimies hunters carry tightly-sealed bone tubes of the oil. When they make camp for the evening, they drip a little of it on rocks and plants surrounding their camp, thus drawing the insects away from their repose.

Orcs have contrived a more sinister application for *mustakuu,* turning the oil in their evil, twisted sense of "fun" into an instrument of torture: stripping their prisoners, binding them to the ground with stakes, and then smearing their naked bodies with *mustakuu,* leaving the victim to be driven mad by teeming swarms of stinging and biting insects. If the Orcs are bored and looking for greater sport, the victim might be allowed to run, the Orcs hooting and screaming with laughter as they watch the oil-smeared unfortunates slap, scratch and literally run themselves to death attempting to flee the mosquitoes.

GM Note: *The oil attracts insects for up to eight hours and is difficult to wash off. Victims can die of severe anemia after a few hours of being in the eye of the swarm.*

MUSTASORMEN LÄÄKE

(La. "Black Finger Medicine")

In the North, this plant grows only in the high altitudes of the Blue Mountains. The small, green leaves are used more by southerners (who call them *jojojopo*) than by the Lumimiehet.

GM Note: *Cures 2-20 hits of frostbite or damage resulting from cold when applied as a poultice to the affected area.*

NÄKÖKASVI

(La. "View Plant")

Found well above the treeline in the Ered Rhívamar, the yellow roots of this small, greyish, thistle-like plant are brewed. The resultant liquid helps restore sight. The Ystävät Talven value its properties for those affected by *lumisokeus.*

GM Note: *Restores sight much as a* Major Eye Repair *spell. It may either be imbibed or applied directly as a wet poultice to the injured eye. If imbibed, sight is restored in 12 to 24 hours, or in 1-8 hours in poultice form.*

PUNASALVIA

(La. "Red Sage;" alt. Metsästäjän Ystävä)

This purplish sedge grows in the Emyn Nimbrith, the northern Herd Tundra and southern Lakeland. It also grows well in the northern portions of the Fire Tundra. The sickly white roots are brewed and the resulting (very bitter) tea is drunk to protect the eyes from glare. The Ystävät Talven value the drug as a preventive against *lumisokeus.* In the South, *punasaliva* is sometimes known as *atigax.*

GM Note: *The tea protects the imbiber's eyes from any intense light or glare. The effects last for an average of 9 hours.*

SINITÄHTI

(La. "Blue Star")

The little blue flowers of the *sinitähti* may be eaten raw or boiled as tea. Like the *unikukka,* this plant is found only in Morgoth's Well on the Fire Tundra.

GM Note: Sinitähti *causes a -30 reduction in Moving and Melee maneuvers, but increases directed spells and missile OB by +50. It also causes mild euphoria, but is not addictive. Its effect lasts only one hour.*

UNIKUKKA

(La. "Dream Flower")

This mind-altering flower is found only in the Green Circles of Morgoth's Well. Its flowers are dried and shredded into a fine tea, imbibment of which causes euphoria and allows kinsfolk to share dreams. It is much valued by *viisaat,* who would pay (in ivory) two to three times its market value in the South (9 gp). The drug is very addictive and may force addicts to make unwise journeys to Morgoth's Well in search of more.

GM Note: *The effects last up to 12 hours, depending on how much food has been eaten beforehand. As a rule of thumb, if the drug is ingested just after a large meal, its effects last only 5 to 6 hours.*

VATSAKIPUJA

(La. "Stomach Acher," pl. Vatsakipujat)

These thorny, berry-producing bushes grow wild throughout the Wash Tundra. The berries may be eaten green or in their bluish-white, ripened condition. Unfortunately, the berries also cause severe diarrhea and abdominal cramps if taken on an empty stomach (and slight nausea on full stomach). The berries are not a favorite among the Ystävät Talven. In the South they are known by the name of *mirenna.*

GM Note: *Each berry has the power to cure 10 hits.*

14.5 BEASTS OF THE FAR NORTH

Animals play an essential role in the life of Forodwaith and its inhabitants; in a land that yields no harvest, Men and Elves alike must look to these for their primary source of sustenance and clothing. Sea-life is, likewise, the chief cause for Men from the South to venture into the Northern Waste. This section details some of the birds and beasts which adventurers might encounter in the course of their travels in the Northern Waste. For more information on the fauna of Forodwaith, see Section 5.0.

BEARS

(La. karhut, sing. karhu)

The most dangerous predators of the North are the great snow bears, *valkokarhut,* as the Ystävät Talven call them. These huge creatures are virtually fearless, wandering the length and breadth of Forodwaith and the Landless Land at will. Their most common tactic against Men is to scare away hunters or fishermen and rob them of their catch. When food is scarce, the bears may hunt Men as much as any other game. Unlike most bears, the *valkokarhut* do not hibernate in winter, but wander the ice and snow year-round in search of food. Only the females build dens, and even they do not truly hibernate, ceasing their wanderings only long enough to give birth and nurse their young. Approaching such a den is foolhardy for a male bear, let alone a man.

Common cave bears (or black bears, as they are known to the Ystävät Talven) dwell in the northern Blue Mountains and throughout the Ered Rhívamar. On the average, they are actually slightly larger and more powerful than the fearsome snow bear, but are actually less deadly to Men. While their teeth and claws can shred leather armor and a blow from their paws can fell the strongest warrior, they are shy and retiring and prefer to avoid most encounters.

GM Note: *The Ystävät Talven are relatively unfamiliar with the common black bear that roams further south and, as a result, they lump both species under the name of* mustakarhu. *This can lead to misunderstandings with Eriadorian hunters who think their Lossothren guide is telling them of the small black bear, when in fact he is leading them towards a cave bear.*

A third ursuline kindred haunts the Northern Waste, though the Snow-elves have all but hunted the cunning brute to extinction. These are the fell bears which the Ystävät Talven call *rumakarhut.* They are now few and far between (the Pendrath na-Udûn and Torogmar being particularly infamous lairs), and most have taken to the Underdeeps for survival, though one may occasionally emerge to wreak havoc upon the Herd or Fire Tundras. Made in mockery of the huge cave and snow bears, the fell bear stands well over 12' and can weigh up to 2,000 lbs. They are noticeably less rounded and pudgy than a normal bear and have a lean, feral look about them. Their oily, malodorous fur is dirty white and grey in color, and can often be smelled before the bear is seen or heard. Their mouths are wider than those of normal bears, and their powerful jaws can bite through chainmail with ease. Like the snow bear, their paws are furry underneath to allow excellent traction on ice and snow, with long, razor-sharp claws that can shred any leather or chain armor. The preferred form of attack for a fell bear is to crush an opponent against its chest with its powerful forelimbs while biting the victim's head or neck. The glaring, reddish eyes of a fell bear are equipped with excellent senses and nightvision. They have a rudimentary intelligence and are quick to learn from mistakes (their own or an opponent's).

BIGHORN SHEEP

(La. suurisarvet, sing. suurisarvi)

Bighorn sheep leap about the craggy heights of the southernmost Ered Rhívamar. They live in small herds of one to twenty females, with a single dominant ram and two or three younger males. Their only attack is to butt an opponent with the large, brown horns that curve gracefully backward and around their thick skull. They are inoffensive and avoid hostile encounters, except during the mating season when the protective rams may charge any passers-by. (The ewes may also prove belligerent if anyone comes near to their young.)

BLACK MINKS

(La. pehmeät ihot, sing. pehmeä iho)

Dangerous and cunning, the black mink inhabits the Lakeland and the mouth of the Everhir. Four to five feet in length, these minks weigh as much as eighty pounds. Minks have a certain amount of brutal intelligence, stealing game caught in traps or from unguarded camps. While they seldom attack adult Men, black minks may attack Hobbits or Dwarves, mistaking them for children. (They have been known to attack unattended Lumimies children as well as young or inexperienced sled-dogs.)

BLUE OTTERS

(La. leikkisät sinikarvaiset uimaret, sing. leikkisä sinikarvainen uimari)

Found primarily in the Lakeland, encounters with these playful creatures are often comical and exasperating. They are curious and gregarious, and more than one encamped group of adventurers has wakened to find the creatures gleefully rummaging through backpacks, supplies and food-stores. Their sharp teeth can do serious damage to leather and cloth goods, ripping and tearing as they play. Unless attacked or defending young, otters are non-aggressive and mean no harm (though they often inadvertently do a good deal of damage). Their fur is thick and warm, and the Ystävät Talven value their hides for boots and gloves.

EAGLES

(La. suurilinnut, sing. suurilintu)

The great eagles of the Blue Mountains are rarely sighted in the North, but their smaller cousins in the Ered Rhívamar can be seen soaring above the tundra. The great birds are considered sacred by the Jäämiehet, who believe the eagles to be the departed spirits of their ancestors watching over them. They would be very displeased (to the point of violence) with anyone they found harming an eagle or an eagle's nest. The Lumimiehet regard eagles as good omens. To see an eagle just before a hunt or a journey is said to assure a safe return. The eagles themselves do not hunt Men or any other speaking people, preferring to dine on fish and seals. They make their eyries high in the Ered Rhívamar and are rarely encountered, save as far-off specks in the sky. Both the Jäämiehet and Lumimiehet tell tales of eagles attacking Orcs. They regard this as something akin to "The enemy of my enemy is my friend," and for this reason alone, no Ystävä Talven would deliberately harm an eagle.

ELK

(La. hirvet, sing. hirvi)

These nomadic herds may range from one to twenty thousand animals. In summer, their numbers are swelled by others from northern Eriador, filling the Herd Tundra, the Lakeland, Talath Uichel and even as far north as the Fire Tundra, to feed on the grass. Both males and females possess impressive braces of antlers. The males become aggressive in the rutting season (early winter), while the females protect their young. The Ystävät Talven eagerly await the coming of the large herds in summer. As with most animals, the Ystävät Talven use the skin, meat, antlers, and bones of the creature for one thing or another, allowing nothing to go to waste.

The Hillmen of Rhudaur refer to elk as *caru*, and that is the name by which they are generally known to the peoples of Eriador; in the South, the Herd Tundra is often spoken of as "the Caru." Not all elk migrate into Eriador in winter; many take refuge in the northern vales of the Ephel Angmar or the more sheltered regions of the Lakeland.

FELL TURTLES

(La. kilpikonnakalat, sing. kilpikonnakala)

A pair of fell turtles is known to live in Lonely Bay. Others have been seen from time to time in the Bay of Forochel. These giant snapping turtles are attracted by the seals, walruses and small whales of the area. They are not adverse to taking a small Ystävä Talven boat if the opportunity presents itself.

Fishermen are usually unaware that a fell turtle is nearby until one of their number is suddenly snapped out of existence by the horrible creature. It is a gruesome spectacle for anyone standing on the beach to hear the alarm of the fishermen and see boats being paddled feverishly for shore, disappearing beneath the waves, one by one, with a horrid, snapping crunch, followed by small, spreading rings of red on the water. The Ystävät Talven have found that if they throw their catch of fish and bait into the water, the turtles stop to eat before pursuing the boat. The success of this maneuver depends on how far from shore the boat is and how many fish the imperiled boatmen have to fend off the fearsome creature.

GORCROW

(La. pimeäsiivet, sing. pimeäsiipi)

Common to the Lakeland, the northern gorcrow is a hardier and slightly larger version of the common gorcrow. They are similar in temperament to their southern brothers in that, while not exactly evil, they are indifferent to suffering of any kind. Also like their brothers, they are attracted to shiny objects, and may have collected a large number of small trinkets or coins. They live in large, communal nesting sites, which they defend in common from predators or treasure-seekers. The Lumimiehet regard them as birds of ill-omen, and often plunder their nests for eggs and whatever other useful items they might find.

REINDEER

(La. porot, sing. poro)

Reindeer migrate into the Herd Tundra in large numbers during spring. They are usually inoffensive and flee rather than fight. Both sexes grow antlers, but the females are somewhat smaller than the males. However, the reindeer have very sharp hooves for breaking through ice and snow to reach the forage beneath, and both the buck and doe can rear up and use them with precision and skill. The Lumimiehet hunt the creature both for its meat and skin. They also trap and domesticate females for milk and beasts of burden.

Sled-reindeer (*La. rekiporot, sing. rekiporo*) are the domesticated version of the common wild *porot.* They are also used exclusively by the Lumimiehet to pull heavier loads than possible with sled-dogs. The animals are occasionally killed and eaten if hunting is bad. Most sled-reindeer are born in captivity and are very docile. It is a source of much anger and embarrassment for a sled-reindeer to get free and be killed by a hunter; it is also unusual, as most domestic sled-reindeer wear collars or harnesses, identifying them as domestic.

In Eriador, reindeer are known by the Snow-elven name *losrandiras* (sing. *losrandir*) or by Sindarin *lothrandiriath* (sing. *lothrandir*). While some reindeer migrate into northern Eriador (principally Rhudaur) during the winter months, others remain in the more protected valleys or forests of Forodwaith.

SEALS

(La. merikoirat, sing. merikoira)

Seals migrate into Forochel's bays and inlets in spring, before scattering to warmer waters in the South in autumn. There are two main types of seals of interest to the Ystävät Talven. The first is the fur seal or *karvainen merikoira,* used for both meat and fur. The second is the *lihamerikoira,* used primarily as a source of meat and leather (especially armor).

In spring, the seals can literally cover a beach in one great, boisterous and gregarious colony. The female seals are fairly placid, preferring to take to the safety of the sea rather than fight. The bulls, however, can be aggressive in their defense of territory or harems. In the water, the animals have never been known to attack Men, except occasionally a slight nip or bite as the creatures include the individual in their underwater play

The Snow-elves find seals absolutely delightful, spending hours wandering a beach among them and staring into the big, brown, intelligent eyes of the creatures.

SLED-DOGS

(La. rekikoirat, sing. rekikoira)

Sled-dogs have very thick coats to resist the cold, and for sheer power and stamina they are more than the equal of any wolf or war-dog. They have deep, heavily-muscled chests and strong hind legs. Their fur ranges from grey to white in color, with short, curling tails and pointed, alert ears atop their heads. The Lumimiehet alone use the dogs to pull sleds or, in rough country, as pack animals. Any sled-dogs "gone wild" or having returned to a wilderness state quickly readapt to domesticity, and unprovoked attacks are rare.

SNOW LEOPARDS

(La. lumikissat, sing. lumikissa)

These wily cats haunt the southern Ered Rhívamar, sometimes ranging for game as far south as the Fire Tundra. They are extremely shy and avoid contact with Men. Due to their excellent senses, they often see, hear or smell anyone approaching, disappearing without the wanderer even contemplating their presence. Tracks in the snow are usually the only indication that a leopard is anywhere nearby. The cat is extremely agile, and can make quick, powerful strikes with its forepaws, but avoids a determined (or retreating) adversary. Once an opponent proves too powerful, it breaks off the fight and flees at the first opportunity.

TUNDRA MOSQUITOES

(*La. verivarkaat, sing. verivaras*)

The Talath Uichel is noted for the size and voracious appetite of its mosquitoes, which have been known to drive reindeer and elk mad, sending them galloping mindlessly into the Lhúchir or Everhir. The mosquitoes spawn in the marshy pools of the Lakeland (and, to a lesser extent, throughout the Herd and Fire Tundras) in the summer. A *verivaras* is the size of a child's thumb, with nearly a six-inch wingspan and an inch-long proboscis for stabbing and drawing blood. The mosquitoes can swarm in the tens of thousands, assailing any warm-blooded creature. Anyone caught unprotected in such a swarm dies a slow and horrible death as their blood is drained, bite by bite, each insect leaving a small but intensely itching red welt that remains for two to ten days. Anyone caught in a swarm of *verivarkaat* (protected or unprotected) must make a 10th level RR or be overwhelmed with anxiety and run away, heedless of other dangers and slapping themselves ceaselessly in an attempt to be rid of the insects.

WALRUS

(*La. valkohampaiset merikoirat, sing. valkohampainen merikoira*)

While technically a member of the seal family, the walrus is differentiated by its two enormous ivory tusks. The walrus is one of the animals favored by both the Ystävät Talven and southern-based hunters. Its thick hide makes excellent armor, while its ivory tusks can weigh up to 10 lbs apiece. The great layer of fat beneath its hide is a source of lamp oil and tallow.

Walruses do not congregate in huge colonies as other seals, but gather in groups of a hundred or less upon the ice-floes and isolated beaches of Forochel's bay. They are non-aggressive, preferring to flee to the safety of water than standing to fight. During the mating season, bulls hold contests of strength among themselves, but are unlikely to bother passers-by unless deliberately provoked.

Seal-hunters often refer to a walrus simply as *hammas* (La. "tooth," pl. *hampaat*), which may cause some confusion to anyone unfamiliar with the slang.

WHALES

(*La. valaskalat, sing. valaskala*)

There are a wide variety of whales in the Bay of Forochel. The whales are divided into two types: toothed and toothless. The toothed whales are predators and include the great sperm whale, killer whale, pilot whale and the narwhal. The toothless whales of Forochel are among the largest and include the rorquals: the humpback, finback and blue whales, none of which are particularly threatening to Men or any other race unless deliberately provoked. Even in attack, whales do little but ram a boat with their great heads once or twice before departing. The Ystävät Talven hunt all but the killer whale. These they consider sacred, believing them to be the spirits of departed ancestors (especially those of drowned whalers and fishermen). To avoid conflict with the locals, the Cardolanian whalers do not hunt the killer whale (or do so well out of sight of the Ystävät Talven).

Whaling is not a particularly dangerous occupation. While the life of a shipboard sailor is hard and dangerous in the cold climate, the actual hunting and destruction of a whale is not. Whales are curious and generally placid creatures, often swimming right up to the whaling vessel to investigate. Once skewered with a harpoon, the wounded mammal, reluctant to dive (and possibly drown), attempts to swim away as its only defense. Whalers counter this tactic by tying ropes and lines to their harpoons; thus, the dying whale has no choice but to drag its killers along with it. Even should the wounded animal get away and die, like all mammals the whale's body floats and therefore can be recovered later at the whaler's leisure.

Demon whales are bloated monstrosities that hunt the Bay of Forochel and the Encircling Sea, usually seeking other whales as prey (though they are not adverse to attacking whalers). Their five-inch teeth can bite through steel, and have been known to rip the side out of a whaling ship. The demon whale generally feeds in fits and starts, gorging itself for a week or two, then remaining uninterested in food for months at a time. Unfortunately for whalers, demon whales do not all keep to the same feeding schedule. So, while one whale may be disinterested in the passing ships, another may be ravenously ripping the sides off a whaler in an attempt to devour its whale-meat and crew.

WOLVES

(*La. yölaulajat, sing. yölaulaja*)

The roaming wolf packs of the frozen North are often more dangerous than some might think. Most common wolves tend to be shy of Men, preferring to avoid contact whenever possible. This is definitely not true of the dire, grey and white wolves, who actively hunt Men, Elves and Dwarves (and Hobbits, should they encounter them). The Ystävät Talven make no distinction between dire and grey wolves. The white wolves are differentiated only slightly by the name *valkoiset yölaulajat.*

The least dangerous of the group are the grey wolves, which seldom attack Men, except when hungry or when they outnumber their prey. Even then, the wolves are afraid of fire and can be bluffed into breaking off the attack, especially if a leader is injured or killed. The second most dangerous are the dire wolves. These snarling brutes are very difficult to bluff and do not require the pack to be large before attacking opponents. They are cunning and have excellent nightvision and are therefore more active at night than their smaller brethren.

By far the most dangerous of the roving packs are the white wolves. They are fearless, calling any bluff. The Ystävät Talven, who have a healthy respect for the wolves' power and abilities, sometimes name them *kuoleman koirat* (La. "death dogs"). However, this respect does not stop them from hunting the white wolf for its fur. A white wolf pelt is proof against the bitterest cold and is much sought after by all Ystävät Talven. However, as one old Jäämies hunter put it, "With death dogs, you are never sure whether you are the hunter or the hunted."

The most common of Morgoth's creations found in the North is the warg. These evil creatures act as mounts for Orcs and travel in packs of two to two hundred. They are especially dangerous in the spring and summer, when the Witch-king often unleashes large numbers from the Ephel Angmar to trouble the herds of the Talath Uichel and Herd Tundra. The hunting packs kill for the sake of killing rather than hunger, and anyone caught in their frenzied slaughter is subject to a fierce and unrelenting attack.



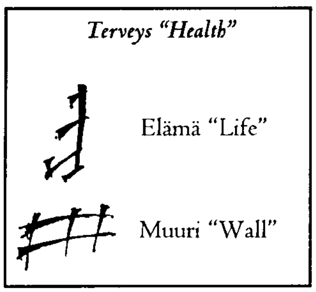
14.6 LANGUAGE GUIDE

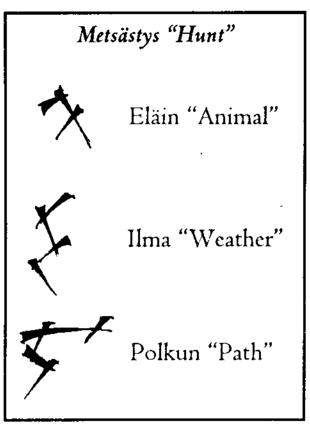
This section is designed for the player or GM who wants to explore and make use of the languages of Forodwaith in greater depth. Since Labba is here translated into a real-world language, our coverage is limited to a quick pronunciation guide, followed by a glossary of names appearing in the module. Because Lossidilrin (the language of the Snow-elves) is an entirely new language specially created for this module, basic rules of word-formation, along with comparative notes about the relationship of Snow-elvish to Sindarin, are also provided.



14.6.1 LABBA

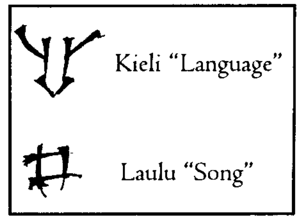
In accordance with J.R.R. Tolkien's treatment of the languages of Middle-earth in *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings* (see *LotR III*, pp. 411-416), Labba has been "translated" into a real-world language. The author of this module has chosen Finnish to represent the speech of the Ystävät Talven; hence, anyone wishing to create new names or expressions for his or her *MERP* campaign need only obtain a Finnish dictionary. Two primary considerations led to the decision to use Finnish as the language of the Lossoth: 1) the speech of the Ystävät Talven was influenced at a very early stage by an Elven tongue (Lossidilrin), and 2) the Ystävät Talven are culturally and linguistically unrelated to the other peoples of northwestern Middle-earth. These factors recommended themselves to Finnish quite well, since the language of the *Kalevala* was one of the original inspirations for Tolkien's development of the Elvish languages, and also because Tolkien used primarily Indo-European languages to represent the tongues of the Westlands (whereas Finnish comes from among the Finno-Ugric group).





Pronunciation

The letters in the words and names of the Ystävät Talven are to be pronounced more or less as follows. Doubled letters are to be pronounced in the same way but longer in duration. There are no silent letters.



a as in *father*, but shorter.
e as in *pen* (pronounce the e with rounded lips).
i as in *pin* (pronounce the i with rounded lips).
j like the y in *yes.*
o as in *not.*
r is trilled.
u as in *bull.*
y like the u in French *tu* or the ü in German *dünn.*
ä like the a in *cat.*
ö like the eu in French *neuf* or the ö in German *göttlich.*
All other letters are pronounced as in English.

A Glossary of Labba

What follows is an alphabetical listing of most of the Labbic (Finnish) names appearing in this module. Where relevant, both singular and plural forms of a word are given.

Singular	*Translation*	*Plural*
A		
Aamukuu	Morning Moon	
Aamumeren Isä	Father of the Morning Sea	
Aamutähti	Morning Star	
Äänettön Meri	Silent Sea	
E		
Eläin	Animal	
Elämä	Life	
Elämänantaja	Life-giver	
H		
Haarukat	Forks	
Häipyminen Mieli	Fading Mind	
Hallamäet Meressä	Frost Hills in the Sea	
Hammas	Tooth	Hampaat
Hautauskumpu	Burial Berg	Hautauskummut
Hedelmällisyyden Laulu	Song of Fertility	
Heimo	Clan	Heimot
Helmivalmistaja	Beadmaker	Helmivalmistajat
Henkieläin	Spirit Animal	
Henkikivi	Spirit-stone	Henkikivet
Henkimaailma	Spirit World	
Henkinimittäjä	Spirit-namer	Henkinimittäjät
Henkirikos	Spirit Crime	Henkirikokset
Hirvi	Elk	Hirvet
Hopeavesi	Silver Water	
Huolijää	Troubled Ice	
Huonovesi	Badwater	
Hymyilevä Nainen	Smiling Woman	
Hyvä Ruoka	Good Food	

Singular	Translation	Plural

I

Singular	Translation	Plural
Ilma	Weather	
Iloinen Lapsi	Merry Child (Hobbit)	Iloiset Lapset
Iltatuuli	Evening Wind	

J

Singular	Translation	Plural
Jääkylä	Ice Village	Jääkylät
Jäämaa	Land of Ice	
Jäämies	Iceman	Jäämiehet
Jäänainen	Ice Woman	
Jäänaisen Koti	Jäänainen's Home	
Jääsilmä	Ice Eye	Jääsilmät
Jäätalo	Ice-house	Jäätalot
Jäätikkö	Ice River	Jäätiköt
Jäävuode	Ice-bed	Jäävuoteet
Jäävuori	Ice Mountain	Jäävuoret
Jänis	Hare	Jänikset
Jokimies	Riverman	Jokimiehet
Jokisammal	River Moss	

K

Singular	Translation	Plural
Kääntyvä Tie	Winding Way	
Kaksi Veistä	Two Knives	
Kala	Fish	Kalat
Kalanystävä	Fish-friend	Kalanystävät
Karhu	Bear	Karhut
Karhun Serkku	Bear's Cousin	
Karhunahka	Bearskin	
Karhunkäsi	Bearhand	
Karhusoturi	Bear-warrior	Karhusoturet
Karvainen	Furry	
Karvainen Merikoira	Furred Sea-dog	
Kaukonäköinen	Long-sighted	Kaukonäköiset
Kaunisillan Vuoret	Mountains of the Beautiful Evening	
Keihäänlehti	Spear-leaf	
Keltakukka	Yellow Flower	
Kieli	Language	
Kilpikonnakala	Turtlefish	Kilpikonnakalat
Kivi	Stone	Kivet
Kivinen Selkäranka	Spine of Stone	
Koira Saari	Dog Leg	
Korkeapää	Highhead	Korkeapäät
Korvarengas	Earring	Korvarenkaat
Kuoleman Kävelymatka	Death Walk	
Kuoleman Tarmo	Death Energy	
Kuoleman Koira	Death Dog	Kuoleman Koirat
Kuolleet Vuoret	Dead Mountains	
Kuunkoira	Moon Dog	
Kylätalo	Village House	Kylätalot
Kylmätalo	Cold House	Kylmätalot
Kylmyys	Cold	

L

Singular	Translation	Plural
Lääkekuu	Medicine Moon	
Lääkesavu	Medicine Smoke	
Lääketarmo	Medicine Energy	
Laulu	Song	
Laulutaistelu	Song Duel	Laulutaistelut
Leveäjalka	Broadfoot	Leveäjalat
Lihamerikoira	Meat Sea-dog	Lihamerikoirat
Lintuluu	Bird-bone	
Loitsuhelmi	Spell-bead	Loitsuhelmet
Luistin	Slider	Luistimet
Lumikissa	Snow Leopard	Lumikissat
Lumilintu	Snowbird	
Lumimies	Snowman	Lumimiehet
Lumipallo	Snowball	
Lumisokeus	Snow-blindness	
Luulääke	Bone Medicine	
Luunkorjataja	Bone-mender	
Luuvene	Bone Boat	

M

Singular	Translation	Plural
Merihenkien Satama	Bay of the Sea-spirits	
Merikoira	Sea-dog	Merikoirat
Merikoiransyöjä	Seal-eater	Merikoiransyöjät
Merikylä	Sea Village	
Merilintu	Sea-bird	Merilinnut
Merimetsästäjä	Sea-hunter	Merimetsästäjät
Meripihka	Sea-resin	
Merivene	Sea-boat	Meriveneet
Metsämaa	Timberland	
Metsästäjän Kukka	Hunter's Blossom	
Metsästäjän Ystävä	Hunter's Friend	
Metsästäjöiden Sukset	Hunting Skis	
Metsästys	Hunt	
Miekkalehti	Sword-leaf	
Muistaja	Rememberer	Muistajat
Mustakarhu	Black Bear	Mustakarhut
Mustakuu	Black Moon	
Mustanoistuuden Kaupunki	City of Black Magic	
Mustasormen Lääke	Blackfinger Medicine	
Mustat Tulikivet	Black Firestones	
Muuri	Wall	
Myrskyinen Taivas	Stormy Sky	

N

Singular	Translation	Plural
Näkökasvi	Vision Plant	
Näkynimi	Vision Name	Näkynimet
Noituus	Magic	
Nuorilintu	Young Bird	

P

Singular	Translation	Plural
Paheellinen	Vicious Person	Paheelliset
Parrakas Puolihminen	Bearded Half-man	Parrakkaat Puolihmiset
Pehmeä Iho	Soft Skin	Pehmeät Ihot
Perhe	Family	Perheet
Pienet Sormet	Small Fingers	
Pieni Kukka	Small Flower	
Pieni Vene	Small Boat	
Pimeäsiipi	Dark Wing	Pimeäsiivet
Pitää Kalasta	Likes Fish	
Pitkähammas	Long Tooth	Pitkähampaat
Pitkät Sääret	Long Legs	
Pitkät Sormet	Long Fingers	
Pitkäyön Vuoret	Mountains of the Long Night	
Pohjoinen Tähti	North Star	
Pohjoistuuli	Northwind	
Polku	Path	
Polkun Valaistus	Lighting the Path	

Singular	Translation	Plural
Poro	Reindeer	Porot
Punakarhu	Red Bear	
Punakäsi	Red Hand	
Punasalvia	Red Sage	
Puolikarhu	Half Bear	
Pyöreä Talo	Round House	

R

Singular	Translation	Plural
Rautakäsi	Ironhand	
Rekikoira	Sled-dog	Rekikoirat
Rekijoukko	Sled-horde	
Rekiporo	Sled-reindeer	Rekiporot
Riimu	Rune	Riimut
Riimuveitsi	Runeknife	Riimuveitset
Rumain Teurastajoiden Koti	Ugly Butchers' Home	
Rumakarhu	Ugly Bear	Rumakarhut

S.

Singular	Translation	Plural
Sadenainen	Rainwoman	
Sidenimi	Binding Name	Sidenimet
Sijaisi	Instead-of	Sijaiset
Sinipilvi	Blue Cloud	
Sinitähti	Blue Star	
Sisäänkäytävä Alateihin	Entrance to the Underways	
Sormivuonot	Finger Bays	
Suksi	Ski	Sukset
Suku	Sept	Suut
Suurilintu	Great Bird	Suurilinnut
Suurisarvi	Bighorn	Suurisarvet

T

Singular	Translation	Plural
Tähtivalo	Starlight	
Taivaantuli	Sky-fire	
Talo	House	Talot
Talven Henki	Winter's Breath	
Talvikylä	Winter Village	Talvikylät
Tanssija	Dancers	Tanssijat
Tarmo	Energy	Tarmot
Tarmosavu	Energy Smoke	
Tasapaino	Balance	
Terveys	Health	
Tietäjä	Knower	Tietäjät
Torikaupunki	Market Town	
Tulipalo	Fire	
Tulisydän	Fire Heart	
Tyhjäkätinen	Empty-handed	
Tyhjät Vuoret	Empty Mountains	

U

Singular	Translation	Plural
Ukkojalka	Thunderfoot	Ukkojalat
Ulkopuolesta	From Outside	
Unikukka	Dream-flower	
Unipyydystäjä	Dream-catcher	
Unisoturi	Dream Warrior	

V

Singular	Translation	Plural
Vaatimus	Claiming	
Vaimolahja	Wife Hospitality	
Valaska	Whale	Valaskalat
Valaskalan Palvonta	Cult of the Whale	
Valaskalanluinen Saari	Whalebone Isle	
Valkohammas	White Tooth	Valkohampaat
Valkohampainen Merikoira	White-toothed Sea-dog	Valkohampaiset Merikoirat
Valkohirvi	White Hart	Valkohirvet
Valkoinen Yölaulaja	White Nightsinger	Valkoiset Yölaulajat
Valkokarhu	White Bear	Valkokarhut
Valkosokeus	White Blindness	
Valo	Light	
Vanha Äitisavu	Old Mother Smoke	
Vanha Liukuva Lintu	Old Skimming Bird	
Vatsakipuja	Stomach-acher	Vatsakipujat
Vene	Boat	Veneet
Verinen Taivas	Bloody Sky	
Verivaras	Blood Thief	Verivarkaat
Vesivati	Water Bowl	
Vihreä Vati	Green Bowl	
Viisas	Wise One	Viisaat
Voimahelmi	Strength-bead	Voimahelmet

Y

Singular	Translation	Plural
Yhdeksän Taivasta	Nine Skies	
Yhdistyden Laulu	Song of Joining	
Ympyrä	Circle	
Yölaulaja	Nightsinger	Yölaulajat

14.6.2 LOSSIDILRIN

The Snow-elves of Forodwaith (or Lossidil, as they call themselves) speak a language unlike that of either the Noldor or the Sindar, yet one which is unmistakably Elvish; indeed, it shows no small resemblance to that of Silvan Elves of the Anduin, and the Green-Elves of Ossiriand. The few loremasters who have studied this language say that in many ways it has changed little from the tongue spoken of old by the Eldar who departed from Cuiviénen, and it preserves sounds and forms now lost in all other kinds of Elvish speech. Yet in other ways the Snow-elvish has changed much, and in these respects it often resembles the Sindarin speech; so much so, indeed, that it has not been hard for speakers of Sindarin to understand and make themselves understood in this tongue, and many parallels can be seen of words and names.

Chart I: The Sounds of Lossidilrin

Vowels

a: as in *father.*

e: as in *bet.*

i: as in *machine.*

o: as in *more.*

u: as in *brute.*

ai: as in *Kaiser.*

au: like the *ou* in *house.*

iu: like the word *you.*

oi: as in *coin.*

ui: like the *ui* in *ruin,* but one syllable.



Consonants

b: as in English.

ch: as in English *church*, but without breath.

ch': a sharply aspirated sound, similar to the *chh* in *matchhead* but pronounced as a single sound.

d: as in English.

g: as in English.

h: as in English.

k: a *k* without breath, as in English *sky*.

k': a *k* followed by a sharp breath, similar to the *kh* in *backhand*, but pronounced as a single sound.

l: as in English.

m: as in English.

n: as in English.

p: a *p* without breath, as in English *spear*.

p': a *p* followed by a sharp breath, similar to the *ph* in *uphill*, but pronounced as a single sound.

r: a rolled or trilled *r*.

s: as in English.

sh: as in English *sharp*.

t: a *t* without breath, as in English *stone*.

t': a *t* followed by a sharp breath, similar to the *th* in *boathouse*, but pronounced as a single sound.

w: as in English *way*.

y: as in English *yard*.

Lossidilrin and Sindarin alike developed from a common ancestor, the tongue of the Lindar, or Teleri, the Third Clan of the Elves. This close-knit clan had already begun to develop a distinctive type of speech even before the departure of the Eldar from Cuiviénen; and signs of this are to be seen even in the speech of the Lindarin Avari.

The most noteworthy of these early changes was the pronunciation of the sound *kw* (or *qu*) as *p*, and likewise of *nkw*, *gw*, *ngw* as *mp*, *b*, *mb*. The ancient Elvish word *ninkwi* "white" (*ninquë* in Quenya) was, in Sindarin and Lossidilrin alike, *nimp*; the Sindarin word *peth* "word" (Q. *quetta*) corresponded to Lossidilrin *pett*. They also lost the *y*-sound in the initial combinations *ty*, *dy*, *ly*, *ny*; as in S. and Los., *narn* "tale," against Q., *nyarna*, or S., *teilien*, Los., *teli*, "game, play" against Q., *tyalië*.

The languages ancestral to Lossidilrin and Sindarin began to develop separately during the Great Journey, when the ancestors of the Sindar crossed the Misty Mountains, and the ancestors of the Lossidil remained in the Vales of Anduin. Subsequently some changes occurred that were common to both the Lossidil, and their cousins, the Nandorin (Silvan) Elves who later dwelt in Lórien and northern Mirkwood. Among these was the change of a long *á* to *o*; as in Silvan *thor* "slender," Los., *t'or*; or Silvan *lóri-* "golden light," Los., *lor*. (After many years and changes this sound was also altered to *o* or *ó* in some positions in Sindarin; but its basic form had changed to, and remained *au*, as in *glaur* "gold").

In other ways the Lossidilrin changed parallel to Sindarin. For instance, both Lossidilrin and Sindarin altered long *é* and *ó* to *i* and *u*; compare Lossidilrin *k'ir* "lord" and Sindarin *hîr*; Lossidilrin *k'up* "bay" and Sindarin *hûb*. Both also altered original *oi* to *ui*: compare Quenya *oio* "ever" and both Sindarin and Lossidilrin *ui*. [See Chart II]

CHART II: VOWELS*

Ancient Elvish	*Lossidilrin*	*Sindarin*	*Example*
á	o	au, o	Los. *yor* = S. *iaur, ior-* "old"
ai	ai	ae	Los. *air* = S. *aer* "sea"
au	au	au, o	Los. *rauk* = S. *raug, -rog* "demon"
eu, iu	iu	y	Los. *miul* = S. *myl* "gull"

*Lossidilrin and Sindarin generally agree in the vowels, *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, (though these are always short in Lossidilrin, even when they are long in Sindarin) and the diphthong *ui*.

The Lossidil soon became separated from the early Silvan Elves, and for long years their tongue developed alone, with little or no contact with the languages of other Elves. The Lossidil regarded their language as a precious heritage, and guarded it carefully, keeping it from the changes of the passing years.

They could not halt its growth; but it was slow, and they retained many sounds and forms of the ancient language of the Eldar that were lost in the speech of other Elves. They preserved, for instance the sounds *k'*, *p'*, *t'* (sometimes written *kh*, *ph*, *th*) that were changed in Quenya and Sindarin. Lossidilrin *k'it'* "mist," for instance, corresponded to Sindarin. They also distinguished these sounds from *sk*, *sp*, *st* (often confused in both Q. and S.), saying *spang* "beard" for Sindarin *fang*.

In other respects, the Lossidil innovated. They created new sounds, similar to the English *ch* in church and *sh* in shoe from the ancient Elvish sounds of *ky*, *khy*, *sy*, which were changed otherwise by the Noldor and Sindar; so where the Noldor said *tyelpë* for "silver," and the Sindar *celeb*, the Lossidil called the metal *chelep*; and where the Noldor said *hyarmen* for "south," and the Sindar *harad*, the word the Lossidil used was *ch'arat*. [See Chart III]

Lossidilrin remained much more conservative than Sindarin in its treatment of medial and final consonants, which were much changed in Sindarin (both alone and in combination), but very little changed in Lossidilrin [See Charts IV and V].

CHART III: INITIAL CONSONANTS*

Ancient Elvish	*Lossidilrin*	*Sindarin*	*Examples*
gy	y	g	Los. *yell* = S. *gell* "joy"
h	g	—	Los. *gektat* = S. *eithad* "insult"
k	k	c	Los. *kirt* = S. *certh* "rune"
kh	k'	h	Los. *k'elek* = S. *heleg* "ice"
khy	ch'	h	Los. *ch'arat* = S. *harad* "south"
ky	ch	c	Los. *chelep* = S. *celeb* "silver"
m-r	mr	br	Los. *mrok* = S. *brog* "bear"
ph	p'	f	Los. *p'irn* = S. *firnen* "faded"
sk	sk	h	Los. *skelm* = S. *helf* "fur"
sky, sy	sh	h	Los. *shapat* = S. *habad* "shore"
sl	skl	lh	Los. *skluk* = S. *lhûg* "dragon"
sp, skw	sp	f	Los. *sparond* = S. *faron* "hunter"
sr	str	rh	Los. *striw* = S. *rhîw* "winter"
st	st	th	Los. *stebun* = S. *tham* "hall"
sw	sw	hw	Los. *swest* = S. *hwest* "breeze"
th	t'	th	Los. *t'and* = S. *thand* "shield"
w	w	gw, g	Los. *wekt* = S. *gwaith* "people"
y	y	i	Los. *yor* = S. *iaur* "old"

*Lossidilrin agrees with Sindarin in the initial consonants *b*, *d*, *g*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *p*, *r*, *s*, *t*.

Chart IV: Final Consonants*

Ancient Elvish	*Lossidilrin*	*Sindarin*	*Examples*
-b-	-b	-f, -w	Los. *yob* = S. *iaw* "fruit;" Los. *dab* = S. *dâf* "permission"
-d-	-d	-dh	Los. *sid* = S. *sîdh* "rest, peace"
-g-	-g	—	Los. *log* = S. *lô* "swamp, fen"
-h-	-g	—	Los. *teg* = S. *tê* "way"
-k-	-k	-g	Los. *mrok* = S. *brog* "bear"
-kk-	-kk	-ch	Los. *lakk* = S. *lach* "flame"
-m-	-m	-f, -w	Los. *talm* "tundra" = S. *talf* "flatland;" Los. *kaim* = S. *caew* "resting place"
-mb-, -ngw-	-mb	-m	Los. *limb* = S. *lim* "fish"
-nk-	-nk	-nc	Los. *lank* = S. *lanc* "neck"
-nd-	-nd	-nn, -nd	Los. *land* = S. *land, lann* "wide"
-p-	-p	-b	Los. *irip* = S. *ereb* "lonely"
-s-	-s	—	Los. *olos* = S. *ôl* "dream, vision" (earlier *olo*)
-ss-	-ss	-s	Los. *rass* = S. *ras* "horn, peak"
-t-	-t	-d	Los. *laikatat* = S. *laegadad* "greening"
-tt-	-tt	-th	Los. *gott* = S. *goth* "enemy"

*Lossidilrin agrees with Sindarin in the final consonants *-l, -mp, -n, -nd, -ng, -nt, -r, -st, -w*. The Sindarin treatment of medial consonants generally resembles that of the final consonants.

Chart V: Common Consonant Combinations

Ancient Elvish	*Lossidilrin*	*Sindarin*	*Examples*
rp, rt, rk	rp, rt, rk	rph, rth, rch	Los. *gurt* = S. *gurth* "death"
lp, lt, lk	lp, lt, lk	lph, lth, lch	Los. *k'elkoi* = S. *helchui* "icy"
-akt-	-akt	-aeth	Los. *nakt* = S. *naeth* "biting"
-ekt- (final)	-ekt	-aith	Los. *wekt* = S. *gwaith* "people"
-ekt-(med.)	-ekt-	-eith-	Los. *ektel* = S. *eithel* "well"
-okt-	-okt	-auth	Los. *okt* = S. *auth* "war"
-ukt-	-ukt	-ûth or -uith	Los. *lukt* = S. *lûth* "spell"

Loss of Final Syllables

Like the Sindar, and perhaps about the same time, following the first rising of the sun, the Lossidil lost the final syllables of all their words. Thus where the Noldor preserved the ancient word *lossë*, "snow," the Lossidil said *loss*, as did the Sindar.

As the final syllables were lost, the final consonants of certain consonant clusters which now became final turned into full syllables in their own right, *-r, -l, -n, -y*, and *-w* becoming *-ur, -ul-, -un, -i*, and *-w*.

Compare Los. *kiri* "ship" with S. *cair* (Q. *cirya*), Los. *kuru* "skill" with S. *curu* (Q. *curwë*), Los. *tegun* "high summit" with S. *taen* (ancient **tahna*).

Umlaut

Shortly thereafter occurred the Lossidilrin "umlaut," a regular change of the vowels *a, e*, and *o* to *e, i*, and *u* respectively. It occurs:

1) When a word originally ended in a *-u* or an *-i*, now lost, as is the case with most plurals: the plural of *orot* "mountain" is *urut* "mountains," from an older **oroti*. When the vowels in a word are already either *i* or *u*, the plural normally has the same form as the singular; when the distinction must be made, it is sometimes done by means of the suffix *-as* (= Sindarin *-ath*).
2) In syllables preceding an existing *-u-* or *-i-* in an uncompounded word; this includes the *-ur, -ul*, and *-ri-, -li-* arising from syllabic *-r-* and *-l-*. E.g. *mekul* "sword" from an older **makul*.
3) In attached prefixes preceding an element containing *-u-* or *-i-*. E.g. *embluk* "dragon" from older **ambluk*; *ittir* "spy" from older **ettir*.
4) Before suffixes containing *-u-* or *-i-*. E.g. *irip* "alone" (cf. *eroi* "first"); *kelin* "bright" (cf. *kal* "light"); *idilrin* "elvish" (cf. *edel* "elf").

Rules for Forming Lossidilrin Names

Compounds

Snow-elvish names, much like other Elvish names of archaic form, are commonly compounds of two or more elements. In these cases the second element is the primary one, which the first element modifies. The first element may be an adjective, in which case the translation is transparent: e.g. *morn-ost* "black fortress." Or it may be a noun, in which case the first noun has some sort of modifying function, which can usually be translated with a prepositional phrase: *loss-edel* "snow elf, elf of the snow;" *sark-pel*, "graveyard, garth of graves;" *loss-nakt* "snow-biting, biting (done) by snow;" *nor-talm* "fire tundra, tundra with fires." It can also be an adverb, as in *ui-k'it'* "evermist."

Modification of Final Consonants in Compounds

In most cases the elements of the compound retain the same form that they have as single words; this often produces surprising sequences of consonants, as in *embk'ir* "high lord," *airsparond* "sea-hunter" (though the last was sometimes pronounced *aisparond*). But in a few cases they are modified, especially when a final stopped consonant precedes a related stop; e.g. when *-p* or *-b* precedes *b-* or *p-*, or when *-t* or *-d* precedes *-d* or *-t*. In these cases only the second element is preserved: as in *galad-tor* "tree-lord" which becomes *galator*; *nimp-brit'* "white rubble" which becomes *nimbrit'*; *gond-talm* "stone tundra" which becomes *gontalm*. Words whose beginning is *str-* or *skl-* (from older **sr-*, **sl-*) normally reduce to *r-* or *l-* when they are the second element in a compound.

Umlaut in Compounds

Even when the second element of a compound contains *-i-* or *-u-*, umlaut normally does not occur in the first member if it is a noun, adjective or verbal derivative. Exceptions occur when the second element has virtually become a suffix; e.g. the endings *-dir, -rimb*. [See Chart VI]

Phrases and Prepositions

Some names are short phrases, separated by a word-break. In these cases it is usually the second word which modifies the first. If it is an adjective, it follows immediately after the noun, just as in Sindarin: e.g. K'up Spalastal "Foaming Bay." But if it is a noun, it is must be preceded by a preposition, normally *u-* "of:" e.g. Ektel u-Morngott "Well of Morgoth," Ambon u-Embluk "Dragon's Hill." If the second noun begins with *u-*, however, the preposition *u-* becomes *w-*: Talass w-Uik'ell "Plain of Everlasting Ice."

The preposition *u-* can be added to the singular and plural articles *i* and *in* to produce the combined forms *ui, uin* "of the;" K'up ui K'ellorotkaim "Bay of the Iceberg-bed," K'iriss uin Nutumun "Rift(s) of the Underdeeps."

Sometimes other prepositions such as *na* "to" and *imb* "between" are used; the vowel in *na* is elided when it precedes another vowel, as in Pendrat n' Utumun "Stairway to Hell." Any preposition can be combined with an article, as in Imbin-K'ellurut "Between the Icebergs."



Chart VI: Comparison of some Lossidilrin and Sindarin Suffixes

Lossidilrin	*Sindarin*	*Function*	*Examples*
-al	-ol	forms present participles	Los. *spalastal* = S. *falthol* "spuming"
-as	-ath	forms collective plurals	Los. *limbas* = S. *limmath* "fish"
-ass	-ath	forms abstract nouns	Los. *talass* = S. *talath* "flatness, plain"
-ass	-as	forms abstract nouns	Los. *lustass* = S. *lostas* "desolation"
-at	-ad	forms gerunds, abstract nouns	Los. *laikatat* = S. *laegadad* "greening"
-dir*	-dir, -nir	masculine ending	Los. *ikdir* = S. *echnir* "spearman"
-il*	-el, -iel	forms present participles	Los. *p'iril* = S. *firiel* "fading"
-in*	-en, -in	forms adjectives	Los. *t'aurin* = S. *thoren* "forsaken"
-ip*	-eb	forms adjectives	Los. *irip* = S. *ereb* "lonely"
-iss*	-eth	feminine ending	Los. *olosiss* = S. *óleth* "visioness"
-iss*	-ith	forms abstract nouns	Los. *kiriss* = S. *cirith* "cleft, cutting"
-it*	-ed	forms gerunds, abstract nouns	Los. *kinit* = S. *cened* "sight"
-k'ost	-hoth	forms collective nouns referring to nations or tribes	Los. *lossk'ost* = S. *lossoth* "snow-people"
-oi	-ui	forms adjectives	Los. *k'elkoi* = S. *helchui* "icy"
-ond	-on	ending of agent (masc.)	Los. *sparond*= S. *faron* "hunter"
-rimb*	-rim, -lim	forms collective nouns referring to nations or tribes	Los. *naukrimb* = S. *naugrim* "dwarves" Los. *idilrimb* = S. *edhellim* "elves"
-rin*	-ren, -len	forms adjectives	Los. *idilrin* = S. *edhellen* "elvish"
-ur*	-or	forms agent nouns	Los. *mekur* = S. *magor* "spearman"
-wekt	-waith	forms collective nouns referring to nations or tribes	Los. *p'orotwekt* = S. *forodwaith* "people of the north"

* = causes umlaut.

A Sindarin-Lossidilrin Concordance

Sindarin	*Translation*	*Lossidilrin*
Aeglir Arvethed	Line of Peaks without End	Aiklir pen Mittit
Aeradar Iaur	Old Sea-father	Airatar Yor
Aerfaron*	Sea-hunter	Airsparond
Aerfaroth*	Sea-hunters	Airspark'ost
Aerraw	Sea-lion	Airrow
Aerroe/Aerrawath	Sea-lions	Airrowas
Amon Anlug	Worm's Hill	Ambon u-Embluk
Anghir	River of Angmar	Angsir
Angmar	Ironhome	Angbar
Caew-i-Cheldolath	Berg Cradle Bay	(K'up ui-) K'ellorotkaim
Canadras	Four-horn	Kanatrass
Cirith-i-Nudevyn	Rifts of the Underdeeps	Kiriss uin-Nutumun
Daerais/Daerassath	Bighorns	Dairress
Daeras	Bighorn	Dairrass
Dor Bendor	Land without Land	Dor pen Dor
Durlach	Darkflame	Durlakk
Eithel Morgoth	Morgoth's Well	Ektel u-Morngott
Emyn Nimbrith	White Rubble Hills	Embun u-Nimbrit'
Ered Muil	Bleak Mountains	Urut Muil
Ered Luin	Blue Mountains	Urut Luin
Ered Rhívamar	Edge of the World Mountains	Urut u-Ambarrim
Ered Úmarth	Mountains of Ill-fate	Urut w-Umbart
Everdalf	Herd Tundra	Emertalm
Everhir	Herd River	Emersir
Fanrog	Demon Whale	Raukp'ant
Fenroeg/Fanrogath	Demon Whales	Raukp'ent
Forochel	Northern Ice-sheet	P'orwok'ell
Forodon**	Man of Forodwaith	P'orotond
Forodwaith**	Northern Waste/Folk	P'orotwekt
Fuindir	Shadow-man	P'uindir
Fuinhoth	Shadow-men	P'uink'ost
Gondalf	Stone Tundra	Gontalm
Grodbrog	Cave Bear	Grot-mrok
Gredbryg/	Cave Bears	Grot-mruk
Gurthul	Deathwind	T'ulugurt
Helechoth***	Icemen	K'elekk'ost
Helecthil	Ice-radiance	K'elekt'il
Helegon***	Iceman	K'elekond
Helegvyl	Ice Seagull	K'elekmiul
Helegvylath	Ice Seagulls	K'elekmiulas
Helloth	Iceflower	K'eleklut
Helneryth	Ice Giants	K'ellnurut'
Helnoroth	Ice Giant	K'ellnorot'
Hithaelin	Mistmere	K'it'ailin
Hûb Beriannen	Protected Bay	K'up Beryan
Hûb Ereb	Lonely Bay	K'up Irip
Hûb Falthol	Spouting Bay	K'up Spalastal
Hûb Forochel	Bay of Forochel	K'up P'orwok'ell
Hûb Helcharaes	Bay of Cracking Ice	K'up u-K'elkraks
Hûb Helchui	Icy Bay	K'up K'elkoi
Hûb Lostas	Bay of Desolation	K'up u-Lustass
Infirith	Fading Mind	P'irilind
Ióringath	Cold Wheat	Ringyobas
Lamthanc	Forked Tongue	Lambrist
Lhúchir	Dragon River	Skluksir
Lindalf	Fen Tundra	Lintalm
Lindor	Song Lord	Lintor
Linnarthurras	Peak of Indomitable Song	Rass u-Lind Pentur

Sindarin	*Translation*	*Lossidilrin*
Lódalf	Wash Tundra	Logtalm
Losbrog	Snow Bear	Los-mrok
Losson****	Snowman	Lossond
Lossoth****	Snowmen	Losk'ost
Lossúgened	Snow-blindness	Lossukinit
Lothrandir	Snow-wanderer	Losrandir
Lothrandiriath	Snow-wanderers	Losrandiras
Lysbreg/ Losbrogath	Snow Bears	Los-mruk
Magloth	Flower-eater	Meklut
Meglyth/ Maglothath	Flower-eaters	Meklutas
Minheldolath	Between the Bergs	Imbin-k'ellurut
Mornost	Black Fortress	Mornost
Narthalf	Fire Tundra	Nortalm
Naur Firnen	Faded Fire	Nor P'irn
Nestador	Lord of Healing	Nestator
Ningarach	Wet Jaws	Ninkarakk
Óleth	Visioness	Olosiss
Olfain	White Vision	Nimpolos
Orod Certhas	Rune Mountain	Orot u-Kirt
Pendrath na-Udûn	Stairs to Hell	Pendrat n'-Utumun
Rast Losnaeth	Cape of Biting Ice	Rast u-Lossnakt
Sarchbel-i-Fannath	Graveyard of Whales	Sarkpel uin-P'antas
Talath Uichel	Plain of Everlasting Ice	Talass w-Uik'ell
Thamlanc	Hallmaw	Stebunlank
Thanglim	Turtlefish	T'andlimb
Thaurung	Detestable Monster	T'aurung
Themlenc	Hallmaws	Stebunlenk
Thenglim	Turtlefish (pl.)	T'andlimbas
Thilgon	Radiance-commander	T'ilkon
Thorenaer	Forsaken Sea	T'aurinair
Tol Ely	Isle of Visions	Toll w-Ulus
Torogmar	Trollhome	Turukbar
Uichith	Evermist	Uik'it'

Notes:

Adjectival forms for Ethnic Names: Sindarin sing./Sindarin pl. (Lossidilrin)

*Aerfarothren/Aerferethrin (Airsperk'ustrin)

**Forodren/Feredrin (P'urutrin)

***Helegren/Helegrin or Helechothren/Helechethrin (K'ilikrin or K'ilikk'ustrin)

****Lossothren/Lessethrin (Lusrin or Lusk'ustrin)

14.6.3 QUENYA

The High Elven tongue of Valinor is spoken in Forodwaith only by the Noldor of Evermist, and even then it is not used in everyday speech. However, since many aspects of the Cuiviémar and its mission are known to the Snow-elves (and because the Noldor themselves often speak Sindarin in non-ritual contexts), a brief concordance of some Quenya terms is provided below.

Quenya	*Translation*	*Sindarin*	*Lossidilrin*
Cuiviémar	Lodge of Awakening	Bar Echui	Bar u-Kuiw
(Ëar) Ekkaia	Encircling Sea	(Aer) Echaer	(Air) Etkair
Laicatalë	Greening	Laegadad	Laikatat
Olortië	Vision Path	Olven	Olosteg
Olortier	Vision Paths	Elvin	Olostig
Tuilë Ardava	Spring of Arda	Ethuil en Ardhon	Tuil u-Ard
Tuilë Yavannava	Spring of Yavanna	Ethuil Ivann	Tuil u-Yabann
Yavannírë	Yavanna's Tear	Ivannír	Yabannir
Yavanníri	Yavanna's Tears	Ivanniriath	Yabanniras

14.7
SCENARIOS FOR MECCG

The following scenarios for the ***Middle-earth Collectible Card Game*** present you, the player, a new way of adventuring in Middle-earth. Sprung from the standard ***MECCG*** game, these scenarios more specifically chronicle some of the conflicts, personalities and locations of the Northern Waste presented earlier in this book.

For those of you unfamiliar with the card game, we encourage you to find a deck or two, assemble your cards, and play. Can't get your ***MERP*** group together tonight, but hanker for some Middle-earth adventuring? These scenarios are the perfect way for you and your friends (or just you—there's a solitaire!) to experience the richness of Middle-earth without all the preparation. ***MECCG*** also allows you to interact with the some of the grander events and themes explored in this module in new ways not always accessible through ***MERP***, so be prepared for some surprises!

For those of you who know the card game already, and are here specifically for these scenarios, welcome! These scenarios offer you an opportunity to game in this new region of Middle-earth, and to recreate its stories. We hope that after playing these scenarios you will flip back to the main section of this book to read in more detail about those places and peoples that make the Northern Waste a land so rich in culture and history, and a perfect place for exciting adventures.

Three card game scenarios exploring the land, peoples and plots of this northern corner of Middle-earth are provided. To this end, new sites and regions have been scripted, and are listed below. These new location cards are not official ***MECCG*** cards (as of the publication of ***The Northern Waste***) and, as such, may not be included in sanctioned tournament play. A map showing these new regions and sites is provided on the map insert that comes with this book.

Regions

There are eleven new regions which make up the lands of Forodwaith. Those regions designated "double wilderness" are considered a single region for all other purposes, but have "double wilderness" as their site path for playing creatures and for interpreting hazard effects which allow the play of creatures and facilitation of attacks.

Dor Bendor: Double Wilderness
East Bay of Forochel: Coastal Sea
Ekkaia: Coastal Sea
Everdalf: Wilderness
Gondalf: Double Wilderness
Lakeland (Järvimaa/Lindalf): Wilderness
Minheldolath: Wilderness
Narthalf: Shadow-land
Rast Losnaeth: Wilderness
Thorenaer: Double Wilderness
West Bay of Forochel: Coastal Sea

Sites

There are 16 new sites introduced for the purposes of playing the scenarios. Though many more candidates for new sites were available, these 15 were chosen as the most meaningful in terms of playing the game. Each of the new sites listed below (except for The Under-forges) is presented in the following format:

> **Name of Site** (type of site) *Region*
> Nearest Haven:
> Playable: (if any)
> Automatic-attacks: (if any)
> Special: (if any)

Achrond (Ruins/Lairs) *Gondalf*
Nearest Haven: Evermist
Playable: Information, Items (minor)
Automatic-attacks: Wolves — 3 strikes with 7 prowess

Amon Anlug (Ruins/Lairs) *Lakeland*
Nearest Haven: Evermist
Playable: Items (minor, major)
Automatic-attacks: Drake — 2 strikes with 10 prowess
Special: contains a hoard

Bernastath (Ruins/Lairs) *Everdalf*
Nearest Haven: Rivendell
Playable: Items (minor, major)
Automatic-attack: Men — 4 strikes with 6 prowess

Canadras (Ruins & Lairs) *Thorenaer*
Nearest Haven: Evermist
Playable: Items (minor, major, gold ring)
Automatic-attacks: Drake — 1 strike with 13 prowess

Ei Missä (Ruins/Lairs) *Gondalf*
Nearest Haven: Evermist
Playable: Information, Items (minor)
Automatic-attacks: Wolves — 2 strikes with 7 prowess

Eithel Morgoth (Shadow-hold) *Narthalf*
Nearest Haven: Evermist
Playable: Items (minor, major, greater)
Automatic-attacks: Trolls — 3 strikes with 9 prowess
Special: Any creature otherwise playable at any Under-deeps site may be played here.

Evermist (Haven) *Minheldolath*
Site Path From Grey Havens:
Site Path From Rivendell:

Hyvät Kalat (Border-hold) *Lakeland*
Nearest Haven: Evermist
Special: *Lossoth* faction is playable at this site.

Kylmätalo (Ruins/Lairs) *Rast Losnaeth*
Nearest Haven: Evermist
Playable: Information, Items (minor, major, greater*)
*—*palantíri* only
Automatic-attacks: Trolls — 2 strikes with 9 prowess

Leiri (Border hold) *Everdalf*
Nearest Haven: Rivendell
Special: *Lossoth* faction may be played at this site

Mornost (Shadow-hold) *Narthalf*
Nearest Haven: Evermist
Playable: Items (minor, major, greater)
Automatic-attacks (2): Orcs — 4 strikes with 8 prowess, Orcs — 3 strikes with 9 prowess

Orod Certhas (Ruins/Lairs) *Thorenaer*
Nearest Haven: Evermist
Playable: Information
Automatic-attacks:
Spirits of Ice and Cold*— 2 strikes with 7 prowess
*—Though not Undead, resources which affect Undead also affect these Spirits.

Pendrath na-Udûn (Shadow-hold) *Narthalf*
Nearest Haven: Evermist
Playable: Items (minor, major)
Automatic-attacks: Drake — 1 strike with 12 prowess

Ruskea Vene (Border-hold) *Forochel*
Nearest Haven: Rivendell
Special: *Lossoth* faction may be played at this site

Thaurung (Ruins/Lairs) *Forochel*
Nearest Haven: Rivendell
Playable: Items (minor, major)
Automatic-attacks: Animals (death shrews) — 7 strikes with 4 prowess; the body check of any character wounded by this attack is modified by +2

The Under-forges (Shadow-hold) *Under-deeps*
Adjacent Sites: Eithel Morgoth (0), The Iron-deeps (6)
Playable: Items (minor, major, greater)
Automatic-attacks (2): Orcs (1st attack) — 4 strikes with 8 prowess, (2nd attack) Opponent may play as an automatic-attack one non-unique hazard creature form his hand normally keyed to Ruins & Lairs
Special: Any Drake may be played here.

14.7.1 THE COLD ARM OF ANGMAR

"...in summer his power wanes; but now his breath is deadly, and his cold arm is long."

—***The Return of the King***, *p. 322*

The land of Forodwaith has suffered long under the icy grip of sorcerous evil—once crushed under the thumb of black Morgoth, it is now tortured by the dreaded Witch-king of Angmar. His dark magics send forth clouds of frosty death upon the Northlands, and creatures of Darkness bound from the biting winds to attack those Free Peoples who struggle to survive in the cold expanses of this land.

Vôteli, a *tietäjä* among the Lossoth, knows her land will die under the cold fist of Angmar. And she knows the fell prophecy: that no living man may hinder the Witch-king. Glorfindel was not the first to utter it when he counseled Eärnur on the battlefield of the North: the mystics of Evermist had long foreseen it, and similar foretellings had circulated among the *viisaat* and *henkinimittäjät* of the Lossoth. Yet there was a wise one, a grandmother of grandmothers, who revealed to Vôteli a flaw: that she, Vôteli, a woman, is no living *man*—she may be the one to bring an end to the Lord of the Nazgûl.

So Vôteli has taken it upon herself to venture into the warm lands of the South, to gather brave warriors, weapons of might and powerful armies to attack the Witch-king in his citadel at Carn Dûm. Only when she, woman of the Lossoth, has dispatched the Witch-king and has ended his evil magic will the suffering of her land end.

This is a solitaire scenario, for one person to play alone.

Objective

You, Vôteli, must meet the Witch-king in single combat and defeat him. A difficult task for any, but you must face him in his own citadel, protected by his elite guard, and surrounded by his own artifacts of power. Therefore, you must scour the land for brave warriors willing to accompany you on this seemingly suicidal quest, gather weapons and other powerful items to assist you against the Witch-king and his guard, and convince the peoples of Middle-earth to send armies to defend you as you assault Carn Dûm.

Deck Construction

You will need the following:

1) Two starting characters: one of which is Vôteli, the other can be any character with a mind of 5 or less.
2) One starting minor item of your choice for each character.
3) A resource deck of 25 cards of your choosing. This may include up to 6 other characters (including one copy of one Wizard), plus any items, factions, allies or resource events. You may have no more than three of each non-unique card.
4) A hazard deck of 30 cards, divided as follows:
   - 20 hazard creatures, 10 keyed to Wilderness/Double Wilderness, 5 to Free-domains/Border-lands, 5 to Shadow-lands/Dark-domains;
   - 10 other Hazard event cards of your choice (including corruption cards, Nazgûl, Dragon Ahunt manifestations, etc.);
   - You may use no more than three non-unique hazards in your deck.
5) Site cards based on your resource strategy. These must include Lossadan Camp (starting location) and Carn Dûm (ending location).
6) A Witch-king deck (10 cards) which consists of:
   - Witch-king of Angmar
   - The Pale Sword
   - Rogrog
   - Fell Winter
   - Doubled Vigilance
   - Redoubled Force (x2)
   - Doors of Night (x2)
   - Angmar Arises
7) A map of Middle-earth or appropriate region cards.

Setup

Vôteli begins play at Lossadan Camp. Place the Carn Dûm site card at the top of the play area and the Witch-king deck beside it. Carn Dûm in all cases remains in play for the entire game. Draw 6 cards from your resource deck for your starting resource hand. Your hand size is 6 for this scenario.

Turn Sequence

1) Untap Phase
   - Turn over the top card from the Witch-king deck and place face up next to Carn Dûm.
   - Follow the Untap Phase procedure normally otherwise.
2) Organization Phase
   - Transfer any items between characters.
   - Bring in one character, if enough general influence is available. For this scenario, you have 25 general influence.
   - Reorganize your companies.
   - Select your destination site. If the Witch-king has been revealed, you may choose Carn Dûm as your destination site. Only then may you choose Carn Dûm.
3) Long-event Phase
   - Play any resource long-events.

4) Movement/Hazard Phase

- Draw 2 plus the number of resource cards indicated on the destination site.
- Draw the number of hazard cards indicated on the destination site, and put them in a hazard hand. The hazard hand size is 5, but there are no cards in it at the start of the game.
- Play any hazards which are playable based on the indicated site path, up to the hazard limit for the company. Choose the order of hazard cards to be most dangerous to the company (such as another Orc attack before an *Orc-lieutenant*; or a *Despair of the Heart* before a *Cave Drake*). Resolve attacks using Standard Rules (but see below for additional Special Rules).
- At the end of the movement/hazard phase, discard or draw to the hand size of both the resource and hazard hand, 6 and 5 respectively.

5) Site Phase

- If the company is at Carn Dûm (the final turn), follow the steps in "The Assault on Carn Dûm" section below.
- Otherwise follow the Site Phase procedure using Standard Rules.

6) End of Turn Phase

- You may chose to discard 1 resource card, and then draw to return your resource hand to 6 cards.

The Witch-king Deck

This deck of 10 cards represents the Witch-king's increase in power over the course of the game. As Vôteli struggles to assemble aid, the Witch-king gains awareness of the threat against him, and *he* prepares for *her*.

Turn over 1 card from this deck at the beginning of each of your turns. Place them all in a row next to Carn Dûm. When the Witch-king is revealed, Vôteli may face him that turn, or wait until the following turn, making one last attempt to gather resources the turn he is revealed. She must move to Carn Dûm and face him by the end of the next turn. (As a note, Vôteli will not want to stray too far from the vicinity of Carn Dûm for fear she may not be able to race back in time when the Witch-king is revealed.) If any card from the Witch-king deck would otherwise be discarded, shuffle it back into the Witch-king deck.

The Assault on Carn Dûm

After the Witch-king appears in his citadel, Vôteli may move to Carn Dûm. Follow the normal rules for the movement/hazard phase. At the site phase, the following will occur:

Assaulting the Citadel (facing the automatic-attack):

If *Doubled Vigilance* is revealed, you must follow the instructions on that card before facing Carn Dûm's automatic-attack (for this scenario, *Doubled Vigilance* can legally be played, and must be played, on Carn Dûm). The *Doubled Vigilance* attack may be canceled. Carn Dûm's normal automatic-attack is Orcs—4 strikes with 7 prowess. In this scenario, this attack **cannot** be canceled. Therefore, the company will have to face this attack, and face it alone, unless they have successfully recruited armies to fight this battle for them.

Each faction you have successfully played reduces the number of strikes and the prowess of this automatic-attack by 2. Remaining strikes will be faced by the company.

Defeating the Witch-king's personal guard:

If *Rogrog* has been revealed, the characters must fight him before facing the Witch-king. This attack cannot be canceled. Any untapped character may choose to face him. If no other characters are untapped, *Rogrog* will attack Vôteli. If *Rogrog* is defeated (the strike is defeated), he is removed from the game. In addition, if *Rogrog* is destroyed (his body is also defeated), the Witch-king suffers a -4 to his prowess for the remainder of the turn.

Battle with the Witch-king:

Here the Witch-king and Vôteli meet in single combat. This may occur even if Vôteli is tapped or wounded. Play this attack as a single strike on Vôteli, which cannot be canceled.

- Other characters in the company may support Vôteli as normal.
- The Witch-king's prowess will be modified by *The Pale Sword* if in play.
- Resolve the strike normally otherwise.
- If the Witch-king's attack succeeds, Vôteli is wounded. Roll a body check for her. If it fails, Vôteli dies and the game is over. If it succeeds, combat continues (though Vôteli is -2 to prowess and -1 to body for being wounded).
- If the attack is defeated, roll a body check for the Witch-king (remember to reduce his body by half, and subtract any other modifiers). If the body check fails, Vôteli wins. If it succeeds, combat continues (the Witch-king suffers no penalties for being previously wounded).
- The battle continues until one or the other of the combatants is defeated. This means there may be multiple attacks by the Witch-king on Vôteli during this final site phase.

Special Rules

Marshalling Points

Marshalling points do not count for this scenario.

Influence

Vôteli is considered to have a pool of 25 general influence which she may use to bring in characters. Characters may be brought into play at any site (including wizards). Wizards are considered to have a mind stat of 12 for this scenario.

Corruption

Vôteli has a +2 modifier to all corruption checks for this scenario. If Vôteli fails a corruption check, the game is over (She has lost heart, and left her quest in shame.) If any other character (including a wizard) fails a corruption check, he is removed from the game, taking with him any items he bears. In this scenario, a wizard being corrupted does not end the game.

Gates of Morning/Doors of Night/Twilight

Doors of Night may be duplicated for this scenario. *Gates of Morning* is considered to be in play until the first *Doors of Night* is revealed from the Witch-king deck. A *Doors of Night* may be removed by *Gates of Morning* (or *Twilight*)—that single *Doors of Night* is shuffled back into the Witch-king deck. If more than one *Doors of Night* is in play when *Gates of Morning* is played, one *Doors of Night* is shuffled back into the Witch-king deck, and the *Gates of Morning* is discarded. The other *Doors of Night* remains in play.

Factions

Each faction in play at the time of the assault on Carn Dûm reduces the strikes and prowess of the automatic-attack at Carn Dûm by 2.

Strike Sequencing

For attacks labeled "Attacker chooses defending characters," strikes must be assigned in the following order: to Vôteli (regardless of status), to wounded characters, then to tapped characters, then untapped characters. Other attacks may have strikes assigned in any order, provided that all untapped characters are assigned strikes first.

If an attack has more strikes than there are characters in the company, the additional strikes must be assigned as -1 modifications to characters' prowess. Assign these modifications evenly among all characters in the company, then follow the order indicated above for "Attacker chooses" strikes for the remainder of the modifications. (Thus, if Vôteli and Dori face an attack with 5 strikes, each would face one strike. Vôteli's prowess would be modified by -2 and Dori's by -1.)

Long-events

Resource and hazard long-events last for 2 turns in this scenario, except *Fell Winter* in the Witch-king deck. This long-event, once revealed, remains in play for the remainder of the game.

Victory Conditions

You win if Vôteli succeeds in destroying the Witch-king, thereby breaking his grip of sorcery on her land. You lose if Vôteli is killed or corrupted.

A SAMPLE DECK

Resources (25 cards)	**Hazards (30)**	**Characters**	**Primary Sites**
Blue Mountain Dwarves	**Wilderness Creatures (10):**	**starting:**	Lossadan Camp
Elves of Lindon	Carrion Birds	Vôteli with Black Arrow	Carn Dûm
Lossoth	Cave-drake (x2)	Beretar with Dagger of Westernesse	Grey Havens
Rangers of the North	Dire Wolves (x2)	**Wizard**	Lórien
Wood-elves	Hobgoblins	Radagast	Rivendell
Black Arrow	Orc-patrol	**rest of character pool:**	Barrow-downs
Habergeon of Silver	Orc-warriors	Thorin II	Blue Mountain Dwarf-hold
Orcrist	Orc-raiders	Boromir II	Bree
Shield of Iron-bound Ash	Wolves	Glorfindel II	Himring
Sword of Gondolin	**Free-domain/Borderland Creatures(5):**	Kili	Moria
Torque of Hues	Brigands	Celeborn	Mount Gram
Barrow-blade	Crebain	**Witch-king deck**	Tharbad
Concealment	Slayer	Witch-king of Angmar	Thranduil's Halls
Dark Quarrels	Wargs (x2)	Doubled Vigilance	Zarak Dûm
Dodge (x2)	**Shadow-land/Dark-domain Creatures(5):**	The Pale Sword	
Fellowship	Corpse-candle	Redoubled Force (x2)	
Lapse of Will	Ghouls	Rogrog	
Marvels Told	Orc-lieutenant	Doors of Night (x2)	
Muster	Orc-warband	Fell Winter	
	Orc-watch	Angmar Arises	
	Despair of the Heart (x2)		
	Hoarmûrath of Dír		
	Lure of Expedience (x2)		
	Minions Stir		
	Muster Disperses		
	Ren the Unclean		
	Scorba Ahunt		
	Wake of War		

14.7.2 TO SEEK THE SEEING-STONES

"...the ship had not reached the open sea when a great storm of wind arose, and came with blinding snow out of the North; and it drove the ship back upon the ice and piled ice up against it....and in the night the ice crushed the hull, and the ship foundered. So perished Arvedui Last-king, and with him the palantíri were buried in the sea."

—***The Return of the King****, pp. 322*

Rumor has returned to Middle-earth that the *palantíri* of Amon Sûl and Annúminas, lost centuries ago in the shipwreck of King Arvedui in the icy waters of the Bay of Forochel, have resurfaced in the cold northern lands of Forodwaith. The Rangers of the North, remnants of the ruling house of the Dúnedain, have called for those courageous enough to brave the harsh wastes and fearsome creatures of these northernmost reaches of Endor, to return the seeing-stones to the rightful heirs of Elendil's line.

Assemble your party of brave characters at Bree and travel into the lands of Forodwaith, seek out the *palantíri*, and return with them to the ruins of Weathertop, where you will rendezvous with the Rangers and deliver your prize.

This is an encompassing scenario for two or more players. Thus, players agree upon this scenario beforehand, and tune hazards and resources specifically for it.

Deck Construction

- Your play deck must include the following: *Palantír of Amon Sûl, Palantír of Annúminas,* 2 or 3 copies of the *Lossoth* faction, *Rangers of the North.* Other resources appropriate for this scenario include: *Bow of Dragon-horn, Arrows Shorn of Ebony, Valiant Sword, Habergeon of Silver, Enruned Shield* and *Noble Hound.*
- Your hazard deck should include a mix of creatures keyed to Wilderness and Coastal Seas. Hazard creatures most appropriate to this scenario are: Wolves, Orcs, Trolls, Men, Drakes (*Cave-drake, Ice-drake, Land-drake, Marsh-drake, Rain-drake, Sea Serpent, True Cold-drake, Winged Cold-drake*), *Scorba* (any manifestation) and other Dragons. Other types of hazards appropriate for this adventure: *Lost at Sea, Snowstorm, Long Winter, Fell Winter, From the Pits of Angband, Withered Lands,* the dark minions *Elerína* and *Júoma, Rumor of Wealth* and *Dragon's Desolation.*

Special Rules

- You may only travel in the new regions indicated below under "New Regions," and the following regions from ***Middle Earth: The Wizards:*** Arthedain, Rhudaur, Angmar, Forochel. (A map of the Northern Waste, with the new regions delineated, is provided on the back of the color insert.) You must use region movement. You may only move to the new sites listed below (site cards for these are also included at the back of this book) or to standard sites in the four regions listed above. Please note that these new regions and sites are not official *Middle-earth CCG* components; they are provided for your use with the scenarios in this book, or for further adventures in the far North that you may design.
- For this scenario, you may include 2 or 3 copies of the *Lossoth* faction in your deck (but no more than 3). The faction is not considered unique, and its multiple occurrences represents various tribes of the Lossoth. *Lossoth* factions are playable at the following sites: *Lossadan Camp, Ligr Wodaize Berne, Leiri, Ruskea Vene.* When successfully playing a *Lossoth* faction, note the site where the faction was played. Only one *Lossoth* faction may be recruited at each site per game; once your opponent has recruited *Lossoth* at Lossadan Camp, for example, you may not recruit *Lossoth* there. You may attempt to influence your opponent's faction, and if successful, play your *Lossoth* at that site (follow instructions for *Influencing an Opponent's Faction* in the Standard Rules; any *Lossoth* faction card in your hand counts for "revealing an identical faction card").
- You may only store *palantíri* at Weathertop, and only after you have successfully recruited the *Rangers of the North.* It is not necessary to store the *palantíri* to win, but you must go to Weathertop to bid for victory.
- Any creature which may be keyed to Forochel (the region) may be keyed to any of the new non-Coastal Sea regions given in the Northern Waste. Additionally, *Scorba Ahunt* affects all of these new non-Coastal Sea regions. *Ice-drake* can be keyed to the new Coastal Seas as well.

Victory Conditions

After you have exhausted your play deck once, you may bid for victory from the Rangers at Weathertop if you have 20 marshalling points, at least one of the *palantíri,* and at least one *Lossoth* faction in play. At this point, roll corruption checks for each of your characters. If you still have 17 marshalling points after these checks, the Rangers return the seeing-stones to the rightful line of Elendil, and you win automatically. If you have three *Lossoth* factions in play, marshalling points for these factions are doubled. Marshalling points for *palantíri* are doubled if you have both the *Palantír of Amon Sûl* and the *Palantír of Annúminas* in play.

14.7.3 MOUNTAIN OF LORE

"...it is whispered among the wise that the bones of Orod Certhas are veined with the very power of the Earth."

—Lore of Evermist

Far to the north, at the farthest extreme of the Bleak Mountains, rises Orod Certhas, Rune Mountain, repository of the knowledge of the ages. Word has returned to the wise sages of the warmlands that only when the wisdom of the Free Peoples is stored there, at the very edge of Middle-earth, will it be safe from the destruction of the Lord of the Rings and his evil followers.

Gather what lore you can, Oh adventurers, and brave the harsh cold of Forodwaith to bless Orod Certhas with your gifts of lore.

Special Rules

- This is an encompassing scenario for two or more players. Thus, players agree upon this scenario beforehand, and tune hazards and resources specifically for it.
- The following cards qualify as "lore" cards for the purposes of this scenario: *Dreams of Lore, Reforging, Book of Mazarbul, Red Book of Westmarch, Scroll of Isildur, Dragon-lore, Lost Tome, Forgotten Scrolls, Knowledge of the Enemy, Dark Numbers, Map to Mithril, Vein of Arda, When you Know More* and *When I Know Anything?* Naturally, you may include no more than 3 of each non-unique lore card in your resource mix. Players have the goal of finding lore cards through the Northern Waste and bringing these to Orod Certhas for storage.
- In all cases, the lore cards listed above may be stored only at Orod Certhas to receive their marshalling points (not at a Haven, Bag End, etc.). Orod Certhas is a new site created for this book. (See Section 14.7 above.) In cases where two marshalling point totals are listed (*Book of Mazarbul*) only the first entry is used (*Book of Mazarbul* only yields 1 marshalling point).
- Lore cards with no marshalling point value (*Lost Tome, Forgotten Scrolls*) are each worth 1 marshalling point when stored at Orod Certhas.
- Lore cards may be stored at Orod Certhas at the end of the site phase.
- *Which Might Be Lies* may not be used in this scenario.

Victory Conditions

When any player has stored at least 15 marshalling points of lore cards at Orod Certhas, he may petition the Council of Rivendell to acknowledge his deeds. After all opponents have completed one more turn, this Council begins. (The Council of Rivendell replaces the Council of Lórien in the game's final sequence.) At the Council, no corruption checks are made. The player who, at this point, has the most marshalling points in lore cards stored at Orod Certhas wins. This player has made great strides for the future security of the Free Peoples.

A Variant Game

For those of you who may not have access to the variety of "lore" cards from ***Middle-earth: Dark Minions*** (or who want a new challenge), try this variant:

Special Rules

- Your starting company must include at least 1 character with sage skill.
- Include 5 *Dreams of Lore* in your resource mix.
- For this scenario, *Dreams of Lore* may be stored at Orod Certhas.
- Again, *Which Might Be Lies* may not be used.

Victory Conditions

The first player to store all 5 *Dreams of Lore* at Orod Certhas wins.

(The scenarios above are for personal enjoyment only. They should not be considered official, Council of Endor-sanctioned tournament scenarios, nor should the new sites and new regions provided for use with these scenarios be considered appropriate for use in sanctioned Council tournaments.)

15.0 TABLES

This section presents a series of tables for use by the GM. Section 15.1 contains stats for all of the notable NPCs appearing in the module. Section 15.2 offers the same for animals and other creatures that might be encountered in Forodwaith. Section 15.3 provides random encounter tables for animals, peoples and other features and events. Section 15.4 is a compilation of monthly weather conditions in the various regions and sub-regions of Forodwaith. Finally, Sections 15.5-15.7 present stats and conversion notes for ICE's ***Lord of the Rings Adventure Game*** (***LoR***).

15.1 MERP/RM NPC TABLE

This table presents ***MERP*** and ***RM*** stats for all significant characters mentioned in this module relevant to the period of T.A. 1640 or later. The alphabetized entries are grouped according to the section of the module in which they appear.

Name	Level	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile OB	MovM	Notes
FIGURES OF NOTE (SECTION 9.0)										
Aamumeren Isä	35	360	Pl/20	90	No	No	90HBa	—	F/VF	Neutral Maia
(Wave Form)	35	360	No/1	130	No	No	90HGr	—	VF/VF	Neutral Maia
Immune to water-based attacks while in wave form. Roams the Bay of Forochel. Seldom attacks except when in whale-form, bashing and overturning boats. Once opponents are in the cold water, he lets the sea have them. Use Large creature criticals. Has 140 PPs.										
Canadras	30	450	Pl/20	55	No	No	see notes	—	FA/FA	Ice-drake
Melee OB: 110HBi/110HCl/110HBa/120HHo Prefers to use ice-breath weapon (as *Ice Bolt*) to a range of 300' against single opponents, but also attempts to lure a group near and use its breath in a dispersed cone (as *Ice Ball*) with a range of 100'.										
Durlach	80	290	Pl/17	90	No	No	150HGr	—	VF/VF	Fallen Maia
(Demon Form)	80	290	Pl/17	70	No	No	120HBa	80ro	VF/VF	Fallen Maia
Drains PPs from victims, becoming more alert the more he drains. Add +10 to MovM score for every 25 PPs he drains. May also use 120HBi in snake form, delivering a "D" Heat critical at every strike, or throw rocks 150' in demon form. Suffers x2 damage from Water Law spells and x3 from Ice Law spells, but is immune to heat and suffers no damage from Fire Law spells.										
Eloeklo	40	400	Pl/20	90	No	No	275th	175wh	MF/VF	Fallen Maia
(Cloud Form)	40	400	No/1	120	No	No	180HBa	—	MF/VF	Fallen Maia
Use Large creature criticals. Immune to cold and may use 180HBa or 120HGr attacks. All attacks do additional Cold criticals. Radiates 10th level *Fear* on sight. Has 300 PPs.										
Galgrinic	8	132	No/1	15	No	No	30wm	—	5	Umit/Mage
An artisan consumed with the desire to recover his father's magical hammer from the ice-drake Canadras.										
Inhael Eketya	7	91	Ch/13	30	Y/10	No	40bs	45cp	10	Dúnadan/Ranger
Avoids political intrigues of Arthadanian noble houses by wandering Forodwaith.										
Jäänainen	100	325	Pl/20	80	No	No	80LBa	90ice	VF/VF	Fallen Maia
Immune to cold. May use a 80LGr. Roams the Bay of Cracking Ice. Attacks using *Charm* abilities to lure males to their death in the cold. Use Large creature criticals. May throw ice chunks and shards to 150'. Has 850 PPs.										
Karhunkäsi	10	101	SL/6	20	No	No	40sp	40lb	0	Lumimies/Warrior
Uses a +10 spear (+20 to Missile OB). Fights with special bear claws that deliver "D" Slash critical per strike.										
Konihrabn	9	92	SL/6	25	No	A/L	30da	50lb	20	Angmarean/Scout
Spy of the Witch-king masquerading as a fur trapper/trader. May use birds as scouts and messengers. Wears Boots of Path Mastery.										
Losp'indel	21	144	No/1	80	No	No	90sp	40da	30	Snow-elf/Animist
Carries +30 spear that delivers a "D" Cold critical per strike. Also armed with a Staff of Ice Bolts and a Ring of Protection against the elements.										
Nestador	46	235	No/1	45	No	No	160ss	80da	30	Noldo/Animist
Master of the Cuiviémar, Dream-lord of the Irmohildi and renowned healer. Fights only to defend Evermist from an immediate and deadly threat; otherwise does not depart from the vale.										
Pitää Kalasta	10	121	SL/6	20	No	No	40sp	20da	10	Merimetsästäjä/Warrior
Owns both a +20 harpoon and a +10 runeknife; uses harpoon primarily for whaling and runeknife for its spells.										
Raudabern	17	147	No/12	50	Y/5	No	90ba	60ha	15	Berning/Warrior
Owns +30 battle-axe (does a "C" Slash critical per hit) and +15 handaxe. Enchanted salve protects him as RL/12.										
Striuk'ir	18	146	SL/6	50	No	No	100sp	120lb	40	Snow-elf/Bard
Hunts the frozen North for the beasts of Morgoth. Wastes little time on those ill-prepared to confront the climate. Fights with a +25 spear that delivers a "C" Slash critical per strike and a +30 ivory bow.										
Vanha Äitisavu	12	125	RL/12	40	No	No	90sp	30da	0	Lumimies/Animist
210 years old; father was a Dúnadan of Arthedain. She is still hale and hardy and not to be taken lightly in a fight. She is the last of the noble line of Eldanarya. This can be a source of intrigue should the fact become known.										

15.1 MERP/RM NPC TABLE

Name	Level	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile OB	MovM	Notes
TRAVELER'S GUIDE (SECTION 11.0)										
Gondring	30	450	Pl/18	55	No	No	110HBi	90IceBreath	VF/VF	Ice-drake
Lairs beside Icy Bay after T.A. 1975. Prefers to capture Men and Elves and use them to lure in larger prey.										
Ningarach	15	200	RL/12	50	No	No	90HBi	60GasBreath	BF/VF	Marsh-drake
Uses her breath weapon sparingly, as its acidic effects tend to damage her abode. May use the breath weapon as either a *Fire Bolt* with range of 300' or as a *Fire Ball* with range of 100'.										
THE IVORY HOARD (SECTION 13.1)										
Aamukuu Villagers	3	45	SL/5	10	No	No	80sp	40da	0	Lumimiehet/Warriors
Of the 100 villagers, 70 are capable of fighting (the remainder are infants and children). The 70 men and women have no fear of fighting armed bandits or adventurers, and many are also armed with long bows (90lb). Rogue bands find it impossible to protect their horses and pack animals from the Lumimies hunters. It is also a favorite Lumimies trick to chase a bear or other wild animal into an opponent's camp and then make a quick strike during the confusion. The GM is free to raise or lower levels for particular Lumimiehet, only the average level of 3 need be maintained.										
Bandits	5	60	SL/6	10	Y/5	No	80ss	80sb	0	Mixed Men
A mixed bag of scoundrels, ruffians, footpads and thieves. Many are also armed with spears (70sp) and daggers (40da). They are rough and tough in the extreme and fey and dangerous once a fight begins.										
Grimabalth	8	96	SL/6	20	Y/5	No	90ss	30da	10	Northman/Warrior
Takes brunt of an assault while wife Sionnach is free to throw her knives. They are inseparably loyal to one another; an attack on one is regarded as an attack on the other.										
Morvran	11	113	RL/10	20	Y/10	A/L	110bs	85lcb	10	Hillman/Scout
Bold, haughty, greedy, vain and completely self-centered. Much prefers to put the lives of his men in danger instead of his own, but is no coward and is fierce in a fight. Also a fair strategist and can anticipate possible enemy moves and ploys. However, his own stratagems are often foiled by the undisciplined nature of his men.										
Sigiswulf	6	62	SL/5	10	No	No	80ss	50da	10	Northman/Scout
Rough and rugged Riverman. Tough and experienced fighter; cannot be easily bullied or frightened. Expert at Sky-watching, Foraging and Tracking (+35 bonus to these skills). Speaks Westron (Rank 5) and Labba (Rank 2).										
Sionnach	5	54	No/1	30	No	No	70da	90da	20	Daen/Scout
An expert with knives (both thrown and in fighting). Wears no armor and carries no shield; relies on her quickness and agility. May carry up to 10 knives (big and small, long and short, balanced for throwing and unbalanced for hand-to-hand).										
Widuhund	7	73	SL/5	10	No	No	90ss	50da	-10	Northman/Warrior
Rough and rugged Riverman. Tough and experienced fighter; cannot be easily bullied or frightened. Expert at Sky-watching, Foraging and Tracking (+35 bonus to these skills). Speaks Westron (Rank 5) and Labba (Rank 2). Also called "Gimpy" because of a bad knee; cannot maneuver as well as partner Sigiswulf.										
Wild Dogs	2	70	No/3	25	No	No	50MBi	—	—	Dogs
Domesticated dogs gone wild. Fear fire and can be bluffed by the appearance of strength. May be re-domesticated if captured.										
Yhdeksän Taivasta	9	103	SL/5	20	No	No	115sp	70da	15	Lumimies/Animist
Has a runeknife that doubles his PPs to 54 and enables him to cast *Heal X* and *Regeneration I* 2 x/day. Knows the Open Channeling lists Protections and Calm Spirits to 8th level and the Animist lists Animal Mastery and Creations to 8th level. The GM may add other lists as appropriate. Uses his Animal Mastery spells to cause havoc among a rogue band's animals.										
THE HAUNTED BERG (SECTION 13.2)										
Iltatuuli	9	135	SL/5	15	No	No	85sp	45da	10	Merimetsästäjä/Warrior
A fearless and peerless seaman, calm in any crisis and steady in any fight. Boating skills unrivaled by any in his cult. Always receives a +50 in any Boat Handling roll.										
Lumipallo	10	100	RL/9	40	No	No	100sp	60da	M/M	Undead
Once a Scout. Has 20 PPs and knows all Open Channeling lists to 5th level. Particularly fond of Sound/Light Ways and Calm Spirits lists. Radiates *Fear* and drains 3 points of Co per round in a 15' radius.										
Merimetsästäjät	2	45	SL/5	10	No	No	80sp	40da	0	Merimetsästäjät/Warriors
A mixed group of 75 Warriors, Scouts and Animists. The GM is free to raise or lower the levels and abilities as necessary or appropriate. Level 2 is merely the average level of the villagers.										
Nuorilintu	5	91	SL/5	-10	No	No	50sp	20da	-10	Merimetsästäjä/Warrior
Mind was shattered by experiences in haunted berg. Can no longer defend himself well and has trouble speaking. If his mind is cured and cleared, his Melee OB returns to 90sp, Missile OB to 45da, DB +10 and Moving maneuver to +10.										
Pieni Kukka	15	125	RL/10	50	No	No	100cl	50da	M/M	Undead
Radiates a *Circle of Cold* and *Fear* in a 25' circle. Drains 4 points of Co per round from anyone entering the circle. Still a powerful Mage in death. Has 120 PPs and knows all Mage and Open Essence spell lists to 10th level. Extremely hostile to the living. Only Sinipilvi's control can stop her from relentlessly attacking.										
Possessed Corpses	3	55	No/1	10	No	No	40sp	—	MD/MF	Undead
Infested with malevolent spirits. Obey Sinipilvi without question or pause.										

15.1 MERP/RM NPC TABLE

Name	Level	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile OB	MovM	Notes
Punakäsi	15	125	RL/10	50	No	No	95da	—	M/M	Undead
Radiates *Confusion* and *Fear* in a 25' radius. Drains 4 points of Co per round from anyone entering the circle. Driven by his own internal confusion, he seeks to confuse all others. Armed with a sorcerous knife that allows him to use *Long Whisper* 3 x/day. Has 15 PPs and knows all Open Essence spell lists to 3rd level. Obeys Sinipilvi's commands, but his chaotic nature is so great that she seldom trusts him with a task. She prefers to allow him to roam free.										
Puolikarhu	15	125	RL/10	50	No	No	75da	80ice	M/M	Undead
Unaffiliated with Sinipilvi, this ghost wanders of his own accord. A master of illusion, has 60 PPs and knows all Mage and Open Essence spell lists to 10th level. Radiates *Hopelessness* and *Fear* in a 25' radius. Drains 4 points of Co per round from anyone coming within that circle.										
Sadenainen	10	100	RL/10	40	No	No	100harp	50da	M/M	Undead
A Mage in life; has 120 PPs. Knows all spells from Ice, Fire, Water and Wind Law lists to 10th level. Dangerous and fey with such spells, caring little who or what gets hurt by them. Radiates *Fear* in a 15' radius and drains 3 points of Co per round from anyone entering the circle.										
Sinipilvi	25	175	RL/10	60	No	No	150sp	90da	F/F	Undead
Radiates *Fear, Confusion.* Drains 5 points of Co in a 30' radius. Armed with a +20 spear and a +10 runeknife that allows her to cast *Ice Bolt* 3 x/day. Has 120 PPs and knows all Animist and Open Channeling lists to 10th level. May also use 100LBa.										
Sperm Whale	12	550	SL/8	40	No	No	80HBa	—	MF/MF	Whale
Summoned by Unisoturi. Continually rams the burial berg until Unisoturi is destroyed or ceases to concentrate.										
Unisoturi	25	175	RL/10	60	No	No	120harp	—	MF/MF	Undead
Unaffiliated with Sinipilvi, she is uneasy at the other's presence in the berg. Has 100 PPs and knows all Animist and Open Channeling spell lists to 10th level. Drains 5 points of Co per round in a 30' radius, and radiates *Fear* in the same area of effect. Armed with a vicious harpoon and a staff of blinding. Enjoys blinding opponents, and then tormenting them with her harpoon.										

15.2 MERP/RM BEAST TABLE

This table presents stats for various animals that may be encountered in the Northern Waste. Most of these are described in greater detail in Section 14.5.

Name	Level	# Enc	Size/ Crit	Speed	Hits	AT	DB	Primary/Secondary/Tertiary Attacks
LAND ANIMALS								
Bat	0	1-100	S.	VF/VF	4	No/1	60	25TiBi/—/—
Passive and nocturnal, does not attack unless provoked.								
Bear, Black	5	1-5	M	MF/MF	150	SL/8	30	65LGr/60LCl/40MBl/70MBa
Aggressive nocturnal hunter. Does not attack Men unless provoked.								
Bear, Cave	12	1-5	L	MF/FA	300	SL/8	40	95HBa/90LCl/85LGr/90LBi
Normally shy of Men. Does not attack unless provoked.								
Bear, Fell	15	1	L	F/VF	335	SL/8	55	85LGr/90LCr/80HBi/75HCl
Aggressive and intelligent with superb senses. Hunts Men and Elves.								
Bear, Snow	10	1-2	L	FA/FA	240	SL/8	45	75LCl/80LGr90LBi/90LBa
Aggressive and territorial when food is scarce. Excellent swimmer.								
Bees/Wasps	1	10-100	T	VF/VF	1	No/1	40	OSSt/20MSt/poison
Protective of hive or nest and stings are painful, but rarely deadly.								
Bighorn Sheep	2	1-2	M	FA/FA	55	No/3	40	50MBa/45MTs/—
Found only at high altitudes in mountainous regions.								
Death Shrew	1	1-5	T	MD/FA	2	RL/11	70	45SBi/disease
Aggressive, emits a foul smelling musk. Their bite causes the horrid "bluehand" disease.								
Dog (Wild)	2	1-20	M	MD/MD	70	No/3	25	50LBi/—
Offspring of Arthadanian shepherding dogs or Lumimies sled-dogs. Run in loose, gregarious pack. May be tamed if captured.								
Eagle	5	1-5	M	VF/VF	65	No/1	45	65MCl/50MPi/—
Aggressive predator. Seldom bothers Men.								
Elk	2	2-2000	M	VF/FA	70	No/4	40	20MHo/20MTs/—
Skittish and timid, both males and females have horns.								
Gorcrow	1	5-50	S.	FA/MF	20	No/1	55	10SPi/10SCl/—
White-feathered and slightly smaller version of the normal gorcrow. Always hungry and attracted to small, shiny objects.								
Hummerhorns	3	1-20	M	FA/VF	35	No/1	50	50SSt/—
Aggressive, found primarily in southern Forodwaith.								

15.2 MERP/RM BEAST TABLE

Name	Level	# Enc	Size/ Crit	Speed	Hits	AT	DB	Primary/Secondary/Tertiary Attacks
Marsh Snake	1	1-2	S.	MD/VF	20	No/1	60	50TSt/poison
Aggressive and territorial. Level 10 poison.								
Moose	4	1-3	L	M/M	240	SL/4	15	55LBa/35LTs/—
Excellent wader/swimmer, found near bogs and streams.								
Reindeer	2	2-1000	M	FA/MF	90	No/3	20	40MHo/35MTs/—
Gregarious and extremely hardy, cold-climate deer.								
Snow Leopard	5	1-2	M	VF/VF	100	No/3	40	40MCl/60MBi/60MBa
Extremely shy. Rarely seen.								
White Hart	4	1-10	L	FA/FA	110	No/3	25	55MHo/65MTs/—
Wary and wily. Largest of Middle-earth's deer.								
Wolf, Common	3	1-20	L	MF/MF	110	SL/3	30	70LBi/—
Shy of Men. Rarely attacks.								
Wolf, Dire	4	2-20	L	VF/FA	80	SL/4	45	75LBi/45MCl/—
Not shy of Men or anything else. Aggressive.								
Wolf, Grey	3	2-12	M	FA/FA	110	SL/3	30	55LBi/30MCl/—
Aggressive and cunning. Hunts in cooperative packs.								
Wolf (Warg)	8	2-50	L	VF/VF	180	SL/4	60	75LBi/ 60LCl/—
These vicious hunting packs roam throughout Forodwaith. They are found most commonly in any region bordering Angmar.								
Wolf, White	8	1-20	M	VF/VF	170	SL/4	70	90LBi/80LCl/—
Large and dangerous, the most aggressive and cunning of wolves.								
SEA-CREATURES								
Seal	2	2-500	M	VF/BF	85	SL/3	70	50MBi/—
Protective of cubs, but slow and clumsy on land. Will retreat to the water if threatened.								
Walrus	5	1-10	L	MD/MF	150	SL/3	50	40MBi/—
A large, but very shy animal. Retreats to the water if threatened.								
Whale, Humpback	15	1-5	H	MD/MF	600	SL/8	40	80HBa/—
Curious and intelligent. The great whales are non-aggressive unless seriously provoked.								
Whale, Killer	10	1-6	L	MF/F	450	SL/8	40	80LBi/70LBa/—
Friendly and gregarious, they hunt seals along the coasts. Like sharks; may mistake a man in the water for a large seal and attack.								
Whale, Sperm	12	2-20	H	MF/MF	550	SL/8	40	80HBa/90HBi/70HGr
Normally placid and unaggressive. Attacks if provoked.								
MONSTERS								
Cold-drake	30	1	H	FA/FA	500	Pl/19	50	120HBi/120HCl/120HBa/80HHo
Wingless and very aggressive.								
Ice-drake	30	1	H	FA/FA	450	Pl/19	55	110HBi/110HCl/110HBa/100HHo/90IceBreath
Excellent swimmers and can ski on snow or ice using their hind-spurs.								
Water-drake	18	1	H	FA/FA	240	Pl/18	40	150HBa/120HGr/140HBi/100WaterBreath
These sea serpents attack ships, small boats, and anything edible.								
Fell Turtle	15	1	H	M/M	250	Pl/20	35	120HPi/140LBa/—
The bane of the Ystävä Talven fisherman in their small boats.								
Orc, Angmarean	3	1-100	M	MD/MD	60	SL/7	20	60we/—
Orc, Forochelian	2	1-100	M	MD/MD	55	SL/8	25	60we/—
Troll, Cave	12	1	L	MD/MD	220	RL/12	15	100HCl/85we/80ro (150')
Hostile, their rock attack is a Large critical.								
Troll, Hill	10	1-5	L	SL/MD	175	RL/12	20	95LBa/85LCl/50we/60ro (150')
Hostile, their rock attack is a Large critical.								
Troll, Snow	13	1-2	L	MD/MD	180	RL/12	30	105HCl/80HBa/70we/80ro (150')
Always hostile, their rock attack is a Large critical.								
Troll, Stone	7	1-6	L	SL/MD	150	RL/12	15	80LBa/65LCl/40we/60ro (90')
Hostile, their rock attack is a Large critical.								
Whale, Demon	9	1-5	H	F/F	500	SL/8	25	120HBa/150HBi/—
Aggressive and vicious predators whose teeth can shred steel.								

15.2 MERP/RM BEAST TABLE

Name	Level	# Enc	Size/ Crit	Speed	Hits	AT	DB	Primary/Secondary/Tertiary Attacks
UNDEAD								
Corpse Candles	7	1	M	—/—	100	No/1	30	Spell/Special
Cruel and cunning, they drain 4 points of Co from 1 target per round.								
Corpse Lanterns	10	1	M	—/—	135	No/1	40	Spell/Special
Like Corpse Candles, only they drain 5 points of Co per								
Ghost, Lesser	5	1	M	FA/FA	100	No/1	30	60MBa/50we/Special
Belligerent and wily, drains 3 points of Co per round in a 10' radius.								
Ghost, Greater	15	1	M	VF/VF	165	No/1	50	110we/90LBa/Special
More cunning than a lesser ghost and drains 5 points of Co in a 10' radius.								
Ghoul, Lesser	1	1-10	M	SL/MF	25	SL/6	10	25SBa/30SCl/20SBi
Protective and stupid. In the frozen regions, wounds are less likely to be infected than in warmer climates.								
Ghoul, Greater	3	1-5	M	MD/MF	50	SL/7	10	40SBa/50SCl/45we
More powerful and cunning than a lesser ghoul.								
Mewlips	4	2-20	M	FA/MD	60	No/1	35	50we/75MBi/Special
Evil and cunning, these creatures dwell only in the most southerly regions of Forodwaith.								
Skeleton, Minor	1	2-20	M	VS/MD	25	No/1	0	25we/40MBa/—
All skeletons are hostile, attacks until destroyed								
Skeleton, Lesser	3	1-10	M	MD/MF	55	No/1	10	40we/50MBa/—
Skeleton, Greater	5	1-5	M	MF/FA	100	No/1	30	50we/60MBa/—
Skeleton Lord	8	1	M	MF/VF	135	No/1	70	95we/70LBa/Spells
Hostile, radiates *Fear* in 10' radius.								
Wight, Minor	10	1-3	L	MD/MD	100	No/1	40	95we/80LBa/Special
Found near burial cairns and along rivers and coasts. Use Large creature criticals. They appear as dark Mannish shapes with eyes like faint lights.								
Wight, Lesser	15	1-3	L	MD/MD	125	No/1	50	115we/90LBa/Special
Radiates *Fear* in 15' radius, causes paralysis and sleep on touch. Also, drains 1-5 points of Co per round.								
Wight, Major	25	1-2	L	MD/MF	175	No/1	60	170we/100LBa/Special
As lesser Wight, but radiates *Fear* in 30' radius.								

These tables indicate the probability of encountering a creature, person, event or site in any given region of the Northern Waste. Unless otherwise specified, the tabulated numbers refer to the result of a 1D100 roll. For instance, an entry of "31-50" means that a number within this range must be rolled in order for that encounter to take place.

KEY: **AF** = Arthadanian frontier; **BCB** = Berg Cradle Bay; **BCI** = Bay of Cracking Ice; **BF** = Bay of Forochel; **BM** = Bleak Mountains; **EN** = Emyn Nimbrith; **ER** = Ered Rhívamar; **FeT** = Fen Tundra; **FiT** = Fire Tundra; **HT** = Herd Tundra; **IB** = Icy Bay; **Is** = Islands (Hunter's, Tallman, and Whalebone); **LB** = Lonely Bay; **LaL** = Landless Land; **LkL** = Lakeland; **MH** = Minheldolath; **RL** = Rast Losnaeth; **SpB** = Spouting Bay; **ShB** = Sheltered Bay; **ST** = Stone Tundra; **TL** = Timberland; **TU** = Talath Uichel; **WT** = Wash Tundra.

15.3.1 CAPE OF FOROCHEL

Encounters	Minheldolath	Bleak Mountains	Rast Losnaeth	Ered Rhívamar	Islands	Fire Tundra	Landless Land	Stone Tundra
Chance	10%	1%	10%	15%	5%	10%	1%	5%
Distance (miles)	4	10	4	4	4	4	20	10
Time (hours)	4	8	4	4	10	4	12	8
INANIMATE DANGERS								
Avalanche	–	01-20	–	01-02	–	–	–	–
Flash Flood	–	21-30	–	03	–	–	–	01
Grass Fire	–	–	–	–	01	01	–	–
SITES/THINGS								
Burial Cairn	01	–	01	08	02	02-04	01	02-03
Cave/Lair	02-03	31-50	02-06	04-06	03-04	05-09	02	04-07
Mine	–	–	–	07	–	–	–	–
Ruins	04-06	–	07-10	09-10	05-07	10-12	–	–
Settlement/Camp	07-10	–	11-15	11-16	08-10	13-16	03	08-13
ANIMALS								
Bat	–	51	–	17	–	–	–	14
Bear, Black	–	–	–	18-19	–	–	–	15-16
Bear, Cave	11	–	–	20-21	–	–	–	17
Bear, Snow	12	–	16	22-23	11-12	17-19	04-05	18-21
Bees/Wasps	–	–	–	24	–	–	–	–
Bighorn Sheep	13	–	–	25	–	–	–	–
Black Mink	14	–	–	26-27	–	–	–	–
Blue Otter	–	–	–	28	–	–	–	–
Elk	15-16	–	17-20	29-31	13	20-23	–	22
Death Shrews	17	–	21	32	–	24	–	–
Dogs (Wild)	18-21	–	–	33-34	–	25-27	–	–
Eagle/Great Bird	22	–	22	35	14	28	–	23
Gorcrow	23	–	23	36-37	15	29	–	–
Moose	24	–	–	38	–	–	–	–
Reindeer (Wild)	25-28	–	24-26	39-42	16	30-33	–	24-25
Small Mammal	29-52	–	27-53	43-74	17-68	34-42	–	26-58
Snake	53	–	54	75-76	–	–	–	–
Snow Leopard	54	–	–	–	–	43	–	–
Water Fowl	–	–	–	77-85	69	–	–	59
White Hart	–	–	–	86	–	–	–	–

15.3 ENCOUNTER TABLES

Encounters	Minheldolath	Bleak Mountains	Rast Losnaeth	Ered Rhívamar	Islands	Fire Tundra	Landless Land	Stone Tundra
TUNDRA								
Mosquitoes	55-56	–	55-56	–	–	44-49	–	60
Wolf, Common	57-58	–	57-59	–	70	50-51	–	61
Wolf, Dire	59-60	–	60-61	–	71	52-55	–	62
Wolf, Grey	61	–	62	–	72	56-59	–	63
Wolf (Warg)	62-64	–	63-66	–	73	60-64	–	64-65
Wolf, White	65-67	–	67	–	74	65-67	–	66-70
UNDEAD								
Ghost	68	–	–	87	75	68	–	71
Ghoul	69	–	68	88	76	69	–	72
Skeleton	70	–	69	89	77	70	–	–
Skeleton Lord	–	–	–	–	78	71	–	–
Wight (Minor)	71	52	70	–	79	72	–	73
Wight (Lesser)	72	–	–	–	–	73	–	–
Wight (Major)	–	–	–	–	–	74	–	–
MEN								
Adventurers	73-74	53	71	90	–	75	–	–
Dúnedain	75	–	–	–	–	76	–	–
Jäämiehet/ Merimetsästäjät	76-81	–	72-76	91	80-84	77-81	06-07	74-89
Other Men	82	54	77	–	85	82	08	–
Seamen/Whalers	83-86	–	78-82	–	86-90	–	–	–
Trappers/ Ivory Hunters	87-89	–	83-85	92	91-95	83-85	09	–
NON-MANNISH RACES								
Dwarves	90	55	86	91	–	86	–	–
Elves	91	56	87	92	–	87	10-88	–
MONSTERS								
Dragons	92	57-61	88	93	–	88	89-94	90
Orcs	93-98	62-81	89-94	94-97	96-98	89-94	95	91-95
Trolls	99	82-86	95-97	98-99	99	95-96	–	96
Trolls, Snow	00	87-00	98-00	00	00	97-00	96-00	97-00

15.3.2 BAY OF FOROCHEL

Encounter	Berg Cradle Bay	Bay of Forochel	Icy Bay	Bay of Cracking Ice	Lonely Bay	Spouting Bay	Sheltered Bay
Chance	15%	15%	5%	10%	5%	15%	15%
Distance (miles)	10	20	5	5	5	10	10
Time (hours)	4	4	4	4	8	4	4
HAZARDS							
Iceberg	01-04	01-03	–	–	–	01-06	01-04
Ice-floe	05-08	04-09	01-04	01-10	01-04	07-11	05-08
Rocks	09-14	10-14	05-10	–	05-09	12-14	—
SITES							
Abandoned Boat	15	15	11	11	–	15	09
Berg-delving	16-18	–	–	–	–	16-18	–
Flotsam	19-23	16-18	12-14	12-18	10-13	19-24	10-13
ANIMALS							
Bear, Snow	24-25	–	15-19	19-22	14-15	25	14-18
Narwhal	26-27	19-21	20-24	23	16	26	19
Sea-bird	28-66	22-54	25-56	24-67	17-63	27-37	20-40
Seals	67-70	55-57	57-62	68-72	64-68	38-42	41-45
Walrus	71-73	58-59	63-70	73-75	69-71	43-45	46-50
Whale (Humpback)	74-75	60-63	71	76	72-75	46-50	51-54
Whale (Killer)	76-77	64-68	72-75	77-80	76-79	51-55	55-59
Whale (Pilot)	78	69	76	81	–	56	60
Whale (Sperm)	79-80	70-73	77-78	82	80-81	57-60	61-64
MONSTERS							
Fell Turtle	81	74	–	–	82-85	61-62	65
Ice-drake	82	75	79	83	86	63-64	66-67
Water-drake	83	76-77	80	84	87	65-66	68
Whale, Demon	84	78-80	81-83	85-87	88-90	67-71	69-71
OTHER VESSELS							
Fishing, Local	84-86	81-84	84-90	88-94	91-93	72-77	72-77
Ivory Hunter	87	85	91-93	95-96	94-97	78-82	78-81
Other	88-89	86-87	94	–	–	83-84	82-83
Whaler, Cardolanian	90-92	88-92	95	–	98	85-90	84-90
Whaler, Gondorian	93-94	93-95	96	–	–	91-94	91-92
Whaler, Local	95-97	96	97-99	97-00	99-00	95-97	93-96
Whaler, Privateer	98-00	97-00	00	–	–	98-00	97-00

15.3.3 TALATH UICHEL AND ERIADORIAN FRONTIER

Encounter	Arthadanian frontier	Herd Tundra	Emyn Nimbrith	Fen Tundra	Lakeland	Timberland	Talath Uichel	Wash Tundra
Chance	15%	20%	5%	10%	15%	15%	10%	15%
Distance (miles)	4	15	4	8	4	2	10	5
Time (hours)	4	4	8	4	2	2	5	3
INANIMATE DANGERS								
Avalanche	–	–	–	–	–	01	–	–
Flash Flood	01	–	–	01-02	01	–	–	01
Grass Fire	–	01-02	–	–	–	–	01	02
SITES/THINGS								
Burial Cairn	02	03-04	01	–	02	02-03	02	03-04
Cave/Lair	03-06	05	02-06	03-05	03-05	04-06	03-05	05-08
Mine	07	–	07	–	–	07-08	–	–
Ruins	08	–	–	–	–	–	06	–
Settlement/Camp	09-14	06-10	–	06	06-10	09-10	07-08	09-14
ANIMALS								
Bat	15	11	08	07	11	11	09-11	15
Bear, Black	16-17	12	–	–	12-14	12-14	–	16-17
Bear, Cave	18	–	–	–	–	15	–	18
Bear, Snow	–	13-15	–	08-10	15-17	–	12	19
Bees/Wasps	19-20	–	–	11	18	16-18	–	20
Bighorn Sheep	21	–	–	–	–	19	–	–
Black Mink	22-23	16	09	12-15	19-23	20	–	21-23
Blue Otter	24-25	17	10	16-19	24-27	–	–	24-25
Death Shrews	26	–	11-13	–	28	21	–	26
Dogs (Domestic)	27-28	18-19	–	–	29	22	13	27
Dogs (Wild)	29-30	20-22	14	20	30-31	23-25	14	28
Eagle/ Great Bird	31	23	–	21	32	–	–	29
Elk	32-34	24-36	–	–	33-36	26	15-19	30-34
Gorcrow	–	37-38	15	22	37-39	27	20	35
Hummerhorns	35	–	–	23	40	28	–	36
Moose	36-37	39-40	–	24-25	41	29-30	–	37
Reindeer (Domestic)	38	41	–	–	42	31	21	38
Reindeer (Wild)	39-41	42-47	–	–	43-46	32-34	22-28	39-44
Small Mammal	42-50	48-51	16-75	26-65	47-51	35-77	29-44	45-52
Snake	51	52	76	66-69	52-54	78	–	53
Snow Leopard	–	–	–	–	–	79	–	–

Encounter	Arthadanian frontier	Herd Tundra	Emyn Nimbrith	Fen Tundra	Lakeland	Timberland	Talath Uichel	Wash Tundra
TUNDRA								
Mosquitoes	–	53-54	–	70-77	55-60	–	45-48	54-57
Water Fowl	52-53	55	–	78-84	61-66	–	–	58
Wolf, Common	54-56	56-58	77	–	67-68	80-82	49-52	59
Wolf, Dire	57-58	59-60	78	–	69-70	83	53	60
Wolf, Grey	59	61-62	79	–	71	84	54	61
Wolf (Warg)	60-61	63-66	80-83	–	72-74	–	55-61	62
Wolf, White	62	67	84	–	75	85	62	63
UNDEAD								
Corpse Candle	–	–	–	85	76	–	–	64
Corpse Lantern	–	–	–	86	77	–	–	–
Ghost	63	–	–	87	78	–	–	65
Ghoul	–	–	85	88	79	–	–	66
Mewlips	64	–	–	–	–	–	–	67
Skeleton	65	–	86	89	80	–	–	68
Skeleton Lord	66	–	–	–	81	–	–	69
Wight (Minor)	67	68	87	–	82	–	63	70
Wight (Lesser)	68	69	–	–	83	–	64	71
Wight (Major)	69	–	–	–	–	–	65	72
MEN								
Adventurers	70-72	70-72	88	90	84	86	–	73
Angmarrim	73	73-77	89	–	85	–	66-72	–
Dúnedain	74-76	78	–	–	86	87	–	74
Lumimiehet	77-83	79-84	90	91	87-88	88-91	73-75	75-81
Other Men	84-85	85-86	91	–	89	92	76-80	82-86
Rivermen	86	–	–	–	–	–	–	87
Seamen/ Whalers	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	88-91
Sled-horde	–	87-89	–	–	–	–	81-86	–
Trappers/Ivory Hunters	87-88	–	–	92	90	93-94	87	92
NON-MANNISH RACES								
Dwarves	89-90	90	92	–	91	95-96	88	93
Elves	91	91	–	–	92	97	–	94
Hobbits	92	–	–	–	–	–	–	95
Umli	–	92-93	–	–	93	–	–	96
MONSTERS								
Dragons	93	94	–	93	94	–	89	97
Orcs, Angmarean	94-98	95-97	93-96	94	95	–	90-96	98-99
Orcs,Forochelian	–	98	97	95-98	96-97	98-99	97	–
Trolls	99-00	99	98-99	99	98-99	00	98-99	00
Trolls, Snow	–	00	00	00	00	–	00	–

15.4 WEATHER TABLE

All temperatures are expressed in degrees Fahrenheit (°F). To determine the daily temperature, the GM rolls 1D100 and interpolates or guesses how hot or cold it is. For example: If the monthly range is from -40°F to 0°F, then a roll of 10 indicates the temperature is -36°F while a roll of 90 indicates it is -4°F. The table gives the chance of precipitation and precipitation type in parentheses. Precipitation type is based on temperature: 30°F or below is snow, 30°F to 32°F may be sleet or snow (GM's option), 33°F and above is rain. If snow, roll 1D100 with 01 = hail and 02-05 = ice-storm. If rain, a roll of 01-05 = stinging ice/sleet mixed in. From Girithron to Gwirith, there is a 05% chance of a *gurthul.*

KEY: **AF** = Arthadanian frontier; **BCB** = Berg Cradle Bay; **BCI** = Bay of Cracking Ice; **BF** = Bay of Forochel; **BM** = Bleak Mountains; **EN** = Emyn Nimbrith; **ER** = Ered Rhívamar; **FeT** = Fen Tundra; **FiT** = Fire Tundra; **HT** = Herd Tundra; **IB** = Icy Bay; **Is** = Islands (Hunter's, Tallman, and Whalebone); **LB** = Lonely Bay; **LaL** = Landless Land; **LkL** = Lakeland; **MH** = Minheldolath; **RL** = Rast Losnaeth; **SpB** = Spouting Bay; **ShB** = Sheltered Bay; **ST** = Stone Tundra; **TL** = Timberland; **TU** = Talath Uichel; **WT** = Wash Tundra.

15.4.1 CAPE OF FOROCHEL

Month	MH/RL	BM/ER/FiT	Is/ST/LB
Narwain (Winter)	-20/—5 (Snow, 02%)	-30/10 (Snow, 02%)	-25/10 (Snow, 02%)
Nínui (Winter)	-30/—10 (Snow, 02%)	-40/5 (Snow, 02%)	-35/0 (Snow, 02%)
Gwaeron (Winter)	-25/15 (Snow, 03%)	-30/15 (Snow, 03%)	-25/5 (Snow, 03%)
Gwirith (Spring)	-15/25 (Snow, 03%)	-20/25 (Snow, 03%)	-15/20 (Snow, 03%)
Lothron (Spring)	-5/20 (Snow, 03%)	-10/35 (Snow/Rain, 03%)	5/30 (Snow/Sleet, 03%)
Nórui (Spring)	10/40 (Snow/Rain, 07%)	-5/40 (Snow/Rain, 07%)	10/40 (Snow/Rain, 07%)
Loëndë (Midyear, intercalary day)			
Cerveth (Summer)	15/45 (Snow/Rain, 15%)	0/45 (Snow/Rain, 15%)	15/45 (Snow/Rain, 15%)
Urui (Summer)	20/55 (Snow/Rain, 15%)	10/50 (Snow/Rain, 15%)	25/55 (Snow/Rain, 15%)
Ivanneth (Summer)	15/40 (Snow/Rain, 15%)	0/40 (Snow/Rain, 15%)	15/45 (Snow/Rain, 15%)
Narbeleth (Autumn)	5/35 (Snow/Rain, 10%)	-10/25 (Snow, 10%)	0/40 (Snow/Rain, 10%)
Hithui (Autumn)	-5/15 (Snow, 03%)	-20/20 (Snow, 03%)	-10/30 (Snow/Sleet, 03%)
Girithron (Autumn)	-15/0 (Snow, 02%)	-25/15 (Snow, 02%)	-20/25 (Snow, 02%)
Mettarë (Yearsend, intercalary day)			

15.4.2 BAY OF FOROCHEL

Month	BCB/SpB/ShB	BF	LaL
Narwain (Winter)	-30/15 (Snow, 02%)	-25/20 (Snow, 05%)	-50/-15 (Snow, 01%)
Nínui (Winter)	-40/0 (Snow, 02%)	-30/20 (Snow, 05%)	-70/-25 (Snow, 01%)
Gwaeron (Winter)	-30/10 (Snow/Sleet, 03%)	-20/25 (Snow, 10%)	-45/-10 (Snow, 01%)
Gwirith (Spring)	-20/20 (Snow, 03%)	-10/30 (Snow/Sleet, 10%)	-30/0 (Snow, 01%)
Lothron (Spring)	-10/30 (Snow/Sleet, 03%)	5/40 (Snow/Rain, 10%)	-20/10 (Snow, 02%)
Nórui (Spring)	0/40 (Snow/Rain, 07%)	15/45 (Snow/Rain, 20%)	-15/15 (Snow, 03%)
Loëndë (Midyear, intercalary day)			
Cerveth (Summer)	10/45 (Snow/Rain, 15%)	20/50 (Snow/Rain, 25%)	0/20 (Snow, 03%)
Urui (Summer)	20/55 (Snow/Rain, 15%)	25/55 (Snow/Rain, 35%)	5/30 (Snow/Sleet, 05%)
Ivanneth (Summer)	10/40 (Snow/Rain, 15%)	20/45 (Snow/Rain, 25%)	-5/20 (Snow, 02%)
Narbeleth (Autumn)	-10/30 (Snow/Sleet, 10%)	10/35 (Sleet/Rain, 20%)	-15/5 (Snow, 01%)
Hithui (Autumn)	-25/15 (Snow, 03%)	-10/30 (Snow/Sleet, 10%)	-25/-5 (Snow, 01%)
Girithron (Autumn)	-35/5 (Snow, 02%)	-20/25 (Snow, 05%)	-35/-10 (Snow, 01%)
Mettarë (Yearsend, intercalary day)			

15.4.3 TALATH UICHEL AND ERIADORIAN FRONTIER

Month	AF/TL/WT/IB/BCI	HT/EN/TU	FeT/LkL
Narwain (Winter)	-15/15 (Snow, 02%)	-30/5 (Snow, 02%)	-20/0 (Snow, 02%)
Nínui (Winter)	-20/0 (Snow, 02%)	-35/0 (Snow, 02%)	-30/-5 (Snow, 02%)
Gwaeron (Winter)	-15/5 (Snow, 03%)	-30/15 (Snow, 03%)	-35/-5 (Snow, 03%)
Gwirith (Spring)	-5/35 (Snow/Rain, 03%)	-20/25 (Snow, 03%)	-25/10 (Snow, 03%)
Lothron (Spring)	0/40 (Snow/Rain, 03%)	-10/35 (Snow/Rain, 03%)	-10/25 (Snow, 03%)
Nórui (Spring)	5/45 (Snow/Rain, 07%)	0/45 (Snow/Rain, 07%)	5/35 (Snow/Rain, 07%)
Loëndë (Midyear, intercalary day)			
Cerveth (Summer)	15/65 (Snow/Rain, 15%)	5/50 (Snow/Rain, 15%)	15/45 (Snow/Rain, 15%)
Urui (Summer)	20/70 (Snow/Rain, 15%)	15/65 (Snow/Rain, 15%)	20/50 (Snow/Rain, 15%)
Ivanneth (Summer)	10/55 (Snow/Rain, 15%)	5/45 (Snow/Rain, 15%)	15/40 (Snow/Rain, 15%)
Narbeleth (Autumn)	-5/40 (Snow/Rain, 10%)	-10/35 (Snow/Rain, 10%)	0/25 (Snow, 10%)
Hithui (Autumn)	-10/40 (Snow/Rain, 03%)	-20/25 (Snow, 03%)	-5/20 (Snow/Sleet, 03%)
Girithron (Autumn)	-15/30 (Snow/Sleet, 40%)	-25/10 (Snow/Sleet, 30%)	-10/10 (Snow/Sleet, 40%)
Mettarë (Yearsend, intercalary day)			

15.5 LOR NPC TABLE

Name	EP	End	Str	Ag	Int	Mov	Def	Mel OB	Mis OB	Gen	Sub	Perc	Mag	# Spells	Notes
FIGURES OF NOTE (SECTION 9.0)															
Aamumeren Isä		*See* "Elemental" *on the LoR Beast Table*													
Canadras		*See* "Ice-drake" *on the LoR Beast Table*													
Durlach		*See* "Maia" *on the LoR Beast Table*													
Elocklo		*See* "Maia" *on the LoR Beast Table*													
Galgrinic	2,100	53	0	0	2	-1	1	-2	-4	2	-4	3	8	12	Dwarf Bard
Inhael Eketya	1800	67	1	0	1	-1	2	4	-1	6	0	4	-2	0	Human Ranger
Jäänainen		*See* "Maia" *on the LoR Beast Table*													
Karhunkäsi	2700	86	2	1	0	-1	3	6	6	2	0	1	-5	0	Human Warrior
Konihrabn	2400	49	1	1	0	1	1	3	3	2	5	5	-1	2	Human Scout
Losp'indel	6,000	62	0	0	2	-1	1	2	1	3	-1	4	10	all	Elf Bard
Nestador	13,500	71	1	1	2	-1	1	3	2	3	0	5	10	all	Elf Bard
Pitää Kalasta	2700	86	2	1	0	-1	3	6	6	2	0	1	-5	0	Human Warrior
Raudabern	4800	104	2	1	0	-1	3	7	7	2	0	2	-5	0	Human Warrior
Striuk'ir	6,000	62	0	0	2	-1	1	1	2	3	-1	4	10	all	Elf Bard
Vanha Äitisavu	3300	53	0	0	2	-1	1	3	-2	2	-4	4	9	14	Human Bard
TRAVELER'S GUIDE (SECTION 11.0)															
Gondring		*See* "Ice-drake" *on the LoR Beast Table*													
Ningarach		*See* "Marsh-drake" *on the LoR Beast Table*													
THE IVORY HOARD (SECTION 13.1)															
Aamukuu Villagers	600	68	2	1	0	-1	3	4	4	1	-3	1	-5	0	Human Warrior
Bandits	1,200	77	2	1	0	-1	3	5	5	1	0	1	-5	0	Human Warriors
Grimabalth	2100	86	2	1	0	-1	3	6	5	2	0	1	-5	0	Human Warrior
Morvran	3000	58	1	1	0	1	1	3	3	2	5	5	-1	2	Human Scout
Sigiswulf	1500	49	1	1	0	1	1	3	2	2	4	4	-1	2	Human Scout
Sionnach	1200	49	1	1	0	1	1	2	2	2	4	4	-1	2	Human Scout
Widuhund	1800	86	2	1	0	-1	3	5	5	2	0	1	-5	0	Human Warrior
Wild Dogs		*See* "Dog" *on the LoR Beast Table*													
Yhdeksän Taivasta	2,400	53	0	0	2	-1	1	1	1	2	-4	4	8	12	Elf Bard
THE HAUNTED BERG (SECTION 13.2)															
Iltatuuli	2400	86	2	1	0	-1	3	6	6	2	0	1	-5	0	Human Warrior
Lumipallo		*See* "Lesser Wight" *on the LoR Beast Table*													
Merimetsästäjät	300	68	2	1	0	-1	3	3	3	1	-3	1	-5	0	Human Warrior
Nuorilintu	1200	77	2	1	0	-1	3	5	5	1	0	1	-5	0	Human Warrior
Pieni Kukka		*See* "Lesser Wight" *on the LoR Beast Table*													
Possessed Corpses		*See* "Lesser Skeletons" *on the LoR Beast Table*													
Punakäsi		*See* "Greater Ghost" *on the LoR Beast Table*													
Puolikarhu		*See* "Minor Wight" *on the LoR Beast Table*													
Sadenainen		*See* "Lesser Wight" *on the LoR Beast Table*													
Sinipilvi		*See* "Major Wight" *on the LoR Beast Table*													
Sperm Whale		*See* "Sperm Whale" *on the LoR Beast Table*													
Unisoturi		*See* "Lesser Wight" *on the LoR Beast Table*													

15.6 LOR BEAST TABLE

Name	Movement	Normal Defense	Charge Defense	Flee Defense	Endurance	Melee OB	Melee Damage	Missile OB	Missile Damage
LAND ANIMALS									
Bat	1	5	3	7	2	0	-3	—	—
Bear, Black	2	3	1	4	75	3	0	—	—
Bear, Cave	3	4	3	5	150**	6	6	—	—
Bear, Fell	3	3	2	4	100*	5	4	—	—
Bear, Snow	2	2	1	3	75*	4	3	—	—
Bees/Wasps	-1	3	1	4	0	-2	-3	—	—
Bighorn Sheep	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Death Shrew	-3	8	7	8	1	0	-6	—	—
Dog (Wild)	8	3	1	5	32	2	0	—	—
Eagle	9	2	0	3	15	2	0	—	—
Elk	9	3	2	4	50	2	2	—	—
Gorcrow	6	4	2	6	10	2	0	—	—
Hummerhorns	11	4	2	6	17	2	3	—	—
Marsh Snake	-3	5	4	5	10	1	-3	—	—
Moose	8	1	1	1	120*	3	3	—	—
Reindeer	9	4	2	6	36	1	0	—	—
Snow Leopard	7	3	1	4	70	4	0	—	—
White Hart	8	4	1	4	75	3	1	—	—
Wolf, Common	7	2	0	3	55	2	0	—	—
Wolf, Dire	8	4	2	6	40*	4	3	—	—
Wolf, Grey	7	3	1	4	55	2	0	—	—
Wolf (Warg)	4	6	4	8	90*	4	3	—	—
Wolf, White	6	7	5	9	85	4	0	—	—
SEA-CREATURES									
Seal	3	2	2	2	50	1	0	—	—
Walrus	1	3	3	3	80	2	0	—	—
Whale, Humpback	5	3	3	4	250**	5	5	—	—
Whale, Killer	4	2	0	3	225**	7	5	—	—
Whale, Sperm	5	4	3	5	275**	6	6	—	—

15.6 LOR BEAST TABLE

Name	Movement	Normal Defense	Charge Defense	Flee Defense	Endurance	Melee OB	Melee Damage	Missile OB	Missile Damage
MONSTERS									
Cold-drake	9	8	6	9	250‡	8	6	—	—
Ice-drake	9	8	6	9	210**	11	6	—	—
Marsh-drake	8	6	4	8	100‡	5	6	—	—
Water-drake	8	7	5	8	120‡	9	6	—	—
Elemental	8	5	3	7	80*	8	3	—	—
Fell Turtle	4	6	6	6	125**	8	6	—	—
Troll, Cave	1	2	2	2	87†	6	3	-2(rock)	6
Troll, Hill	1	3	2	4	75*	5	3	3(rock)	1
Troll, Snow	2	4	4	4	90*	6	3	-1(rock)	4
Troll, Stone	2	2	2	2	75**	5	3	0(rock)	2
Whale, Demon	3	2	0	3	250†	8	6	—	—
UNDEAD									
Corpse Candles	none	2	2	2	50*	special	—	—	—
Corpse Lanterns	none	3	3	3	67**	special	—	—	—
Ghost, Lesser	4	2	0	3	50†	3	0	—	—
Ghost, Greater	6	4	2	6	82†	5	0	—	—
Ghoul, Lesser	-2	1	1	1	12*	1	0	—	—
Ghoul, Greater	-1	1	0	1	25*	2	0	—	—
Mewlips	1	2	2	2	30	2	0	—	—
Skeleton, Minor	-3	-1	-1	-1	12*	1	0	—	—
Skeleton, Lesser	-3	0	-1	0	27*	2	0	—	—
Skeleton, Greater	0	2	1	3	50*	2	0	—	—
Skeleton Lord	2	6	5	7	67**	4	0	—	—
Wight, Minor	1	4	4	4	50*	5	3	—	—
Wight, Lesser	2	5	5	5	60*	6	3	—	—
Wight, Major	4	6	6	6	75*	8	3	—	—
Miscellaneous									
Maia	8	8	6	10	120†	11	3	7	1

*— For these creatures treat "U" results as "25 damage" and for "K" results roll one die: on a 3-6 the result is a "K", otherwise the result is "30 damage."
**— For these creatures treat "U" results as "20 damage" and for "K" results roll one die: on a 4-6 the result is a "K", otherwise the result is "25 damage."
†— For these creatures treat "U" results as "15 damage" and for "K" results roll one die: on a 5-6 the result is a "K", otherwise the result is "20 damage."
‡— For these creatures treat "U" results as "10 damage" and for "K" results roll one die: on a 6 the result is a "K", otherwise the result is "15 damage."



15.7 LOR CONVERSION NOTES

The *LoR* tables from Section 15.0 provide you with all the statistical info you need on the characters described in *The Northern Waste.* However, the magical items possessed by them also contain stats for weapons, armor, wands, staves, amulets, etc. The conversion instructions below will enable you to translate ***MERP*** items into ***LoR*** items.

15.7.1 SPELLS

Weapons, armor, garments, jewelry, wands, and staves often permit their bearer or wearer to cast spells. If an item bestows such spell casting ability, then this section lists the relevant ***MERP*** and ***Rolemaster*** spell lists and ***MERP*** and ***Rolemaster*** spell names. To convert the spells into ***LoR*** spells, look up the ***MERP*** spell list on the chart below which gives the corresponding ***LoR*** spell. (Rarely, an item grants a custom spell that exists in neither ***MERP*** nor ***Rolemaster*** nor ***LoR***; in such cases, a specific description of its effects, independent of any system, is given in the text to provide all you need to know to GM the play.)

OPEN ESSENCE SPELLS

***MERP** List*	***LoR** Spell*
Physical Enhancement	Balance
Essence's Ways	Concentration
Unbarring Ways	Speed
Essence Hand	Shield
Spell Ways	Protection from Magic
Essence Perceptions	Concentration
Illusions	Camouflage
Spirit Mastery	Calm

MAGE SPELLS

MERP List	LoR Spell
Fire Law	Fire Bolt
Ice Law	Fire Bolt
Earth Law	Item Analysis
Light Law	Fire Bolt
Wind Law	Protection from Magic
Water Law	Luck
Lofty Bridge	Speed
Living Change	Strength

BARD SPELLS

MERP List	LoR Spell
Lore	Concentration
Controlling Songs	Calm
Sound Control	Luck
Item Lore	Item Analysis

OPEN CHANNELING SPELLS

MERP List	LoR Spell
Nature's Lore	Concentration
Nature's Movement	Speed
Spell Defense	Protection from Magic
Surface Ways	Healing
Protections	Shield
Detection Mastery	Concentration
Sound/Light Ways	Fire Bolt
Calm Spirits	Calm

ANIMIST SPELLS

MERP List	LoR Spell
Direct Channeling	Clairvoyance
Blood Ways	Healing
Bone/Muscle Ways	Healing
Organ Ways	Healing
Animal Mastery	Charm Animal
Plant Mastery	Camouflage
Purifications	Luck
Creations	Sustenance

RANGER SPELLS

MERP List	LoR Spell
Path Mastery	Concentration
Moving Ways	Speed
Nature's Guises	Camouflage
Nature's Ways	Charm Animal

15.7.2 MAGIC ITEMS

Most of the magical articles found in Middle-earth fall into three broad catagories: weapons, armor, or spell casting enhancement. ***MERP*** describes the capabilities of such items with terms having specific game system definitions. Below, we present these terms with definitions adapted for the ***LoR*** system.

WEAPONS

Additional Criticals: In ***MERP*** combat, serious wounds are represented by critical damage. Normal weapons wielded skillfully can deliver critical damage. Magical weapons sometimes deliver an additional critical: a cold critical, an electrical critical, a grappling critical, a heat critical, an impact critical, a slashing critical, or an unbalancing critical.

In ***LoR***, normal criticals are represented by the U and K results on the ***LoR** Combat Table.* The GM need only referee normal ***LoR*** combat.

Additional criticals—excepting grappling, slashing, and unbalancing—are handled thusly in ***LoR*** combat: upon a U or K result, for each additional critical a weapon is capable of delivering, roll one D6 die and apply the result to the damage delivered to the target. If the additional critical is labeled as being "equal in severity," roll one die—the result is the number of dice that are rolled to determine the extra damage delivered.

Grappling criticals: Upon a U or K result, when hit by a weapon that does grappling criticals, the target must roll the dice (2D6) and add his Agility bonus; if the result is equal to or higher than the total attack roll, the target is not entangled and may act normally; if the result is lower than the total attack roll, the target is entangled and may take no action for the number of rounds equal to the difference between the attacker's total attack roll and the target's Agility maneuver.

For example, Jos Haurl the Easterling throws his enchanted bola at Ulfilas the Northman who is fleeing. Haurl's Missile OB is +3. His bola has an OB of +2 and delivers grappling criticals. Haurl's player rolls the dice for a result of 6. His total attack roll is 3 + 2 + 6 = 11.

Ulfilas' defense bonus is +2. Additionally, he wears a helmet (see below), which means that U results on the Combat Table *do not knock him out.*

Checking the Table, *we see that Haurl has achieved a U result. This means we must also check the result of the grappling ability of the bola.*

Ulfilas' player rolls the dice and gets a 9. The Northman has an Agility bonus of +1, so his total is 10, which is less than Haurl's 11. Thus Ulfilas is entangled and has taken 11 points of damage, but is not unconscious.

Unbalancing criticals: Upon a **U** or **K** result, when hit by a weapon that does unbalancing criticals, the target must roll the dice (2D6) and add his Agility bonus; if the result is equal to or higher than the total attack roll, the target remains on his or her feet and may act normally; if the result is lower than the total attack roll, the target is knocked to the ground and takes damage equal to one die roll.

Slashing criticals: Upon a **U** or **K** result, when hit by a weapon that does slashing criticals, the target must roll one die (1D6); the result is the number of points of damage the target receives at the end of each round due to bleeding.

Of Slaying creatures: Some weapons are described as being *Of Slaying* Orcs or *Of Slaying* Dragons or *Of Slaying* Trolls, etc. Whenever such a weapon is used to attack the creature designated by this description, add +2 to the attack roll on the *Combat Table*. This bonus is cumulative with any bonus present due to Holy virtues (see below). The maximum result is 12.

Of Slaying items: Some weapons are described as being *Of Slaying* swords or *Of Slaying* weapons or *Of Slaying* armor or *Of Slaying* shields, etc. Such weapons perform this destruction under conditions such as "targeting an opponent's weapon" or "if opponent parries" or some other parameters which are explicitly presented. Whenever such a weapon is used to attack the item designated by its description, the attacker should roll on the +6 column of the *Combat Table*. The GM should move the column used to the right for every +1 OB/DB possessed by the target item. If the result of the roll is a U or a K, the target item is destroyed immediately. Any number results are ignored.

Holy/Unholy weapons: These are weapons possessing the special favor of a Vala or a Maia (pure or fallen). Most have a reputation and are known on sight by their wielders' enemies. Holy weapons act as weapons *Of Slaying* versus all beings aligned with Sauron or Morgoth. Unholy weapons act as weapons *Of Slaying* versus all beings in emnity to Sauron or his evil master. (This bonus is cumulative with any more specific slaying abilities, such as *Of Slaying* undead.)

Armor

MERP armor is usually described as possessing a specific defensive bonus. To convert this ***MERP*** DB into a ***LoR*** defense bonus, simply divide it by 5. Sometimes armor has special capabilities, such as protecting its wearer from specific criticals. Such abilities are usually detailed in words rather than numbers and can be readily applied to any game system.

Helmets: In ***LoR***, combatants who wear helms have an advantage over those who don't. Roll the dice (2D6) when a character wearing a helm receives a **U** result on the *Combat Table*. If the roll is 8 or higher, the character receives damage equal to the attack roll, but remains conscious, unless the damage puts his or her damage total higher than Endurance. Any bonus from a magical helm should be added to the determining dice roll.

Spell Casting Enhancement

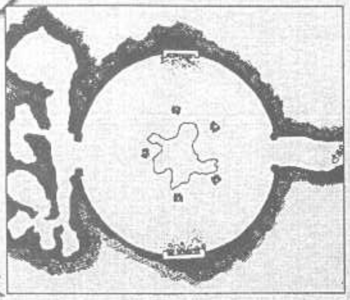
Many items that enhance spell casting do so by granting their user specific spells. To convert the spells of such items from ***MERP*** spells to ***LoR*** spells, use the procedure outlined under *Traps* above. Two special types of spell enhancing items are presented below.

Spell adders: Spell adders are normally described as +1 adders or +2 adders or +3 adders. Characters with an adder may cast any one learned spell once a day for every +1 possessed by the adder. (A +2 adder bestows 2 spells; a +3 adder 3 spells.) The caster takes no damage for spells cast using an adder. The caster may not carry more than one adder on his or her person.

Spell multipliers: Spell multipliers are normally described as x2, x3, x4, etc. Characters with a multiplier may reduce the damage taken due to casting a spell as follows: divide the damage taken by the multiplier value. (A character must always take at least 1 point of damage when casting a spell.)

For example, Fire Bolt results normally in 6 points of damage taken. Eun the Dunnish Bard has a x3 multiplier.

Achrond



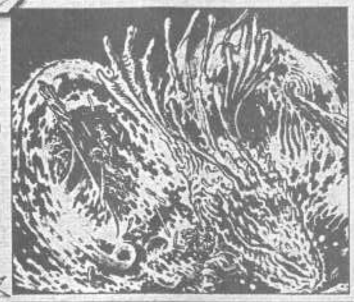
Gondalf

Nearest Haven: Evermist
Playable: Information, Items (minor)
Automatic-attacks:
Wolves — 3 strikes with 7 prowess

1 | 1

Art by Quentin Westcott

Amon Anlug



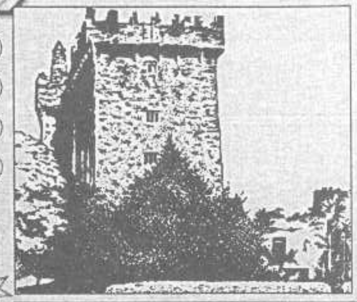
Lakeland

Nearest Haven: Evermist
Playable: Items (minor, major)
Automatic-attacks:
Drake — 2 strikes with 10 prowess
Special: contains a hoard

2 | 2

Art by Kent Burles

Bernastath



Everdalf

Nearest Haven: Rivendell
Playable: Items (minor, major)
Automatic-attacks:
Men — 4 strikes with 6 prowess

3 | 3

Art by Charles Hogarth

Canadras



Thorenaer

Nearest Haven: Evermist
Playable:
Items (minor, major, gold ring)
Automatic-attacks:
Drake — 1 strike with 13 prowess

2 | 2

Art by Liz Danforth

Ei Missa



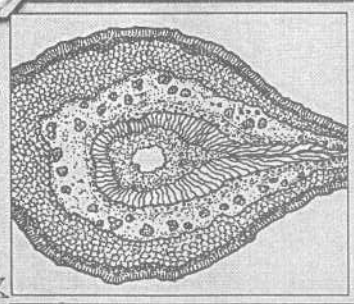
Gondalf

Nearest Haven: Evermist
Playable: Information, Items (minor)
Automatic-attacks:
Wolves — 2 strikes with 7 prowess

1 | 1

Art by Storn Cook

Eithel Morgoth



Narthalf

Nearest Haven: Evermist
Playable: Items (minor, major, greater)
Automatic-attacks:
Trolls — 3 strikes with 9 prowess
Special: Any creature otherwise playable at any Under-deeps site may be played here.

2 | 1

Art by Dan Cruger

Evermist



Minheldolath

Site Path from Grey Havens:

Site Path from Rivendell:

2 | 2

Art by Ellym Sirac

Hyvät Kalat



Lakeland

Nearest Haven: Evermist
Special: *Lossoth* faction is playable at this site.

2 | 2

Art by Kalman Andrasofszky










Kylmätalo



Rast Losnaeth

Nearest Haven: Evermist
Playable: Information,
Items (minor, major, greater*)
*—palantíri only
Automatic-attacks:
Trolls — 2 strikes with 9 prowess

2 | 2

Art by Kalman Andrasofszky

Leiri



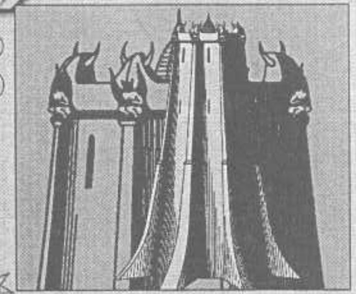
Everdalf

Nearest Haven: Rivendell
Special: Lossoth faction is playable at this site.

3 | 3

Art by Stephan Peregrine

Mornost



Narthalf

Nearest Haven: Evermist
Playable:
Items (minor, major, greater)
Automatic-attacks (2):
Orcs — 4 strikes with 8 prowess,
Orcs — 3 strikes with 9 prowess

2 | 1

Art by Dan Cruger

Orod Certhas



Thorenaer

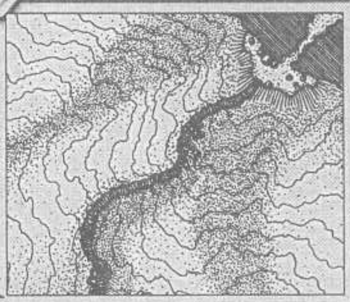
Nearest Haven: Evermist
Playable: Information
Automatic-attacks: Spirits of Ice and Cold* — 2 strikes with 7 prowess

*—Though not Undead, resources which affect Undead also affect these Spirits.

2 | 2

Art by Michael Kucharski

Pendrath na-Udûn



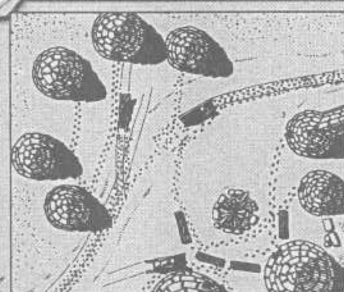
Narthalf

Nearest Haven: Evermist
Playable: Items (minor, major)
Automatic-attacks:
Drake — 1 strike with 12 prowess

2 | 1

Art by Dan Cruger

Ruskea Vene



Forochel

Nearest Haven: Rivendell
Special: Lossoth faction is playable at this site.

2 | 2

Art by Richard Britton

Thaurung



Forochel

Nearest Haven: Rivendell
Playable: Items (minor, major)
Automatic-attacks:
Animals (death shrews) — 7 strikes with 4 prowess; the body check of any character wounded by this attack is modified by +2

2 | 2

Art by Ellym Sirac

The Under-forges

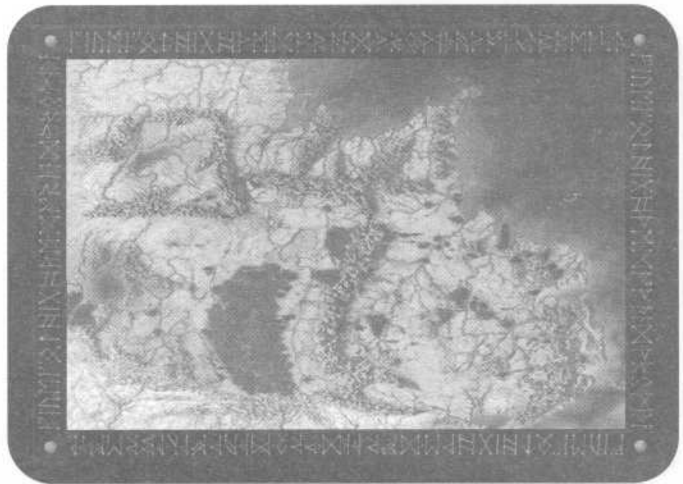
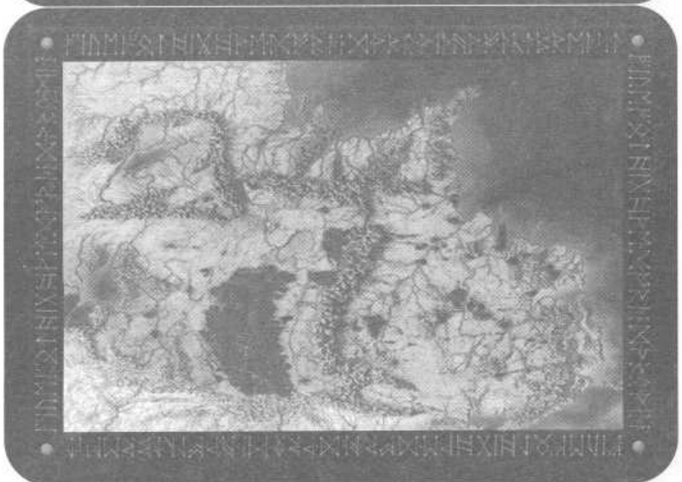
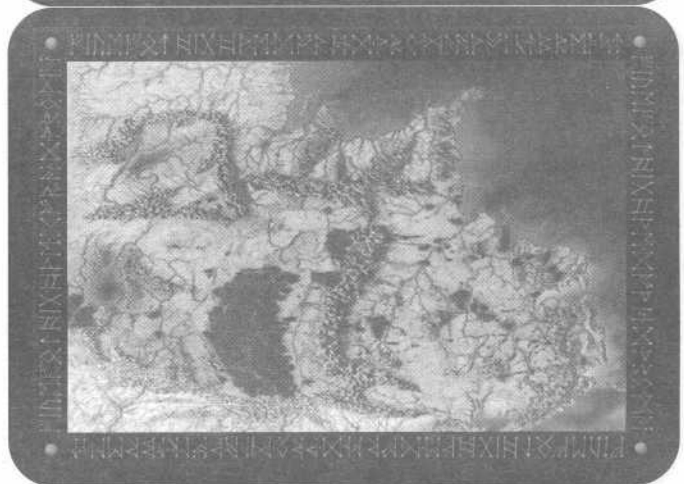


Under-deeps

Adjacent Sites: Eithel Morgoth (0), The Iron-deeps (6)
Playable: Items (minor, major, greater)
Automatic-attacks (2):
Orcs (1st attack) — 4 strikes with 8 prowess, (2nd attack) Opponent may play as an automatic-attack one non-unique hazard creature from his hand normally keyed to Ruins & Lairs [symbol].
Special: Any Drake may be played here.

3 | 1

Art by Kent Burles





middle-earth® ccg accessories

Middle-earth: The Wizards™ Unlimited Edition

Winner of the GAMA 1995 Best Card Game, *Middle-earth: The Wizards' (METW™)* evocative artwork has received extraordinary praise, and the game has been lauded for the way in which it draws the players into the world of Middle-earth. *METW* is a simple, elegant, and intriguing card game for one to five players. Players design their own unique decks and compete in a fierce struggle against the evil of Sauron. Each plays one of the five "Istari," the Wizards sent by the Valar to right the Balance of Things in Middle-earth. Each Wizard influences characters, who form companies and fellowships and journey afar to gather "resources"—including allies, factions, artifacts, and lore—all in an effort to strengthen the cause against Darkness. Each player will need a 76-card starter deck in order to start playing. The Unlimited Edition contains the same 484 cards that comprised the original limited Edition, but with the new, beautiful blue border and some text errata corrections.

ST #315	**Starter Deck (76 cards and rules)**	**$9.95**
ST #3015	**Starter Display Box (10 of ST #315)**	**$99.50**
ST #316	**Booster pack (15 cards)**	**$2.95**
ST #3016	**Booster Display Box (36 of ST #316)**	**$106.20**

Middle-earth: The Dragons™ Limited Ed. Expansion

This is the first expansion for the award-winning *Middle-earth Collectible Card Game (MECCG™)*. The dragons were created by the Black Enemy and brought to Middle-earth to defeat the Valar and their children, the Free Peoples. Now *Middle-earth: The Dragons (METD™)* brings these terrifying creatures into your deck to challenge you and beckon you to their hoards. You can riddle Smaug like Bilbo the Hobbit, steal a priceless artifact while Scatha lies sleeping, or battle the other drakish monsters who once served the Black Enemy, Sauron's ancient master. Expand your collectible card portfolio with this set of 180 tradable game cards. Each booster pack contains 15 cards, and a six page insert with new rules. This set is illustrated by over 45 renowned fantasy artists.

ST #320	**Booster Pack (15 cards)**	**$2.95**
ST #3020	**Expansion Display (36 of ST #320)**	**$106.20**

Middle-earth: Dark Minions™ Limited Ed. Expansion

This second expansion for the award-winning *MECCG* features several themes to enhance and expand play of the game. Foremost is the "Agent," who is an individual represented as a hazard permanent-event that moves from site to site (or stays at one site) hindering companies. Grima Wormtongue and Bill Ferny are two of the more recognizable agents. Under-deep sites are also introduced (these are sites like the Under-gates of Moria or the Sulfur-deeps of Dol Goldur that are deep in the earth and only accessible from specific "surface" host sites). Certain ancient Lost Items are only playable in the Under-deep sites. *Middle-earth: Dark Minions (MEDM™)* also includes Quests which can lead a company into the most deadly holds of Sauron. Of course, *MEDM* is rife with new hazard creatures. This 180-card set is beautifully illustrated by acclaimed fantasy artists.

ST #330	**Booster Pack (15 cards)**	**$2.95**
ST #3030	**Expansion Display (36 of ST #330)**	**$106.20**

Middle-earth: The Wizards Companion™

The perfect reference and resource for expanding your experience with ICE's *METW*! You'll get the rules from the starter deck rules booklet (in larger print!). The complete list of all the Limited Edition cards features cross references for cards that can be directly or indirectly associated for combination plays. You'll find some basic strategy tips, but the unique feature to the *METW Companion* is the selection of scenarios developed for playing out specific storylines in the Middle-earth setting. An 8 page full color insert provides maps of NW Middle-earth to help players locate the regions, sites, and factions from the card game in the big picture of Middle-earth.

ST #3333 **$10.00**

Middle-earth: The Wizards Player Guide™

This product lets you peek into the minds of several accomplished experts and learn how to systematically master your own special deck-building and card play strategies. Ideal for both novices and experts, this guide helps you explore and understand the exciting intricacies of both the game and its rich setting. The *METW Player Guide* includes:

- Strategy Guide—an excellent teaching tool packed with handy ideas about deck-building, game mechanics, and tactical and strategic planning.
- Complete Card Analysis—a detailed description and the black and white image of each card, including its relative impact, overall value, and use with important card combinations.
- League Overview—guidelines for developing a multi-player league.
- Sample Decks—multiple decks created by award-winning players.

ST #3334 **$14.00**

Middle-earth: The Dragons Player Guide™
Middle-earth: Dark Minions Player Guide™

These player guides for the *MECCG* feature in-depth analysis and reference information for *METD* and *MEDM* expansions using the same format as the *METW Player Guide*. In each book, the first section is a strategy guide which provides insight into deck design and play. The second section has an entry for each *METD* or *MEDM* card—featuring a B&W reproduction of the card face, a strategy tip, and color text which places the card in the context of Tolkien's Middle-earth. Finally, the third section provides tournament rules, card errata, and extensive tables which cross-reference cards and provide useful information at a glance.

METD Player Guide introduces new resource strategies using key *METD* cards such as hoard items, King under the Mountain, and Legendary Hoard. New Hazard stategies emerge by focusing on automatic-attacks, Dragons, and Drakes.

MEDM Player Guide further develops your strategic repetoire by expanding upon 3 strategies prevalent in *MEDM:* agent hazard strategies, Under-deeps resource strategies, and prisoner hazard half-strategies.

ST #3337	**(Middle-earth: The Dragons Player Guide)**	**$10.00**
ST #3339	**(Middle-earth: Dark Minions Player Guide)**	**$10.00**

Middle-earth Collectible Card Game Maps (2)

Each of the two full-color maps in this product can be used as an attractive game board and reference tool—this can help players master both region movement and Middle-earth geography. Printed on a durable plastic-paper that resists both stains and normal wear and tear, both maps include all of the regions and sites from *METW*, *METD*, and *MEDM* The 17" X 11.5" map is three-hole drilled and folded so that it fits in a standard three-ring binder. The 23.5" X 17" map includes complete information on which types of cards (e.g., factions, allies, items, etc.) are playable at each site. The interior of this slip cover can be used as a full-color insert for the cover of a 3-ring binder with clear plastic cover sleeves.

ST #3338 **$16.00**

Lord of the Rings Poster Map™

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middle-earth role playing™

J.R.R. Tolkien's classic works, *The Lord of the Rings*™ and *The Hobbit*®, have stimulated and inspired fantasy role players and fantasy readers for the past 50 years. Now, experience this epic setting in full detail with ***Middle-earth Role Playing (MERP)***, an exciting, intermediate-level fantasy role playing system that is perfect for Tolkien enthusiasts as well as experienced gamers!

2001 MERP™ 2nd Edition/Softbound $20.00

ICE's best-selling fantasy role playing rules set in J.R.R. Tolkien's Middle-earth are back. The book includes new material, but remains the same rules system and is fully compatible with the first edition of *MERP* and its dozens of supplements. *MERP 2nd Edition* provides expanded Middle-earth peoples descriptions with new specific backgrounds. There are now predesigned Character Templates that enable both novices and *Lord of the Rings Adventure Game*™ afficionados to start playing quickly! New artwork and layout make the presentation and organization of *MERP II* just what today's players want—an accessible, user-friendly rules system. Gamemaster Guidelines and a complete sample adventure set in the Trollshaws are valuable aids for those new to *MERP.*

2016 Lake-town™ $25.00

This third volume in the Citadels of Middle-earth series for *MERP* explores the Northron settlement where Bilbo & the Dwarves were feasted and supplied on their journey toward Smaug the Dragon! *Lake-town* presents this mercantile center in all its vivid bustle. A two-part mini-campaign draws player characters into the watery labyrinth of piles below the town's wooden streets and out into the wide lands surrounding the Long Lake. In the aftermath of the Plague, Orcs and Trolls and Undead have the upper hand. (Color insert.)

2017 The Shire™ $30.00

Come visit the Shire—a place "in the quiet of the world," where there is "less noise and more green"—and enjoy the hospitality of the Hobbits who dwell there. In addition to a warm welcome, and six meals a day, you'll discover that adventure remains not so far at bay as the Shire's inhabitants desire. During the turbulent years of the Shire's founding, ruffians and squatters and jealous Dúnadan nobles stir up a brew of violence that troubles the peace of every hill and dale where Hobbits dwell! (Color insert.)

2018 Angmar™ $25.00

The Iron-home, domain of the Witch-king, is a cold, bleak land roamed by dark-robed Warrior Priests. These sinister wanderers oversee the slaves, soldiery, and Orcish tribes who serve the master of Carn Dûm. Fear is their whip-handle and shadow their wake. The Iron-home's chill darkness threatens not only neighboring Arthedain, but all the Free Peoples of Middle-earth. This printing of *Angmar* is a reprint of the 1989 ICE module titled *Empire of the Witch-king. Angmar* is now re-packaged and considered a M-e Realm piece for *MERP 2nd Ed. Rules.* Many exquisite new interior illustrations are featured and there's a full-color insert. (Color insert)

2019 Mirkwood™ $25.00

Once named Greenwood the Great, the forest east of the Misty Mountains harbored trees as old as the Sun and the Moon. Elves feasted and sang in the dappled light beneath their ancient boughs. But the coming of the Necromancer changed the character of the woodland. Shadows emanated from his stronghold in the south of the forest. The trees became twisted and veiled in sinister hanging mosses. Foul creatures crept the night. Adventurers who enter Mirkwood risk either the snares of the Necromancer's minions or the confusing magicks of the Silvan Elves grown periously wary in their slow retreat north. *Mirkwood* is a reprint of the 1988 release and features a number of new floor plans and illustrations. (Color insert).

2020 Southern Gondor: The People $22.00

Southern Gondor: The People reaches back to the First Age to reveal the realm at that time and follows it through the millenia to the Fourth Age and the reign of Aragorn II. Culture, politics, religion, and individuals of note receive complete and compelling coverage—from the watch-stones of the Woses and the chieftain of the Oathbreakers to the moon-calendar of the Uinendili and the sacred Karma of Aldarion. Chapters presenting history, warcraft, the distribution of power, festivals, and 10 thrilling adventures bring it all to vibrant life.

2021 Southern Gondor: The Land $30.00

Southern Gondor: The Land presents the realm of Gondor's coastal provinces in vivid color and detail. It includes 2 color terrain maps each measuring 16" x 21" and covering Andrast, Anfalas, Lamedon, Lebennin, Lossarnach, and Harithilien. A 90-page gazetteer contains descriptions for every site and road appearing on the map. And 2 campaign-style adventures carry GMs and player characters on epic journeys across these marvelous lands. (Color insert)

2022 Arnor: The People $22.00

In *Arnor: The People*, learn about the Men of Westerness who forged a realm in the wide lands of Eriador. They called themselves the Dúnedain, and in later years they became the Rangers of the North who safeguarded the Line of Isildur throughout the chaos of the Third Age. The Dúnedain were not the only people to call Eriador home, however. Elves, Dwarves, and Men alike had wandered the ways of this region from time immemorial, and beings far more ancient than they still haunted its dark and forgotten corners.

Engaging summaries of Arnor's inhabitants, politics, war craft, and adventure opportunities, as well as a lively history bring the realm to life. New illustrations by Liz Danforth portray the kings and queens, the nobles and spies. This module is a companion volume to *Arnor: The Land*, and together the two books contain all the material once available in the single-volume of *Arnor* released in 1994.

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Cradled between the mighty Misty Mountains and the blue Ered Luin, Arnor appeared the ideal homeland for the Exiles of downfallen Westernesse. Like ancient isle Númenor, the heartland of the kingdom was a cool, rocky, rugged land, well suited to contemplation, study, and reverence. Little did the refugees guess that the rise of Angmar on their eastern border would end all peace in the centuries to come.

Arnor: The Land presents the marches of the North Kingdom. An extensive gazetteer of all significant locations is included along with coverage of the major cities, towns, castles, and keeps, as well as 10 pages of color maps depicting the entire area. The module is a companion volume to *Arnor: The People*, and together the two books contain all of the material once available in the single-volume edition of *Arnor* released in 1994.

These fine products are sold at better retail outlets worldwide. Available at better game stores—or order from ICE, Inc. P.O. Box 1605 Charlottesville, VA 22902, USA. **Prices are subject to alteration without prior notice.** VISA & MASTERCARD orders (and catalog requests) call (800) 325-0479. VA residents, Canadians and overseas customers call (804) 295-3917. Please make phone orders during business hours: 9am-5pm, Eastern Standard Time, Mon-Fri.

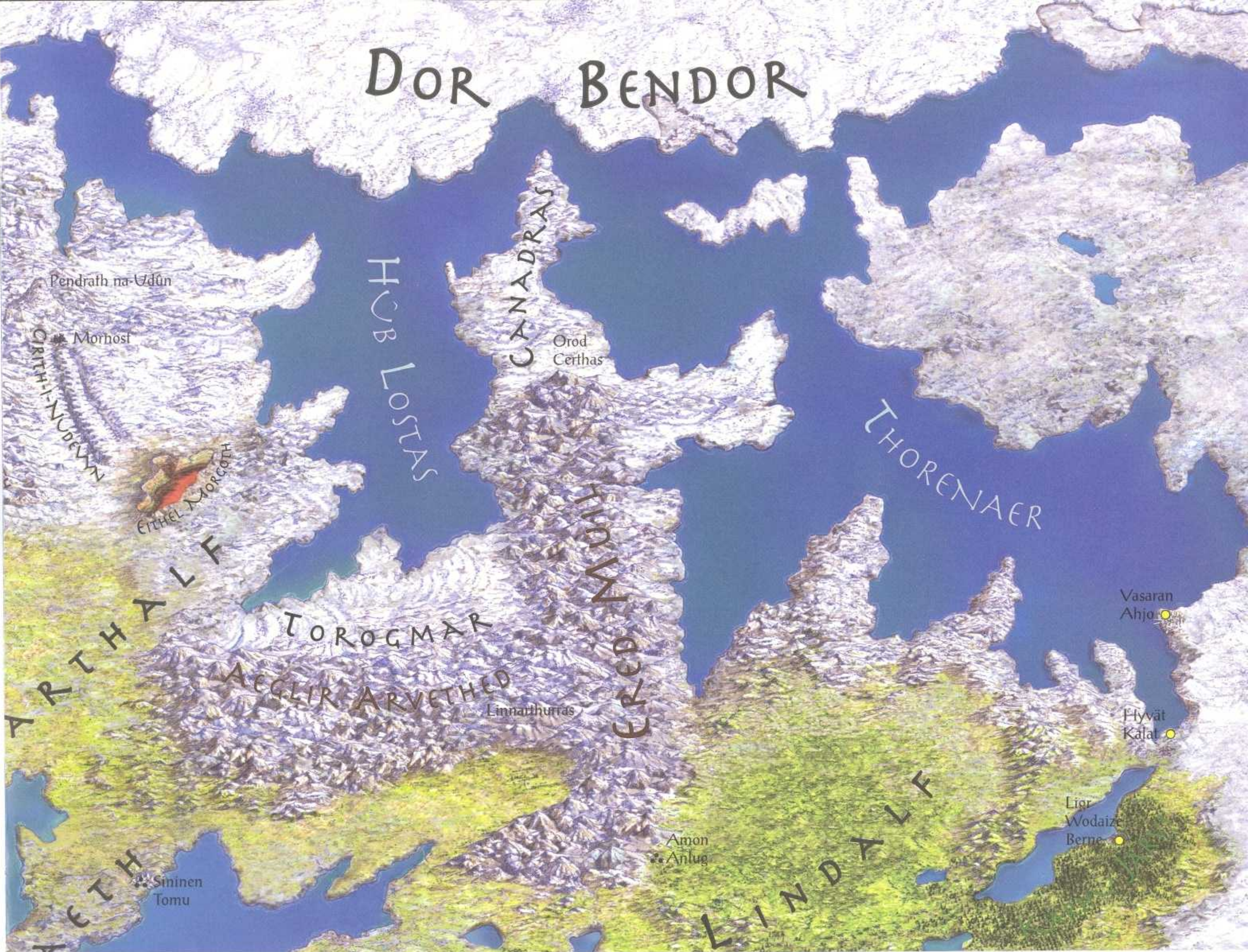
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Uichith
Pitkäyön Vuoret
Päivän Satama
Pitkävesi
Eldolath
N



Hûb Forochel
Pieni
Satama
Kylmätalo
The Northern Waste
by Karin & Christian Bohr
0 6 12 24K
0 10 20 40M
Ered Luin
Mulkan
Kaupunki
Lódalf
Talath Muil


Dor Bendor
Pendrath na-Udûn
Mornost
Cirith-i-Nudewan
Eithel Morgoth
Arthalf
Hûb Lostas
Canadras
Orod Certhas
Thorenaer
Torogmar
Aeglir Arvethed
Linnarthurras
Ered Muil
Vasaran Ahjo
Hyvät Kalat
Ligr Wodaize Berne
Amon Anlug
Sininen Tomu
Lindalf



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Hûb Beriannen
Veistyt
Muurit
Lhûchir
Everdalf
Talath Uichel
Leiri
Puolihmisten
Satama
Hûb Helcharaes
Everhir
Tyhjä Karhuntalo
(Bernastath)
Ruskea
Vene
Homela
Carn
Dûm
Mindil
Kepich
Ephel Angmar
Angmar
Dol.
Gormaen


Ei Missa
Gondalf
Nearest Haven: Evermist
Playable: Information, Items (minor)
Automatic-attacks:
Wolves — 2 strikes with 7 prowess
1
1
Art by Storn Cook


Evermist
Minheldolath
Site Path from Grey Havens:
Site Path from Rivendell:
2
2
Art by Ellym Sirac


Mornost
Narthalf
Nearest Haven: Evermist
Playable:
Items (minor, major, greater)
Automatic-attacks (2):
Orcs — 4 strikes with 8 prowess,
Orcs — 3 strikes with 9 prowess
2
1
Art by Dan Cruger


Pendrath na-Udûn
Narthalf
Nearest Haven: Evermist
Playable: Items (minor, major)
Automatic-attacks:
Drake — 1 strike with 12 prowess
2
1
Art by Dan Cruger




Achrond
Gondalf
Nearest Haven: Evermist
Playable: Information, Items (minor)
Automatic-attacks:
Wolves — 3 strikes with 7 prowess
1
1
Art by Quentin Westcott


Eithel Morgoth


Ekkaia
Gondalf
Ei Missa
Achrond
Evermist


Narthalf
Nearest Haven: Evermist
Playable: Items (minor, major, greater)
Automatic-attacks:
Trolls — 3 strikes with 9 prowess
Special: Any creature otherwise playable at any Under-deeps site may be played here.
1
Art by Dan Cruger


The Under-forges
Under-deeps
Adjacent Sites: Eithel Morgoth (0), The Iron-deeps (6)
Playable: Items (minor, major, greater)
Automatic-attacks (2):
Orcs (1st attack) — 4 strikes with 8 prowess,
(2nd attack) Opponent may play as an automatic-attack one non-unique hazard creature from his hand normally keyed to Ruins & Lairs.
Special: Any Drake may be played here.
1
Art by Kent Burles


Kylmätalo
Rast Losnaeth
Nearest Haven: Evermist
Playable: Information,
Items (minor, major, greater*)
*—palantíri only
Automatic-attacks:
Trolls — 2 strikes with 9 prowess
2
Art by Kalman Andrasofszky


Minheldolath
West Bay of Forochel
East Bay of Forochel
Kylmätalo
Elven Shores





Canadras
Thorenaer
Nearest Haven: Evermist
Playable:
Items (minor, major, gold ring)
Automatic-attacks:
Drake — 1 strike with 13 prowess
2
2
Art by Liz Danforth
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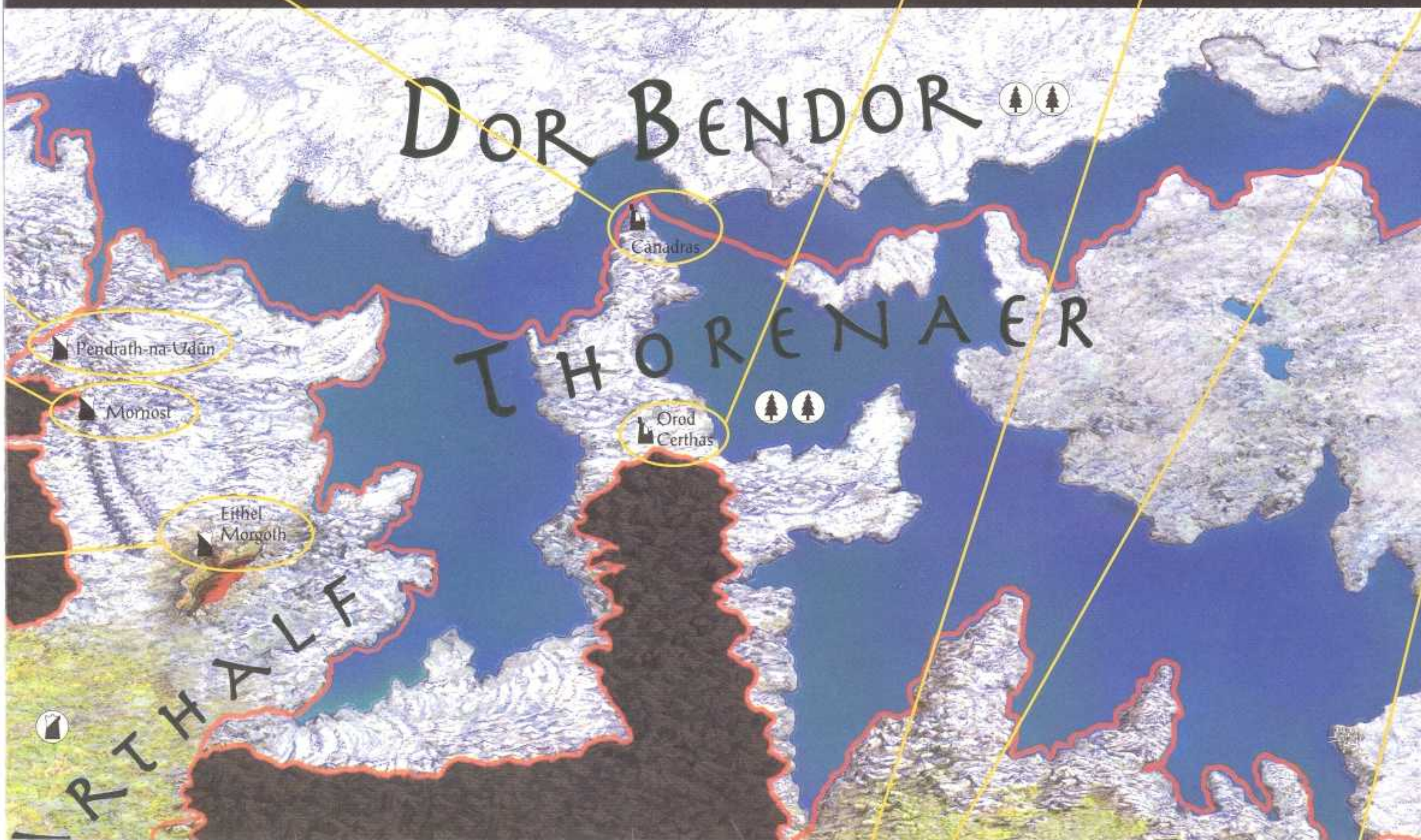
Orod Certhas
Thorenaer
Nearest Haven: Evermist
Playable: Information
Automatic-attacks: Spirits of Ice and Cold* — 2 strikes with 7 prowess
*—Though not Undead, resources which affect Undead also affect these Spirits.
2
2
Art by Michael Kucharski
©1997 Tolkien Enterprises



Amon Anlug
Lakeland
Nearest Haven: Evermist
Playable: Items (minor, major)
Automatic-attacks:
Drake — 2 strikes with 10 prowess
Special: contains a hoard
2
2
Art by Kent Burles
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Leiri
Everdalf
Nearest Haven: Rivendell
Special: Lossoth faction is playable at this site.
3
3
Art by Stephan Peregrine
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Dor Bendor
Thorenaer
Canadras
Pendrath-na-Udûn
Mornost
Orod Certhas
Eithel Morgoth
RTHALF



Hyvät Kalat
Lakeland
Nearest Haven: Evermist
Special: Lossoth faction is playable at this site.
2
2
Art by Kalman Andrasofszky
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Ruskea Vene


Hyvät Kalat
Lakeland
Everdalf
Leiri
Ruskea Vene
Bernastath
Lossadan Cairn
Thaurung
Lossadan Camp
Carn Dûm
Angmar


Forochel
Nearest Haven: Rivendell
Special: Lossoth faction is playable at this site.
2
Art by Richard Britton


Bernastath
Everdalf
Nearest Haven: Rivendell
Playable: Items (minor, major)
Automatic-attacks:
Men — 4 strikes with 6 prowess
3
Art by Charles Hogarth


Thaurung
Forochel
Nearest Haven: Rivendell
Playable: Items (minor, major)
Automatic-attacks:
Animals (death shrews) — 7 strikes with 4 prowess; the body check of any character wounded by this attack is modified by +2
2
Art by Ellym Sirac

The Northern Waste™

"...the power of Angmar arose again, and the Witch-king came down upon Arthedain before winter was ended.... But King Arvedui held out upon the North Downs until...he was driven at last by hunger to seek the help of the Lossoth, the Snowmen of Forochel.... When Círdan heard...of the king's flight to the north, he at once sent a ship to Forochel to seek for him.... When the Snowmen saw the ship they were amazed and afraid, for they had seen no such ship on the sea within their memories.... And the chief of the Lossoth said to Arvedui: 'Do not mount on this sea-monster! If they have them, let the seamen bring us food and other things that we need, and you may stay here till the Witch-king goes home. For in summer his power wanes; but now his breath is deadly, and his cold arm is long.' But Arvedui did not take his counsel.... Yet the counsel of the Lossoth was good, by chance or by foresight; for the ship had not reached the open sea when a great storm of wind arose, and came with blinding snow out of the North; and it drove the ship back upon the ice and piled ice up against it. Even the mariners of Círdan were helpless, and in the night the ice crushed the hull, and the ship foundered. So perished Arvedui Last-king, and with him the palantíri were buried in the sea."

—***The Return of the King****

Let Arvedui's tragic tale serve as a warning of the perils that await any who would brave the vast, arctic wilderness of the Northern Waste. Bounded by the great Ice-bay of Forochel, this seemingly endless expanse of snow and tundra stretches to the frozen ends of Middle-earth. Home to the mysterious Lossoth, the Northern Waste is a titanic battleground of natural and supernatural forces, all contending for the destiny of this forbidding land.

The Northern Waste unlocks an exciting new realm of adventure never before covered by ICE's Middle-earth series. Now at last you can travel to the northernmost shores of Middle-earth—and beyond! *The Northern Waste* includes complete stats for *Middle-earth Role Playing,*™ *Rolemaster,*™ and *Lord of the Rings Adventure Game.*™ It is the first *MERP*™ module to contain scenario material for ICE's best-selling *Middle-earth Collectible Card Game.*™



***The Northern Waste* features:**

COLOR MAP—An exquisitely drawn map (17" x 22") brings the Northern Waste to life with vibrant color and elegant realism, covering nearly 450,000 square miles of breathtaking terrain.

LOSSOTH—Sojourn with a people whose strange customs and lifeways are profoundly shaped by the harsh environment in which they live. Learn the *riimut,* the enchanted runes through which the Lossoth channel the invisible energies of the Spirit World. Witness one of the bloodless "song duels" the Snowmen use to settle disputes. Meditate upon the wisdom of *tasapaino,* the ideal of harmony and balance that guides the hearts and deeds of this practical yet noble culture.

THE LANDLESS LAND—Dare to tread the pathless leagues of Arda's polar ice-cap. Behold Helloth, fabled ice-city of the Snow-elves that guards Helecthil, the mysterious source of the northern lights.

MORGOTH'S REALM—Explore the cyclopean wreckage of Angband, birthplace of dragons and ancient stronghold of Morgoth. Evade the elemental spirits that prey upon the Free Peoples of the land: Jäänainen, Siren of the Ice; Eloeklo, Demon of the North Wind; Durlach, Balrog of the Fire Veils.

EVERMIST—Seek the hidden valley of Evermist, sanctuary to a secretive order of Noldorin mystics sworn to rid the Northern Waste of Morgoth's taint. Undertake a vision path to recover one of the lost *yavanníri,* the frozen tears shed by Yavanna for the healing of the Wounded Land.

ADVENTURES—Two full-length, ready-to-run scenarios offer instant adventure. Rumors of "The Ivory Hoard" lure fortune-seekers onto the fringes of the Northern Waste, presenting the GM with a golden opportunity to acquaint players with the Lossoth and their customs. Meanwhile, terror strikes Forochel's bay as stout-hearted heroes gird themselves for a deadly foray into "The Haunted Berg."

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